Here on this Figure Cast a Glance,
But so as if it were by Chance,
Your eyes not fixt, they must not Stay.
Since this like Shadowes to the Day
It only represents; for Still,
Her Beauty's found beyond the Skill
Of the best Paynter, to Imbrace,
Those lovely Lines within her face,
View her Soul's Picture, Judgment, witt,
Then read those Lines which Shee hath writt,
By Fancy's Pencill drawne alone
Which Peece but Shee, Can justly owne.

Here on this Figure Cast a Glance,
But so as if it were by Chance,
Your eyes not fixt, they must not Stay.
Since this like Shadowes to the Day
It only represents; for Still,
Her Beauty's found beyond the Skill
Of the best Paynter, to Imbrace,
Those lovely Lines within her face,
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Which Peece but Shee, Can justly owne.

POEMS,

OR, SEVERAL

FANCIES

In *VERSE*:

WITH THE

Animal Parliament,

In *PROSE*.

WRITTEN
By the Thrice Noble, Illuſtrious, and Excellent
PRINCESS,
THE
Ducheſs of Newcaſtle.

The Third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. Maxwell*, in the Year 1668.

TO HER

GRACE

THE

Ducheſs of Newcaſtle,

On her Book of

POEMS.

I Saw your *Poems*, and then wiſh'd them mine,
Reading the *Richer Dreſſings* of each *Line*:
Your *New-born*, *Sublime Fancies*, and ſuch ſtore,
May make our *Poets* bluſh, and write no more.
Nay, *Spencer*'s *Ghoſt* will haunt you in the Night;
And *Johnſon* riſe, full fraught with *Venom's Spight*.
Fletcher, and *Beaumont*, troubled in their *Graves*,
Look out ſome deeper and forgotten *Caves*.
And Gentle *Shakeſpear*, weeping, ſince he muſt
At beſt, be buried now in *Chaucer*'s Duſt.

Thus dark *Oblivion* covers their each *Name*,
Since you have robb'd them of their *Glorious Fame*.
Such *Metaphors*, ſuch *Allegories* fit,
Your *Judgment* weighing out your *freſher Wit*,
By ſimilizing to the *Life*, ſo like,
Your *Fancie's Pencil's* far beyond *Vandike*:
Drawing all things, to all things, at your pleaſure;
Which ſhews, your *Store-houſe* is the *Muſes Treaſure*;
Your *Head* the *Limbeck*, where the *Muſes* ſit,
Diſtilling there, the *Quinteſſence* of *Wit*;
Spirits of *Fancy*, *Eſſences* ſo ſweet,
In your juſt *Numbers* walk on *Velvet Feet*.
I thought to Praiſe you; but alas! my *Way*,
To yours, is *Night* unto a *Glorious Day*.

W. NEWCASTLE.

TO

TO

Sr Charles Cavendiſh,

My Noble Brother-in-Law.

SIR,

I *Do here Dedicate this my* Work *unto you; not that I think it worthy ſuch a* Patron; *but, that ſuch a* Patron *as you, may gain my* Book *a* Reſpect *and* Eſteem *in the* World, *by the* Favour *of your* Protection. *True it is*, Spinning *with the* Fingers, *is more proper to our* Sex, *than* Studying *or* Writing Poetry, *which is the* Spinning *with the* Brain: *but, having no ſkill in the* Art *of the* firſt, *(and if I had, I had no hopes of gaining ſo much, as to make me a Garment to keep me from* Cold) *I made my Delight in the* latter; *ſince all* Brains *work Naturally, and Inceſſantly, in ſome kind or other; which made me endeavour to ſpin a* Garment *of* Memory, *to lap up my* Name, *that it might grow to* After-ages. *I cannot ſay, the* Web *is* ſtrong, fine, *or*

evenly ſpun; *for it is a* Coarſe Piece: *yet, I had rather my* Name *ſhould go* meanly clad, *than* dye *with* Cold: *but, if the* Suit *be trimmed with your* Favour, *it may make ſuch a* Shew, *and appear ſo* lovely, *as to Wed to a* Vulgar Fame. *But certainly, your* Bounty *hath been the* Diſtaff, *from whence* Fate *hath ſpun the Thread of this part of my* Life; *which* Life *I wiſh may be drawn forth in your* Service: *for, your* Noble Mind *is above* petty Intereſt; *and of ſuch a* Courage, *that you dare not only look* Misfortune *in the Face, but grapple with it in the defence of your* Friend: *and your* Kindneſs *hath been ſuch, that you have neglected your Self, even in* ordinary Accoutrements, *to maintain the* Diſtreſſed; *which ſhews, you have ſuch an* Affection, *as* Saint Paul *expreſſes for his* Brethren *in* Chriſt, *who would be* accurſt for their ſakes. *And ſince your* Charity *is of that* length, *and* Generoſity *of that* height, *that no* Times, *nor* Fortunes, *can cut* ſhorter, *or pull down* lower, *(I am very confident) the* Sweetneſs *of your* Diſpoſition, *which I have always found in the* delightful converſation *of your* Company, *will never change, but be ſo humble, as to accept of this* Book, *which is the* Work *of*

Your moſt faithful

Servant,

M. N.

TO

To all Noble and Worthy

LADIES.

Noble and Worthy Ladies,

COndemn me not, as if I ſhould diſhonour your *Sex*, in ſetting forth this *Work*, which is *harmleſs*, and *free* from all *Diſhoneſty*: I will not ſay, from *Vanity*; for that is ſo *natural* to our *Sex*, that it were *unnatural* not to be ſo. Beſides, *Poetry*, which is built upon *Fancy*, *Women* may claim, as a *Work* belonging moſt properly to Themſelves: for I have obſerv'd, that their *Brains* work uſually in a *Fantaſtical motion*, as in their *ſeveral* and *various Dreſſes*, in their many and ſingular Choices of *Clothes*, and *Ribbons*, and the like; in their *curious Shadowing*, and *mixing* of *Colours*; in their *Wrought-works*, and divers ſorts of *Stitches* they employ their *Needle* in, and many other *curious* things they make, as *Flowers*, *Boxes*, *Baſkets*, with *Beads*, *Shells*, *Silk*, *Straw*, or any thing elſe; as alſo, in all manner of *Meats* to eat: and thus their

Thoughts

Thoughts are employed perpetually with *Fancies*. For *Fancy* goeth not ſo much by *Rule* and *Method*, as by *Choice*; and if I have choſen my *Silk* with *freſh Colours*, and *match'd* them in *good ſhadows*, although the *ſtitches* be not very true, yet it will pleaſe the *Eye*; that is, if my *Writing* pleaſe the *Readers*, though not the *Learned*, it will ſatisfie me: for, I had rather be praiſed, in this, by the *moſt*, although not the *beſt*: for, all I deſire, is *Fame*; and *Fame* is nothing but a *great Noiſe*; and *Noiſe* lives moſt in a *Multitude*. Wherefore, I wiſh my *Book* may ſet a work every *Tongue*. But I imagine, I ſhall be cenſur'd by my own Sex; and *Men* will caſt a *ſmile* of *ſcorn* upon my Book, becauſe they think, thereby *Women* encroach too much upon Mens *Prerogatives*: for, they hold *Books* as their *Crown*; and the Sword, as their Scepter; by which they Rule and Govern: and, very like, they will ſay to me, as to the *Lady* that wrote the *Romance*:

VVork, Lady, *work*; *let writing* Books *alone*;
For ſurely, Wiſer Women *ne're wrote one*.

But thoſe that ſay ſo, ſhall give me leave to wiſh, that thoſe of neareſt Relation, as *VVives*, *Siſters*, and *Daughters*, may employ their time no worſe than in *Honeſt*, *Innocent*, and *Hamleſs Fancies*; which if they do, *Men* ſhall have no cauſe to fear, that when they go abroad, they ſhall, in their abſence, receive an *Injury*

jury by their *looſe Carriages*. Neither will *Women* be deſirous to *Goſſip* abroad, when their *Thoughts* are well employed at home. But if they do throw ſcorn, I ſhall entreat you to do as the *Woman* did in the *Play*, called the *Woman's Prize*; or, the *Tamer tam'd*; which cauſed many of the *Female Sex* to help her, to keep their *Right* and *Priviledges*, making it their own caſe. Therefore, pray ſtrengthen my ſide, in defending my *Books*: for, I know *Womens Tongues* are as ſharp as Two-edged *Swords*, and wound as much, when they are anger'd. And in this *Battel*, may your *Wit* be *quick*, and your *Speech ready*, and your *Arguments* ſo *ſtrong*, as to beat them out of the *Field* of *Diſpute*. So ſhall I get *Honour* and *Reputation* by your *Favours*; otherwiſe, I may chance to be caſt into the *Fire*: but, if I burn, I deſire to dye your *Martyr*; if I live, to be

Your humble Servant,

M. N.

AN

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

Lady Toppe:

OME may think, an *Imperfection* of *Wit*, may be a *Blemiſh* to the *Family* from whence I ſprung: but, *Solomon* ſays, *A Wiſe man may get a Fool.* Yet there are as few *meer Fools*, as *Wiſe men*: for, *Underſtanding* runs in a *level courſe*; that is, to know, in general, the *Effects*; but not the *Cauſe* of any one thing; *Nature* never giving to *Mankind* a *Capacity* thereto. She hath given us *Thoughts*, which run wildly about; and if, by *chance*, they light on *Truth*, they do not know it for a *Truth.* But amongſt many *Errors*, there are *huge Mountains* of *Follies*; and though I add to the *Bulk* of one of them, yet I make not a *Mountain* alone; and am the more *excu-*

ſable, becauſe I have an *Opinion* which troubles me (as *Conſcience* doth in other Caſes) that it is a part of *Honour*, to aſpire towards a *Fame*. For, it cannot be an *Effeminacy* to ſeek or run after *Glory*, to love *Perfection*, to deſire *Praiſe*: and though I want *Merit*, to make me worthy of *it*; yet, I have ſome Satisfaction in deſiring it. But, had I broken the *Chains* of *Modeſty*, or behav'd my ſelf in *Diſhonourable* and *Looſe Carriage*, or had run the *ways* of *Vice*, as to *perjure* my ſelf, or betray my *Friends*, or denied a *Truth*, or had lov'd *Deceit*; then I might have prov'd a *Grief* to the *Family* I came from, and a *Diſhonour* to the *Family* I am link'd to, raiſed *Bluſhes* in their *Cheeks*, being mentioned; or made them turn *Pale*, when I were publiſhed. But, I hope, I ſhall neither *grieve* nor *ſhame* them; or give them cauſe to wiſh, I were not a *Branch* thereof. For, though my *Ambition*'s Great, my *Deſigns* are Harmleſs, and my *VVays* is *plain Honeſty*: and if I ſtumble at *Folly*, yet will I never fall on *Vice*. 'Tis true, the World may wonder at my *Confidence*, how I dare put out a *Book*, eſpecially in theſe *Cenſorious Times*. But, Why ſhould I be aſhamed, or afraid, where no *Evil* is, and not pleaſe my ſelf in the *ſatisfaction* of *Innocent Deſires*? For, a *Smile* of *Neglect*, cannot diſhearten me; no more can a *Frown* of *Diſlike*, affright me: not but I ſhould be well pleaſed and delighted, to have my *Book* commended. But the *VVorlds Diſpraiſes* cannot

not make me a *Mourning-Garment*: my Mind's too big; and I had rather venture to commit an *Indiſcretion*, than loſe the *Hopes* of *Fame*. Neither am I aſhamed of my *Simplicity*; for *Nature* tempers not every *Brain* alike: but, 'tis a *ſhame* to deny the *Principles* of their *Religion*, to break the *Laws* of a *well-governed Kingdom*, to diſturb *Peace*, to be Unnatural, to break the *Union* and *Amity* of *Honeſt Friends*: for a *Man* to be a *Coward*, for a *VVoman* to be a *VVhore*; and by theſe Actions, they are not only to be caſt out of all *Civil Society*, but to be blotted out of the *Roll* of *Mankind*. And the reaſon why I ſummon up theſe *Vices*, is, To let my *Friends* know, or rather to remember them, that my *Book* is none of them: yet, in this Action of ſetting out a *Book*, I am not clear without fault, becauſe I have not asked leave of any Friend thereto: for, the *fear* of being denied, made me ſilent; and there is an *Old Saying*, That it is eaſier to ask *Pardon*, than *Leave*: for, a *Fault* will ſooner be forgiven, than a *Suit* granted: and as I have taken the One; ſo, I am very confident, they will give me the Other: for, their *Affection* is ſuch, that it doth as eaſily obſcure all *Infirmity* and *Blemiſhes*, as it is *fearful* and *quick-ſighted*, in ſpying the *Vices* of thoſe they love; and they do, with as much kindneſs, pardon the *one*, as with grief, reproof the *other*. But I thought it an *Honour*, to aim at *Excellencies*; and though I cannot

attain thereto; yet, an *Endeavour* ſhews a *Good-will*; and a *Good-will* ought not to be turned out of *Noble minds*, nor be whipt with *Diſpraiſes*; but to be cheriſhed with *Commendations*. Beſides, I Print this *Book*, to give an *Account* to my *Friends*, how I ſpend the *Idle time* of my *Life*, and how I buſie my *Thoughts* when I think upon the *Objects* of the *World*. For, the truth is, our *Sex* hath ſo much waſt Time, having but little Employments, which makes our *Thoughts* run wildly about, having nothing to fix them upon; which *wild Thoughts*, do not only produce *Unprofitable*, but *Indiſcreet Actions*; winding up the *Thread* of our *Lives*, in *Snarls*, on *unſound Bottoms*. And ſince all Times muſt be ſpent either *Ill*, or *Well*, or *Indifferently*; I thought this was the moſt *harmleſs Paſtime*: for ſure, this *Work* is better than to ſit ſtill, and cenſure my *Neighbours Actions*, which nothing concern me; or to condemn their *Humours*, becauſe they do not *ſympathize* with mine; or their *Lawful Recreations*, becauſe they are not agreeable to my *Delight*; or ridiculouſly to laugh at my *Neighbours Clothes*, if they are not of the *Mode*, *Colour*, or *Cut*, or the *Ribbons* tyed with a *Mode-Knot*; or to buſie my ſelf, out of the *Sphere* of our *Sex*, in *Politicks* of *State*; or to Preach *falſe Doctrine* in a *Tub*; or to entertain my ſelf in hearkning to *Vain flatteries*, or to the *Excitements* of *Evil perſwaſions*; whereas all theſe *Follies*, and many more, may be cut off by ſuch *Innocent work*

as

as this. I write not this, only to ſatisfie you, which my Love makes me deſire to do; but to defend my *Book* from *Spightful Invaders*; knowing, *Truth* and *Innocence* are two good *Champions* againſt *Malice* and *Falſhood*; and, which is my *Defence*, I am very confident, is a great ſatisfaction to you: for, being bred with me, your Love is twiſted to my *Good*; which ſhall never be undone by any *unkind Action* of mine, but will always remain

Your loving Friend,

M. N.

TO

TO HER

GRACE

THE

Ducheſs of Newcaſtle.

MADAM,

OU are not only the Firſt Engliſh Poet *of your Sex; but the firſt that ever wrote this way: therefore, whoſoever writes afterwards, muſt own You for their Pattern, from whence they take their* Sample; *and a* Line, *by which they meaſure their* Conceits *and* Fancies. *For, whatſoever is written afterwards, will be but a* Copy *of your* Original; *which can be no more Honour to them, than to* Labouring-men, *that draw Water from another Man's* Spring, *for their own uſe; neither can there be any thing writ, which your* Grace *hath not employed your Pen in: as, there are* Poetical

Fictions, Moral Inſtructions, Philoſophical Opinions, Dialogues, Diſcourſes, Poetical Romances. *But truly*, Madam, *this* Book *is not the only* Occaſion *I have to admire You: for, having been brought up from my* Childhood, *in your* Honourable Family, *and always in your* Grace's Company, *ſeeing the Courſe of your* Life, *and honouring your* Grace's Diſpoſition, *I have admired* Nature *more in your* Grace, *than in any other* Works *beſides: Firſt, In the Courſe of your* Life; *You were always* Circumſpect *by* Nature, *not by* Art: *for,* naturally, *your* Grace *did hate to do any thing that was* Mean *and* Unworthy, *or any thing that You might not own to all the* World, *with* Confidence: *and yet your* Grace *is naturally* Baſhful, *and apt to be out of Countenance, that you could not oblige all the* World. *But truly*, Madam, Fortune *hath not ſo much in her* Power *to give, as your* Grace *hath to beſtow; which apparently ſhineth in all places; eſpecially, where your* Grace *hath been*, France, Flanders, Holland, *&c. to your everlaſting* Honour *and* Fame; *which will manifeſt this* Relation *to be the* Truth, *as well as I, who am*

Madam,
Your Grace's moſt Humble,
and Obedient Servant,

E. Toppe.

TO

TO

Natural Philoſophers:

IF any *Philoſophers* have written of theſe *Subjects*, (as I make no queſtion, or doubt, but they have, of all that *Nature* hath diſcover'd, either in meer *Thought* and *Speculation*; or otherways, in *Obſervation*;) yet it is more than I know of: for, I never read nor heard of any *Engliſh Book* to inſtruct me: and truly, I underſtand no other *Language*; not *French*, although I was in *France* five years. Neither do I underſtand my own *Native Language* very well: for, there are many words, I know not what they ſignifie; ſo that I have only the *Vulgar part*; I mean, that which is moſt uſually ſpoke: I do not mean that which is us'd to be ſpoke by *Clowns* in every *Shire*; where, in ſome Parts, their *Language* is known to none but thoſe that are bred there. And not only every *Shire* hath a ſeveral *Language*, but

every *Family*, giving *Marks* for things according to their *Fancy*. But, the *Ignorance* of the *Mother-Tongues*, in which *Learning* is propagated, makes me ignorant of the *Opinions* and *Diſcourſes* in former times; wherefore, I may be *abſurd*, and *err groſly*. I cannot ſay, I have not heard of *Atoms*, and *Figures*, and *Motion*, and *Matter*; but not throughly *reaſon'd* on: but if I do err, it is no great matter; for, my *Diſcourſe* of them, is not to be accounted *Authentick*. So, if there be any thing worthy of ſomewhat, it is a good Chance: if not, there is no *Harm* done, nor *Time* loſt: for, I had *nothing to do*, when I wrote it; and I ſuppoſe, thoſe have *nothing*, or *little elſe to do*, that read it. And the reaſon why I write it in *Verſe*, is, Becauſe I thought *Errors* might better paſs there, than in *Proſe*; ſince *Poets* write moſt *Fiction*; and *Fiction* is not given for *Truth*, but *Paſtime*; and, I fear, my *Atoms* will be as ſmall *Paſtime*, as Themſelves: for, nothing can be leſs than an *Atom*. But my deſire that they ſhould pleaſe the *Readers*, is as big as the *World* they make; and my *Fears* are of the ſame *Bulk*: yet, my *Hopes* fall to a ſingle *Atom* again; and ſo ſhall I remain an *unſetled Atom*, or a *confus'd Heap*, till I hear my *Cenſure*. If I be prais'd, it fixes them; but if I am condemn'd, I ſhall be annihilated to Nothing. But my *Ambition* is ſuch, that I would either be a *World*, or *Nothing*.

I deſire all that are not quick in apprehending, or will not trouble themſelves with ſuch ſmall things as *Atoms*,

Atoms, to skip this Part of my *Book*, and view the *other*, for fear it may ſeem *tedious*; though the *Subject* be leight, and the *Chapters* ſhort; perchance the *other* may pleaſe better; if not the *Second*, the *Third*; if not the *Third*, the *Fourth*; if not the *Fourth*, the *Fifth*: and if they cannot pleaſe, for lack of *Wit*; they may pleaſe for *Variety*; for moſt *Palats* are greedy after *Change*. And though they are not of the *choiceſt Meats*, yet there is none *dangerous*; neither is there ſo much of particular *Meat*, that any can fear a *Surfeit*; but, the better pleas'd you are, the better *Welcome*. I wiſh heartily, my *Brain* had been *Richer*, to make you a fine *Entertainment*: truly, I ſhould have ſpar'd no *Coſt*; neither have I ſpar'd any *Pains*: for, my *Thoughts* have been very buſily employed theſe Eight or Nine Months, when they have not been taken away by *Worldly Cares* and *Trouble*; which, I confeſs, hath been a great *Hinderance* to this *Work*. Yet have they ſate up late, and riſen early, running about, until they have been in a *Fiery heat*; ſo as their *Service* hath not been wanton, nor their *Induſtry* ſlack. What is amiſs, excuſe it, as a *Fault* of too much *Care*: for, there may be *Faults* committed with being over-buſie, as ſoon as for want of *Diligence*. But, thoſe that are Poor, have nothing but their Labour to beſtow; and though I cannot ſerve you on *Aggat Tables*, and *Perſian Carpets*; with *Golden Diſhes*, and *Cryſtal Glaſſes*; nor Feaſt you with *Ambroſia* and *Nectar*; yet, perchance, my *Rye-*

Loaf, and *New Butter*, may taſt more ſavoury than thoſe that are Sweet and Delicious.

If you diſlike, and riſe to go away,
Pray do not Scoff, *and tell what I did ſay.*
But if you do, the Matter is not great;
For 'tis but Fooliſh Words *you can repeat.*

Pray do not Cenſure all you do not know;
But let my Atoms *to the* Learned *go.*
If y' judg, *and* underſtand *not, you may take*
For Non-ſenſe, *that which* Learning, Senſe *will make.*
But I may ſay, as ſome *have ſaid before,*
I'm not to fetch you Wit *from* Nature's Store.

TO

TO THE READER.

READER,

IF *any do read this* Book *of mine, pray be not too ſevere in your* Cenſures: *for firſt, I have no* Children *to employ my* Care *and* Attendance *on. Next, my* Lord's Eſtate *being taken away in thoſe Times when I writ this* Book, *I had nothing for* Huſwifry, *or Thrifty* Induſtry *to employ my ſelf in, having no* Stock *to work on: for,* Huſwifry *is a Diſcreet* Management, *and Ordering all in* Private, *and* Houſhold-Affairs, *ſeeing that nothing be* ſpoil'd, *or* profuſely ſpent; *that every thing may have its proper* Place, *and every* Servant *his proper* Work, *and every* Work *may be done in its proper* Time; *to be* Neat *and* Cleanly; *to have their* Houſe *quiet from all* diſturbing Noiſe. *But* Thriftineſs *is ſomething ſtricter; (for good* Huſwifry *may be uſed in great* Expences:*) for,* Thriftineſs *ſignifies*

nifies a Saving, *or a* Getting, *to encreaſe their* Stock *or* Eſtate: *for,* Thrift *weighs and meaſures out all* Expence. *It is juſt as in* Poetry: *for,* good Husbandry *in* Poetry, *is, when there is great ſtore of* Fancy *well Order'd, not only in fine* Language, *but proper* Phraſes, *and ſignificant* Words. *And* Thrift *in* Poetry, *is, when there is but little* Fancy, *which is not only ſpun to the laſt* Thread, *but the* Thread *is drawn ſo ſmall, that it is ſcarce perceived. But I had nothing to* Spin *or* Order, *ſo that I became* Idle; *I cannot ſay, in mine own Houſe, becauſe I had none but what my* Mind *was lodg'd in.* Thirdly, *You are deſired to ſpare your* ſevere Cenſures, *becauſe I had not ſo many Years of* Experience, *when I wrote this* Book, *as could make me a* Garland *to Crown my* Head; *only I had ſo much time, as to gather a little* Poſie *to ſtick upon my* Breaſt. *Laſtly, the Time I have been writing them, hath not been very long, but ſince I came into* England, *being* Eight Years *out, and* Nine Months *in; and of theſe* Nine Months, *only ſome* Hours *in the* Day, *or rather, in the* Night: *for, my* Reſt *being broke with* Diſcontented Thoughts, *becauſe I was from my* Lord *and* Husband, *knowing him to be in great* wants, *and my ſelf in the ſame Condition; to divert them, I ſtrove to turn the* Stream; *and ſhunning the* Muddy *and* Foul ways *of* Vice, *I went to the* Well *of* Helicon, *and by the* Well's ſide *I did ſit, and wrote this* Work. *It is not* Excellent *nor* Rare, *but* Plain; *yet, it is* Harmleſs, Modeſt, *and* Honeſt. *True, you may tax my* Indiſcretion,

diſcretion, *being ſo fond of my* Book, *as to make it as if it were my* Child; *and ſtriving to ſhew it to the* World, *in hopes ſome may like it: and, though they cannot admire its* Beauty, *yet may praiſe its* Behaviour, *which is neither* Wanton, *nor* Rude. *Wherefore, I hope you will not put it out of* Countenance, *to which it is very apt, being of a* Baſhful nature, *and as ready to ſhed* Repentant Tears, *if it think it have committed a* fault. *Wherefore, pity its* Youth, *and* tender Growth; *and rather tax the* Parent's Indiſcretion, *than the* Child's Innocency. *But, my* Book *coming out in this* Iron Age, *I fear I ſhall find* hard Hearts; *yet, I had rather it ſhould find* Cruelty, *than* Scorn; *and, that it ſhould be* torn, *rather than* laught *at: for, there is no ſuch* Regret *in* Nature, *as* Contempt: *but, I am reſolv'd to ſet it at all* Hazards. *If* Fortune *playes* Ambs-Ace, *I am gone; if* Size-Cinque, *I ſhall win a* Reputation *of* Fancy; *and if I loſe, I loſe but the* Opinion *of* Wit: *and where the* Gain *will be more than the* Loſs, *who would not venture? when there are many in the* World, (*which are accounted* Wiſe) *that will venture* Life *and* Honour, *for a* petty Intereſt, *or out of* Envy, *or for* Revenge *ſake: and, Why ſhould not I venture, when nothing lyes at ſtake, but* Wit? *Let it go; I ſhall not, nor cannot be much* poorer. *If* Fortune *be my* Friend, *then* Fame *will be my* Gain, *which may build me a* Pyramid *of* Praiſe *to my* Memory. *I ſhall have no cauſe to fear; it will be ſo high as* Babel's Tower, *to fall in the*

Mid-way; yet, I am ſorry it doth not touch the Heaven: *but, my* Incapacity, Fear, Awe, *and* Reverence, *kept me from that* Work; *for it were too great a* Preſumption, *to venture to diſcourſe of that in my* Fancy, *which is not to be deſcribed: for* God, *and his* Heavenly Manſions, *are to be* admired *and* wondred *at, with aſtoniſhment, aud not* diſputed *on.*

But at all other things, let *Fancy* flie,
And, like a *Tow'ring Eagle*, mount the *Skie*:
Or, like the *Sun*, ſwiftly the *World* to round:
Or, like pure *Gold*, which in the *Earth* is found.
But, if a *Droſſie Wit*, let't buried be,
Under the *Ruins* of all *Memory*.

THE

THE

POETRESSE'S

Haſty RESOLUTION.

READing my Verſes, I lik'd them ſo well,
Self-love did make my *Judgment* to rebell:
And thinking them ſo Good, thought more to make;
Conſid'ring not how others would them take.
I writ ſo faſt, thought, liv'd I many a year,
A *Pyramid* of *Fame* thereon to rear.
Reaſon obſerving which way I was bent,
Did ſtay my Hand, and ask'd me what I meant:
Will you, ſaid ſhe, thus waſt your time in vain,
On that which in the World ſmall Praiſe ſhall gain?
For ſhame leave off, and do the *Printer* ſpare,
Hee'l loſe by your *Ill Poetry*, I fear.
Beſides, the *World* already hath great ſtore
Of *uſeleſs Books*; wherefore, do write no more;
But pity take, do the *World* a good turn,
And all you write, caſt into th' *Fire*, and burn.

Angry I was, and *Reaſon* ſtruck away,
When I did hear what he to me did ſay.
Then, all in haſt, I to the *Preſs* it ſent,
Fearing *Perſwaſion* might my *Book* prevent.
But now 'tis done, repent with Grief do I;
Hang down my *Head* with *Shame*, *bluſh*, *ſigh*, and *cry*.
Take pity, and my *drooping Spirits* raiſe;
Wipe off my *Tears* with *Handkerchiefs* of Praiſe.

THE

THE

Poetreſſe's Petition:

LIke to a *Fever's Pulſe*, my *Heart* doth beat,
For fear my *Book* ſome great Repulſe ſhould meet:
If it be *Naught*, let it in ſilence lye;
Diſturb it not, let it in quiet dye.
Let not the *Bells* of your *Diſpraiſe*, ring loud,
But wrap it up in *Silence*, as a *ſhrowd*:
Cauſe *black Oblivion* on its *Hearſe* to lye,
Inſtead of *Tapers*, let dark Night ſtand by:
Inſtead of *Flowers*, on its *Grave* to ſtrow,
Before its *Hearſe*, *ſleepy dull Poppy* throw.
Inſtead of *Scutcheons*, let my *Tears* be hung,
Which *Grief* and *Sorrow* from my Eyes out-wrung:
Let thoſe that bear its *Corps*, no *Jeſters* be,
But *Sober*, *Sad*, and *Grave Mortality*.
No *Satyr Poets*, by its *Grave* appear;
No *Altars* rais'd, to write *Inſcriptions* there.

Let *Duſt* of all *Forgetfulneſs* be caſt
Upon its *Corps*, there let it lye and waſt:
Nor let it riſe again, unleſs ſome know,
At *Judgments* ſome good *Merits* it can ſhow.
Then ſhall it live in *Heavens* of high *Praiſe*;
And, for its *Glory*, *Garlands* have of *Bays*.

AN

An *APOLOGY* for writing ſo much upon this *BOOK*.

COndemn me not, I make ſo much ado
About this Book, *it is my* Child, *you know.*
Juſt like a Bird, *when her* Young *are in* Neſt,
Goes in, and out, and hops, and takes no reſt:
But when their Young *are Fledg'd, their Heads out peep,*
Lord! What a Chirping does the Old one keep!
So I, for fear my Strengthleſs Child *ſhould fall*
Againſt a Door, *or* Stool, *aloud I call;*
Bid have a care of ſuch a Dangerous place:
Thus write I much, to hinder all Diſgrace.

POEMS.

PART. I.

Nature *calls a Council, which is* Motion, Figure, Matter, *and* Life, *to adviſe about Making the World.*

WHen *Nature* firſt the World's Foundation laid,
She call'd a Council, How it might be made.
Motion was firſt, which had a ſubtile Wit:
And then came *Life*, and *Form*, and *Matter*, fit.
Nature began: My Friends, if we agree,
We can and may do a fine Work, ſaid ſhe;

And make ſome Things which us may Worſhip give;
Whereas now we but to our ſelves do live.
Beſides, it is my nature, Things to make,
To give out Work; but you, Directions take.
Wherefore, if you will pleaſure have therein,
You'l breed the *Fates* in Huſwifry to ſpin;
And make ſtrong *Deſtiny* to take the pains,
Leſt ſhe ſhould idle grow, to link ſome Chains.
Inconſtancy and *Fortune* turn a Wheel;
Since both are wanton, cannot ſtand, but reel.
And as for *Moiſture*, let it *Water* give,
Which *Heat* ſuck up, to make it grow, and live.
And let ſharp *Cold*, ſtay things that run about;
And *Drought* ſtop Holes, to keep the *Water* out.
Vacuum and *Darkneſs*, they will domineer,
If *Motion's* Power, make no *Light* appear.
Wherefore, produce a *Light*, the World to ſee
My only *Child*, from all Eternity;
Beauty, my Love, my Joy, and dear Delight;
Elſe *Darkneſs* rude, will cover her with Spight.
Alas! ſaid *Motion*, all the Pains I take,
Will do no good; a *Brain* muſt *Matter* make:
And *Figure* draw a Circle, Round, and Small,
Where, in the midſt, muſt ſtand a *Glaſſie Ball*,
Without *Convex*, but inwardly *Concave*;
And in its middle, a Round Small Hole muſt have,
That *Species* may thorow paſs, and *Life*
May view all things, as through a *Proſpective*.

Alas!

Alas! ſaid *Life*, what ever we do make,
Death, my great Enemy, will from us take:
And, Who can hinder his ſo Mighty Power?
He, with his Cruelty, will all devour;
And *Time*, his *Agent*, bring all to decay.
Thus, neither *Death*, nor *Time*, will you obey:
He cares for none of your Commands; nor will
Obey your Laws; but doth what he likes, ſtill.
He knows, his Power far exceedeth Ours:
For, whatſoe're we make, he ſoon devours.
Let me adviſe you, ne're to take ſuch pains
A *World* to make, ſince *Death* hath all the Gains.
Figure's Opinion did agree with *Life*;
For *Death*, ſaid ſhe, will fill the World with Strife.
What *Form* ſoever, I do turn into,
Death finds me out; that *Form* he doth undo.
Then *Motion* ſpake; None hath ſuch cauſe, as I,
For to complain: for, *Death* makes *Motion* dye.
'Tis beſt to let alone this Work, I think,
Says *Matter*, *Death* corrupts and makes me ſtink.
Says *Nature*, I am of another mind;
If we let *Death* alone, we ſoon ſhall find,
He Warrs will make, and raiſe a Mighty Power,
If we divert him not, may us devour.
He is ambitious, will in triumph ſtand;
Envy my Works he will, my State Command.
And *Fates*, though they upon great *Life* attend,
Yet fear they *Death*, and dare him not offend.

Though *Two* be true, and Spin as *Life* them bids;
The *Third* is falſe, and doth cut ſhort the Threds.
Let us agree, for fear we ſhould do worſe;
And make ſome Work, for to employ his Force.
Then all roſe up: VVe do ſubmit, ſaid they;
And *Nature*'s VVill, in every thing, obey.
Firſt, *Matter*, ſhe Materials in did bring;
And *Motion* cut and carv'd out every thing:
And *Figure*, ſhe did draw the Forms and Plots:
And *Life*, divided all out into Lots.
And *Nature*, ſhe ſurvey'd, directed all;
And with *Four Elements*, built the *World's Ball*.
The ſolid *Earth*, ſhe as the *Ground-work* laid;
The *Waters*, round about, as *Walls* were made;
VVhere every Drop lay cloſe, as Stone or Brick,
VVhoſe Moiſture, like to Mortar, made them ſtick.
Air, as the *Ceeling*, did keep cloſe each thing,
Leſt ſome *Materials* out of place might ſpring;
And preſſed down the *Seas*, leſt they ſhould riſe
And overflow the *Earth*, and drown the *Skies*.
For, as a Roof is laid upon a VVall,
To keep it ſteddy, that no ſide may fall:
So *Nature*, in that place, *Air* wiſely ſtaid;
And *Fire*, like *Tile* or *Slate*, the higheſt laid,
To keep out Rain or VVet, elſe it would rot,
And would the VVorld corrupt, if *Fire* were not.
The *Planets*, like as *Weather-Fans*, turn round;
The *Sun*, a *Dial* in the midſt, is found;

VVhere

Where he doth *Time* within ſtrict Bounds confine;
And meaſures all, though Round, by Even Line.
But, when the *Earth* was made, and *Seed* was ſown,
Plants on the Earth, and *Minerals* were grown;
Then *Creatures* made, which *Motion* did give *Senſe*,
Yet *Reaſon* none to have *Intelligence.*
But *Nature* found, when ſhe to make *Man*, came,
It was more difficult, than *Worlds* to frame:
For, ſhe did ſtrive to make him long to laſt;
And ſo into *Eternity* him caſt;
VVho in no other place could be kept long,
But in *Eternity*, that Caſtle ſtrong:
There, ſhe was ſure that *Death* would be kept out,
Although he is a VVarrier, ſtrong and ſtout.
Man ſhe would make, but not like other Kind;
Though not in *Body*, like a *God* in *Mind.*
Then ſhe did call her Council once again,
Told them, the Greateſt work did yet remain:
For, How can we create our ſelves? ſaid ſhe;
Yet *Man* we muſt make like our ſelves to be,
Or elſe he never can eſcape *Death*'s Snare:
To make this VVork, requires both *Skill* and *Care.*
VVherefore, I'le mix his *Mind* as I think fit,
With *Knowledg*, *Underſtanding*, and with *Wit.*
And, *Motion*, you your *Servants* muſt employ,
Which *Paſſions* are, to wait ſtill in the Eye,
To dreſs and clothe his Mind in Faſhions new,
*W*hich none knows better how to do, than you;

That, though his *Body* dye, the *Mind* may live;
And a *Free-will*, we muſt unto It give.
But, *Matter*, you from *Figure*, *Form* muſt take;
And *Man*, from other Creatures, different make;
For, he ſhall Upright go; the reſt ſhall not.
And, *Motion*, you in him muſt tye a Knot
Of Several Motions, there to meet in One:
Thus *Man* like to himſelf, ſhall be alone.
You, *Life*, command the *Fates* a Thred to ſpin;
From which ſmall Thred, the Body ſhall begin:
And while the Thred doth laſt, not cut in twain,
The Body ſhall in Motion ſtill remain.
But, when the Thred is broke, he down ſhall fall,
And, for a time, no Motion have at all.
But yet, the Mind ſhall live, and never dye;
Wee'l raiſe the Body too, for Company.
Thus, like our ſelves, we may make things to live
Eternally; but no Paſt-times can give.

DEATH's *Endeavour to hinder and obſtruct* NATURE.

WHen *Death* did hear what *Nature* did intend,
To hinder her, he all his Force did bend:
But, finding all his Forces were too weak,
He always ſtrives the *Thred* of *Life* to break;
And ſeeks to fill the *Mind* with black Deſpair;
Let's it not reſt in Peace, nor free from Care:

And

And, ſince he cannot make it dye, he will
Send Grief and Sorrow, to torment it ſtill:
With grievous Pains, the *Body* he diſpleaſes;
And binds it hard with Chains of ſtrong Diſeaſes:
His Servants, *Sloth* and *Sleep*, he doth employ,
To get half of the Time, before they dye:
But *Sleep*, a Friend to *Life*, oft diſobeys
His Maſter's will, and ſoftly down *her* lays
Upon *her* weary Limbs, like Birds in Neſt,
And gently locks *her* Senſes up in reſt.

A World made by Atoms.

SMall *Atoms* of themſelves a *World* may make;
For, being ſubtile, every Shape they take:
And as they dance about, they places find;
Of *Forms*, that beſt agree, make every Kind.
For, when we build an Houſe of Brick or Stone,
We lay them even, every one, by one:
And, when we find a Gap that's big, or ſmall,
We ſeek out Stones to fit that place withall:
For, when as they too big or little be,
They fall away, and cannot ſtay, we ſee.
So *Atoms*, as they dance, find places fit,
And there remaining, cloſe and faſt will knit:
Thoſe which not fit, the reſt that rove about,
Do never leave, until they thruſt them out.
Thus, by their *Forms* and *Motions*, they will be
Like Work-men, which amongſt themſelves agree;

And

And ſo, by chance, may a New *World* create;
Or elſe, predeſtinate, may work by *Fate*.

Of the Four Principal ſorts of Atoms.

Atoms, by Sympathy, are fixed ſo,
As paſt ſome *Principles* they do not go:
Which *Principles*, if you in every Kind
Of all their Works, do count, you few will find:
For when they do diſſolve, New *Forms* to make,
They ſtill to their Firſt *Principles* do take.
All *Creatures*, howſoe're they may be nam'd,
Are of *long*, *ſquare*, *flat*, or *ſharp Atoms*, fram'd.

Of the Sympathy *of theſe Four* Principal Figur'd Atoms.

a *Long, Round, Sharp, and Flat.*

IN every Figure[a], is ſuch *Sympathy*,
As it makes every ſort together fly:
As for example; *Earth*, *Air*, *Water*, *Fire*,
Which make each *Element* to be Entire:
Not, but *Looſe Atoms* ſtray, like *Sheep*, about,
And go to ſeveral places, in and out:
And ſome, as *Sheep* and *Goats*, do joyn together;
And when they mix, 'tis ſeveral change of Weather.
But *Motion*, as their *Shepherd*, drives them ſo,
As not to let them out of Order go.

The Four Principal Figur'd Atoms, *make the Four Elements.*

THE *Square flat Atoms*, as dull *Earth* appear;
The *Atoms round*, do make the *Water* clear:
The *Long ſtraight Atoms*, like as Arrows flie,
Mount next the *Sharp*, and make the *Airy Skie*:
The *Sharpeſt Atoms*, into *Fire* do turn,
And by their piercing-quality do burn:
That *Figure* makes them *Active*; *active*, *Leight*,
Which makes them get above the reſt in flight:
And by this *Figure* they ſtick faſt, and draw
Up other *Atoms* which are *Round* and *Raw*.
But *Water* is Round Drops, though ne're ſo ſmall;
Which ſhews its *Figure* to be *Sphærical*:
That *Figure* makes it *Spungy*; *ſpungy*, *Wet*;
And, being Hollow, Softneſs doth beget:
And, being Soft, it makes it run about:
More Solid *Atoms*, thruſt it in or out:
But, *Sharper Atom*'s Force, it cannot ſhun;
For, Cold doth nip it, and Heat makes it run.
Flat *Atoms*, they are heavy, dull and ſlow;
And, ſinking downwards, to the bottom go.
Theſe Figur'd *Atoms*, are not *active*, *light*;
Whereas, the *Long* are like the *Sharp*, in flight:
For, as the *Sharp* do pierce, and get on high;
So do the *Long* ſhoot ſtraight, and evenly.

The *Round* are next the *Flat*, the *Long* next *Round*;
Thoſe which are *Sharp*, are ſtill the higheſt found:
The *Flat* turn all to *Earth*, and lye moſt low.
The *Round*, to *Water* Clear and Liquid, flow.
The *Long*, to *Air*, from whence the Clouds do grow.
The *Sharp*, to *Fire* do turn, which hot doth glow.
Thus theſe *Four Figures*, th' *Elements* do make;
And, as their *Figures* do incline, they take:
For, they are perfect in themſelves alone,
Not taking any Shape, but what's their own.
And whatſoever *Form* is elſewhere found,
Muſt take from *Long*, or *Square*, or *Sharp*, or *Round*:
For, thoſe that are like to *Triangles* cut,
Part of Three *Figures*, in One *Form* is put:
And thoſe that bow and bend, like to a Bow,
Like to the *Round* and *Joyned-Atoms*, ſhow.
In thoſe that *Branch'd*, or thoſe which *Crooked* be,
You may both *long* and the *ſharp Figures*, ſee.
Thus ſeveral *Figures*, ſeveral *Tempers* make;
But what is *Mixt*, doth of the *Four* partake.

Of Airy ATOMS.

LOng Atoms, which the Streaming *Air* do make,
Are *Hollow*; *Air* from them doth Softneſs take.
This makes, that *Air* and *Water* near agree,
Becauſe, in Hollowneſs, alike they be.
We, *Airy Atoms*, to a *Pipe* compare;
And *Watry Atoms*, Round, like *Cymbals*, are:

Although

Although the one is *Long*, and th' other *Round*;
Yet, in the midſt, a *Hollowneſs* is found.
This makes us think, that *Water* turns to *Air*,
And *Air* runs often into *Water* fair:
And, like two Twins, they are miſtaken oft,
Becauſe their *Hollowneſs* makes both them ſoft.

Of AIR.

THE reaſon why *Air* is ſo equal ſpred,
Is *Atoms long*, at each End balanced:
For, being *Long*, their Ends alike withall
Make th' *Air*, as Weights, into juſt Meaſures fall:
And let it move, joyn to what *Form* it will,
Yet lyes in every Line, that *Figure* ſtill.
For *Atoms long*, their *Forms*, as Thred, are ſpun;
And, like a *Cobweb*, interwoven run.
And thus, *Air* being thin, ſo ſubtil grows,
That into every Empty place it goes.

Of EARTH.

WHy's *Earth* not apt to move, but ſlow and dull?
Flat Atoms have no *Vacuum*, but are full.
That *Form* admits no Empty place to bide?
All Parts are fill'd, having no Hollow ſide[a]:
And where no *Vacuum* is, there's *Motion* ſlow,
Having no Empty places for to go.

a As Round and Long *Atoms* have.

Though *Atoms* all are ſmall, as ſmall may be;
Yet, by their *Forms*, doth *Motion* diſagree:
For *Atoms ſharp* [b], do make themſelves a *Way*,
Cutting through other *Atoms*, as they ſtray.
But *Atoms flat*, will dull and lazy lye,
Having no *Edg* nor *Point*, a *Way* to try.

[b] The numbers of *ſharp Atoms*, do pierce and make way through greater numbers of other *Atoms*: as for example, a *Spark* of *Fire* will kindle, and burn up a Houſe.

The Weight of Atoms.

THough *Atoms* are as ſmall as ſmall can be,
Yet they, in *Bulk* of *Matter*, all agree:
And if this *Bulk* be right, each *Atom* muſt
Needs be of ſuch a *Weight* that's like, and juſt.
Thus *Quantity*, *Weight*, *Quality*, do all
Together meet in every *Atom* ſmall.

The Bigneſs *of* Atoms.

IMean by *Atoms*, ſmall as ſmall can be,
They do in *Quantity*, *Weight*, *Quality*, agree,
Not in their Outward *Figure*: for, ſome may
Shew *bigger*, and ſome others, *leſs* than they.
Take *Water* fluid, and *Ice*, and you will ſee,
They do in *Weight*, but not in *Bulk*, agree.
So *Atoms*, ſome are Soft, others more Knit,
According as each *Atom*'s *Figures* fit.
Atoms, whoſe *Form* is *Hollow*, *Long*, and *Round*,
Bend more than *Flat* or *Sharp*, which cloſe are bound;

And

And, being *Hollow*, they are ſpred more thin
Than other *Atoms*, which are cloſe within:
And *Atoms*, which are thin, are ſofter much;
When *Atoms* cloſe, are of an harder t'uch.

Of Looſe Atoms.

IN every *Brain* there do looſe *Atoms* lye:
Thoſe which are *ſharp*, from them do *Fancies* flye.
Long Airy Atoms, nimble are, and free;
But, *Round* and *Square* ones, dull and ſleepy be.

Change *is made by ſeveral* Figur'd Atoms, *and* Motion.

IF all the *Atoms*, of one *Matter* be,
As *Fire*, *Air*, *Water*, *Earth*; and theſe agree:
Then muſt their ſeveral *Figures*, make all *Change*
By *Motion*'s help, which orders, as they range.

Of Sharp Atoms.

MOtion, the *Sharpeſt Atoms* doth mount high,
And, like to *Arrows* ſwift, doth make them fly:
And, being *ſharp* and *ſwift*, ſo deep they fall,
As they paſs through all thoſe they meet withall.
By their ſwift *Motion*, to bright *Fire* they turn;
And, being *ſharp*, they pierce, which we call *Burn*.

Of Atoms *that make* Flame.

THoſe *Atoms* which are *long*, *ſharp* at each end [a],
Stream forth, like *Air*, in *Flame*, which *Light* doth ſend:
For, *Flame* doth ſhew, as if it fluid were;
Which ſhews, part of that *Figure* is like *Air*.
Thus *Flame* is joyn'd, Two Figures into One;
But *Fire*, without a *Flame*, is *ſharp* alone.

[a] Theſe *Atoms* are half *Airy Atoms*, and half *Fiery*.

Of Fire *and* Flame.

ALthough we at a diſtance ſtand, if great
The *Fire* be, the *Body* through't will heat:
Yet, thoſe ſharp *Atoms* we do not perceive,
How they flye out, nor how they to us cleave.
Neither do flame, nor ſhine, they clear and bright,
When they flye out, and on our Bodies light.
The reaſon is, they looſe and ſcatter'd flye,
And not in Troops; nor do they on heaps lye.
Like ſmall Duſt rais'd, and ſcatter'd all about,
We ſee it not, nor doth it *Light* keep out:
But gather'd up thick to a Mountain high,
We then ſee, they in ſolid *Earth* do lye.
Juſt ſo do *Atoms ſharp*, look clear and bright,
When heaped up, or in a ſtreaming flight.

Of

Of Fire *in the* Flint.

THE reaſon, *Fire* doth lye in *Flint* unſeen,
Is, other Figur'd Atoms ſtick between:
For being bound, and over-power'd by
A *Multitude*, they do in Priſon lye;
Unleſs *Motion* do come, and ſet them out,
With a ſtrong Power, and then they flye about.
But if that *Flint* be beat to Powder ſmall,
The *Groſſeſt* to divide, releas'd are all.
And when they once are out, they ne're come back,
But ſeek about, another Form to make.

What Atoms *make* Fire *Burn*; *and what* Flame.

WHat makes a *Spark* of *Fire* to burn more quick
Than a great *Flame*? becauſe 'tis ſmall to ſtick:
For *Fire* it ſelf, is in its nature dry,
Falls into parts, as Crowds of *Atoms* lye.
The *Sharpeſt Atoms* keep the Body hot;
To give out *Heat*, ſome *Atoms* forth are ſhot.
Sometimes the *Sparks*, for anger, flye about;
Or, wanting room, do thruſt the *Weakeſt* out:
They are ſo *ſharp*, that what they meet, devour[a],
If other *Atoms* them not over-power.
As *Ants*, though ſmall, will eat up a dead Horſe;
So *Atoms ſharp*, uſe Bodies of leſs Force:

[a] This is, when ſome *Atoms* over-power others by their *Numbers*; for they cannot change their *Forms*.

And

And, being *ſharp*, grow ſharper by degrees,
As *Stings* in F*lyes*, are not ſo ſharp as *Bees*:
And when they meet a *Body*, *ſolid*, *flat*,
The *Weakeſt* flye, the *Sharpeſt* work on that.
Thoſe that are not ſo *ſharp*, do flye about,
And ſeek to eat ſome lighter matter out.
Thus *lighter Atoms*, *Air* do turn to F*lame*,
Becauſe more Thin and Porous is the ſame:
And being light and weak, faſt hold to take,
Hotter a *Burning Coal*, than F*lame* do make.
The *ſharpeſt*, into *firmeſt Bodies* flye;
But if their *Strength* be *ſmall*, they quickly dye:
Or, if their *Number* be not *great*, but *ſmall*,
The *Blunter Atoms* beat and quench out all.

Of a Spark *of* Fire.

A *Spark* of F*ire*, 'tis like a [a] *Mouſe*, doth eat
Into a *Cheeſe*, although both hard and great:
For *Sparks* of F*ire*, although they be but ſmall, (all.
Yet where thoſe *Points* take hold, they pierce through

[a] The *ſharp Atoms* are like the *Teeth* of *Mice*.

Of

Of a Burning-Coal.

THE cauſe a *Coal* doth ſet an Houſe on *Fire*,
Is, *Atoms ſharp*, are in that *Coal* entire:
Which being arm'd with *Points*, quite thorow go,
And thoſe *flat Atoms*, with their [b] *Forms* undo:
And *Atoms ſharp*, whoſe *Form* is made for *flight*,
If *Looſe*, do run [c] to help the reſt in fight:
Like unto *Soldiers*, which are of one ſide,
Seeing their *Friends engag'd*, to *reſcue* Ride.
But *Atoms flat*, where *Motion* is but *ſlow*,
They cannot *Fight*, but ſtraight to *Aſhes* go.

[b] Not the *Form* of the *Atoms*, but the *Form* of what they *ſettle* on: *Atoms*, which we perceive not, do run to thoſe which are united in the *Coal*.
[c] Stragling *looſe*.

Of ASHES.

BUrnt *Wood*, is like unto an *Armie's* Rout[a],
Their *Forms* undone, lye ſcatter'd all about:
When *Atoms ſharp*, unbind the *Flat*, then all
Thoſe *Looſe flat Atoms*, we do *Aſhes* call[b].

[a] *Wood* is made moſt of *flat Atoms*.
[b] For ſeveral *Forms* are according to the Compoſure of *Atoms*: which *forms* are undone ſtill by the ſtrongeſt Party.

The Power *of* Fire.

LIke as a *Bee*, or *Waſp*, hurts with her *ſting*,
So *Fire* hath Strength and Power on every thing
For all it meets, it doth faſt to it ſtick,
Be't ne're ſo *cloſe*, *hard*, *ſolid*, *ſtrong*, and *thick*:

All things it doth *diſſolve*, or *bow*, or *break*,
Keeping its *ſtrength*, by making others *weak*.

Of Burning, *why it cauſes* Pain.

THE reaſon why *Fire burns*; and burning, *ſmarts*;
Is, that it hath ſo many little *parts*:
Which *parts*, are *Atoms ſharp*, and wound more fierce,
If they ſo far into our *Skins* do pierce:
And, like a *Porcupine*, do ſhoot about
Their *fiery Quills*, if nothing quench them out.
Their *Figure* makes their *Motion* nimble, quick;
And, being *ſharp*, they like to *Needles* prick.
If they do pierce too deep [a], our Fleſh will ake:
If they but touch the Skin [b], we pleaſure take.
That kind of *Pain*, we do a *Burning* call.
Theſe *Atoms*, *numerous* are, and very *ſmall*;
And make, from *Needles Points*, a different touch;
Which *Points* are *groſs*; and *Numbers*, not ſo much;
And cannot lye ſo *cloſe*, nor ſpread ſo *thin*,
All at one time, to enter through our *Skin*.

a When it *burns*.
b When it *warms*.

The Encreaſing *and* Decreaſing *of* Viſible Fire.

FIre being kindled, firſt appears but ſmall;
But growing ſtrong, it waſts and burns up all:
Juſt like a *Crow*, that on a dead *Horſe* lights,
When other *Crows* perceive it in their flights,

They

They ſtraight invite themſelves unto that *Feaſt*,
And ſo from *One*, to *Numbers* are encreaſt.
So *Atoms ſharp*, which ſingly flye about,
Joyn with the *reſt*, to eat the *Fuel* out:
And as the *Fuel* doth *encreaſe*, ſo *they*;
And as it *waſts*, ſo *they* do flye away.

a When there is no *Subſtance* left for *ſharp Atoms* to work upon, they diſperſe: for, they ſeek to undo the *Compoſure* of all other *Atoms*.

Fire *compared to* Stings.

NOthing is ſo like *Fire*, as a F*lyes ſting*,
If we compare th' *Effect* which *both* do bring:
For F*lyes*, when they do *ſting*, no Blood they draw,
But *Bliſters raiſe*, and make the *fleſh* all raw:
Were there as many *Stings*, as *Points* in F*ire*,
They would *conſume* each *Body* that's *entire*.
Thus we find, F*lyes* do carry every where
F*ire* in their *Tails*, yet do their *Breech* not fear.

Flame *compared to the* Tide *of the* Sea.

LIke as the *Tide*, ſo F*lame* doth *ebb* and *flow*;
For it will *ſink*, and then ſtraight *higher grow*;
And if *ſuppreſt*, it in a Rage *breaks out*,
Spreading it ſelf, in ſeveral parts, about.
Some think, *Salt* is the cauſe the *Sea* doth move:
If ſo, then *Salt* in F*lame*, the like may prove.
And if it be, that *Salt* all *Motions* makes;
Then *Life*, the chief, from *Salt* its *Motion* takes.

Of Quenching *out* Fire.

IT is not *Atoms round* [a], their *Number* great,
That put out *Fire*, quenching both *Light* and *Heat*:
But being *Wet*, they *looſen* and *unbind*
Thoſe *ſharp dry Atoms*, which together joyn'd:
For, when they are diſpers'd, their *Power* is ſmall;
Nor give they *Light* nor *Heat*, if ſingle all.
Beſides, theſe *Atoms ſharp*, will ſmother'd be,
Having no *Vent*, nor yet *Vacuity*.
For *Fire*, if in a place it doth lye cloſe,
Having no *vent*, but *ſtopp'd*, ſtraight out it goes.
There is no better *Argument* to prove
A *Vacuum*, than to ſee how *Fire* doth move:
For, if *Fire* ſhould not have the *Liberty*
To run about, how quickly would it *Dye*?

[a] *Round Atoms* are *Water*; *ſharp*, are *Fire*.

The Quenching *out*, *and* Smuthering *of* Heat *and* Light, *doth not change the* Propriety *nor* Shape *of* Sharp Atoms.

THIS not, that *Atoms ſharp* have altered
Their *Form*, when *Fire*'s put out, but *Motion*'s fled [a]:
Which being gone, *ſharp Atoms* cannot prick,
Having no force in any thing to ſtick:
For as the *Sun*, if *Motion* mov'd it not,
Would neither *ſhine*, nor be to us ſo *hot*:

[a] By (*Fled*) is meant, *Motion ceaſeth*.

Juſt

Juſt ſo, when *Creatures* dye, their *Form*'s not gone [b],
But *Motion*, which gave *Life*, away is flown:
For, *Animal Spirits*, which we *Life* [c] do call,
Are only of the *ſharpeſt Atoms* ſmall.
Thus *Life*, is *Atoms ſharp*, which we call *Fire*;
When *thoſe* are *ſtopt* [a] or *quench'd*, *Life* doth expire.

b Their *form* doth not diſſolve juſt at their *death*.
c Life is ſuch kind of *Motion*, as *ſharp Atoms*.
d That is, when they are ſeparated, or their *Motion* ſtopt. *N.B.* Although every *Figure* hath proper *Motions* belonging to their *Shape*; yet, they do not move always alike: for, they have one kind of *Motion* ſingly, and another kind when they are united: but, when they are mixt with other *Figures*, their *Motion* is according to their ſeveral Mixtures.

The reaſon Water *quenches* Fire.

THE reaſon, *Fire* by *Water* is quench'd out,
Is, that *Round Atoms* do [a] put to a rout
The *Sharp*: for, when a *Houſe* on *fire* is ſet,
Then *Atoms ſharp*, are in great *Armies* met;.
Where they themſelves range into *Ranks* and *Files*,
And ſtrive always to *havock* and make *ſpoils*;
Running about as nimble as may be,
From ſide to ſide, as in great *Fires* we ſee.
But *Atoms round*, leſt *ſharp* ſhould more encreaſe,
Do like a *Reſcue* come [b], and make them ceaſe:
For, being ſeparate, they have no force.
Like to a *Troop* or *Regiment* of *Horſe*,
Which, when great *Cannon-Bullets* are ſhot through,
They *diſunite*, and quite their Strength undo:
So *Water*, that is thrown on *Flaming Fire*,
Doth *ſeparate*, and make that Strength expire.

a That is, ſeparate the *ſharp Atoms*.

b When *Water* is thrown on *Fire*.

Of the Sound *of* Water, Air, *and* Flame.

WHen *Crowds* of *Atoms* meet, not joyned cloſe,
By *Motion* quick, they give each other *blows*[a];
So *Atoms hollow*, which are *long* and *round*,
When they do ſtrike, do make the greateſt *Sound*:
Not that there's any thing that moves therein,
To make *Rebounds*; but that their *Form's* more *thin*[b];
For, being *thin*, they larger are, and wide;
Which makes them apt to ſtrike each other's ſide.
In larger *Bulks*, *Encounters* are more *fierce*,
When they do ſtrike, though not ſo quick, to pierce.
This is the reaſon, *Water*, *Air*, and *Flame*,
Do make moſt noiſe when *Motions* move the ſame:
For *Atoms looſe*, are like to *People rude*,
And make great *Noiſe*, when in a *Multitude*.

[a] The Encounters of Bodies, make all Sound.

[b] *Long* and *Round Atoms*, are more *Thin*, than *Flat* or *Sharp*, by reaſon they are more *Hollow*, and their *Hollowneſs* makes their *Bulk bigger*, though not their *Weight heavier*.

The Agility *of* Water.

WAter is apt to move, ſince *round* like *Balls*;
Not *Points* it hath, but trundles as it falls.
This makes the *Sea*, when, like to *Mountains* high,
The *Waves* do riſe, it cannot ſteddy lye,
But falls again into a *Liquid Plain*,
When *Winds* diſturb it not, there to remain.
Thus *Watry Balls*[a], they are not intermixt,
But ſtick ſo cloſe, as nothing is betwixt.

[a] That is, the *Drops*, which join cloſe and even.

The

The reaſon *of the* Roaring *of the* Sea.

ALL *Waters Sphærical*, when *Tides* do flow,
Beat all thoſe *Sphærical drops* as they do go.
So *Winds* do ſtrike thoſe *Watry drops* together,
Which we, at *Sea*, do call *Tempeſtuous Weather*:
And, being *Sphærical*, and *Cymbal*-like,
They make a *Sound* when each 'gainſt other ſtrike.

What is Liquid.

ALL that doth *flow*, we cannot *Liquid* name;
Or elſe would *Fire* and *Water*, be the ſame.
But, that is *Liquid*, which is *Moiſt* and *Wet*;
Fire, that Propriety can never get.
Then, 'tis not *Cold* that doth the *Fire* put out;
But, 'tis the *Wet* that makes it dye, no doubt.

Of Fire *and* Moiſture.

IF *Hay* be not quite *dry*, but ſtack'd up *wet*,
That *Moiſture* will, in time, a *Fire* beget.
This gives a proof, that *Fire* from *Moiſture* grows;
But we have none, that from *Fire*, *Moiſture* flows:
Beſides, it ſhews, *Fire* in it ſelf is free;
No other *Element* in it can be:

For,

For, *Fire* is *pure*, and ſtill doth keep the ſame;
Where Oily Moiſture's not, no *Fire* can flame.

Air *begot by* Heat *and* Moiſture.

WHen *Heat* and *Moiſture*, joyn with equal merit,
They get a Body thin, of *Air* or *Spirit*,
Which is a *Smoak* or *Steam* begot from both.
If *Mother-Moiſture* rule, 'tis full of *ſloth*:
But, if the *Father-Fire* predominates,
Then it is *active*, *quick*, and *elevates*:
This *Airy Child* is ſometime *good*, or *bad*,
According to the *Nouriſhment* it had.

The Temper *of the* Earth.

THE *Earth*, we find, is very *cold* and *dry*,
And muſt therefore, have *Fire* and *Water* nigh,
To *waſh* and *bathe*, then *dry* her ſelf without,
Elſe ſhe would uſeleſs be, without all doubt.

What Atoms *make* Vegetables, Minerals, *and* Animals.

THE *Branched Atoms* form each *planted* thing;
The *hooked Points* pull out, and make them ſpring:
Sharp Atoms do give *heat*; the *Round*, give *juyce*;
And *theſe* do *Flowers*, *Herbs*, and *Fruits*, produce.

Thoſe

Thoſe that are *Square* and *Flat*, not rough withall,
Make thoſe which *Stone* and *Minerals* we call.
But, in all *Stones* and *Minerals*, (no doubt)
Sharp Points do lye, which *Fiery Sparks* ſtrike out.
Thus *Minerals* and *Vegetables* grow,
According as the *ſeveral Atoms* go.
In *Animals*, all *Figures* do agree;
But, in *Mankind*, the beſt of *Atoms* be.
And thus, for ought we know, the *World*'s whole *Frame*
May laſt unto *Eternity* the ſame.

What Atoms *make* Life.

THE *pointed Atoms*, they to *Life* to tend,
Whether *all* pointed, or but at one *end*:
Or, whether they be ſet *round*, like a *Ring*:
Or, whether *long*, and rowl'd as on a *String*:
Thoſe which are *pointed*, *ſtraight*, *quick Motion* give:
But, thoſe that *bow* and *bend*, more *dull* do live.
Wherefore, according as *ſharp Atoms* be,
You will *Life* either *dull* or *merry* ſee.
And thus, the only *Cauſe* why things do *dye*,
Or *live*, is as the mixed *Atoms* lye.

What Atoms *make* Death.

Life is like to a *Fire*, that burns full hot:
But, when *round wat'ry Atoms* power have got
On it; then do they *quench Life's Atoms* out,
Blunting their *Points*, and kill their Courage ſtout.
Thus they, ſometimes, thruſt out each other quite;
When equal mixt, do quietly unite.
The only *cauſe* why things do *live* and *dye*,
Is according as the *mix'd Atoms* lye.

What Atoms *cauſe* Sickneſs.

WHen *ſick*, and *well*, the *Body* is by fits,
Atoms do *fight*, but none the better gets.
If they *agree*, then *Health* returns again,
And laſts as long as they in *Peace* remain.

What Atoms *make a* Dropſie.

WHen *Atoms round*, do joyn into one *Ball*,
Then they ſwell high, and grow *Hydropical*.
And, joyning thus, they do ſo powerful grow,
As they all other *Atoms* overflow.

What

What Atoms *make a* Conſumption.

SHarp *Atoms*, when they meet, do get ſuch Heat,
Such Power, and Strength, as they all *others* beat:
And being hot, become ſo very dry,
Drink up *Life's Moiſture*, and make *Motion* dye.

What Atoms *make the* Wind-Cholick.

LOng *Airy Atoms*, when they are combin'd,
Do ſpread themſelves abroad, and cauſe a *Wind;*
Making a *length* and *breadth* that extends ſo,
As all the reſt can neither ſtir nor go:
Which, ſince they cannot in their places lye,
As preſs'd too hard, *Man* in great pain doth *dye.*

VVhat Atoms *make a* Palſie, *or* Apoplexie.

WHen *dull flat Atoms* do together joyn,
And with each other in a heap combine;
This *Body thick*, doth ſtop all paſſage, ſo
Keeps *Motion* out, and makes the *Body* grow
Numb'd: for *ſharp Atoms*, in which *heat* doth live,
Being *cloſe*, and ſmuther'd up, no *heat* can give:
But if theſe *Atoms flat*, meet in the *Brain*,
The *Spirits* are *choak'd*, and can no *heat* obtain.

In all other Diſeaſes, Atoms *are mixed, taking* Parts *and* Factions.

IN all other *Diſeaſes*, they are mix'd,
And not in one united *Body* fix'd;
But do in *Factions* part; and when they riſe,
Striving to beat each other out, *Man* dyes.

All things are Govern'd by Atoms.

THus *Life* and *Death*, and *Young* and *Old*,
Are as the ſeveral *Atoms* hold:
Wit, *Underſtanding*, in the *Brain*,
Are as the ſeveral *Atoms* reign:
And *Diſpoſition*, good or ill,
Are as the ſeveral *Atoms*, ſtill:
And every *Paſſion* which doth riſe,
Is, as each ſort of *Atoms* lies.
Thus *Sickneſs*, *Health*, and *Peace*, and *Warr*,
Are, as the ſeveral *Atoms* are.

A Warr *betwixt* Atoms.

SOme *Factious Atoms*, 'mongſt themſelves combine,
And ſtrive ſome formed Body to disjoin:
Round Atoms do beat out the *ſharp*; the *long*,
With *flat Atoms* do fight: thus all go wrong.

Thoſe

Thoſe which make *Motion General* in their Warr,
By his *Directions* much ſtronger are.

Atoms *and* Motion, *fall out.*

WHen *Motion*, and all *Atoms* diſagree,
Thunder i'th' *Air*, and *Sickneſs* in *Men* be:
Earthquakes and *Winds*, which make Diſorder great,
Are, when as *Motion* doth all *Atoms* beat:
And they great Noiſe in this Confuſion make;
For *Motion* lets them not their Places take:
Like frighted *Flocks*, that do together keep,
Which *Motion* worries, as a *Wolf* doth *Sheep.*

An Agreement of ſome Kind of Motion, *with ſome Kind of* Atoms.

SOme *Motion*, with ſome *Atoms*, doth agree,
Fitting them to their Place, juſt as may be;
Where they, by *Motion*'s help, ſo ſtrong do grow,
As it ſhall hardly them again undo.
Motion's Inconſtancy, oft gives ſuch Power
To *Atoms*, as they may it ſelf devour.

Motion *Directs*, *while* Atoms *Dance*.

Atoms will in juſt Meaſures Dance, and joyn
All one by one, in a round Circle-line;
Run in and out, as we do dance the Hay;
Croſſing about, yet keep juſt time and way,
Whilſt *Motion* doth direct: and thus they dance
And meet all by conſent, not by meer chance.
This *Conſort's Health*, which *Life* depends upon;
But when 'tis out, 'tis Death; ſo Dancing's done.

The difference of Atoms, *and* Motion *in* Youth *and* Age.

IN all young *Creatures*, *Motion* ſwiftly goes;
But, moving long, 'tis tir'd, and ſtiffer grows:
For *Atoms* are, in *Youth*, more nimble, ſtrong,
Than in *Old Age*, when apter to go wrong.
Thus *Youth*, by falſe *notes*, and wrong *ſteps*, doth dye:
In *Age*, *Atoms* and *Motion* weary lye.
The eaſe of *Motion's change*; for ſoon it will
Grow tir'd, if in one *Figure* it goes ſtill.

Motion

Motion *makes* Atoms *a* Bawd *for* Figure.

Motion makes *Atoms*, by his ſubtil Skill,
His *Bawds*, to get new *Forms* unto his will:
For they would ſtill, as they themſelves had plac't,
Be in one *Figure*, and ſo for ever laſt.
But *Motion*, he perſwades, new *Forms* to make,
Becauſe he doth, in *Change*, great pleaſure take:
And makes all *Atoms* run from place to place,
That *Figures young*, he might have to embrace.
For ſome ſhort time, he loves to make a ſtay;
But, after he is tir'd, he'l run away:
And, by his *Change*, moſt *Figures* are undone;
For, *Young* take place of th' *Old*, when they are gone:
Yet, 'tis but like a *Batch* of *Bread*, which ſtill
Is of the ſame *Flower* and *Seed*. Thus will
Inconſtant Motion, a new *Figure* bake,
Only that he may have a new hot *Cake*.

Motion *is according to the* Figure.

A *Figure Sphærical*, hath Motion *round*:
In *ſtraight* ones, is a *darting* Motion found.
As ſeveral *Figures*, in ſmall *Atoms* be;
So ſeveral Motions are, if we could ſee.
When to the making of new *Forms*, they go,
Then Motion alters as the *Figures* do.

In

In *Bodies great*, and of much weightineſs,
Is *Motion ſlow*, and all his Weight grows leſs:
Out of a *Shuttle-cock*, a Feather pull;
And flying ſtrike it, as when it was full,
The *Motion* of it alters; which ſeems ſtrange,
When th' *Motion* of the *hand*, doth no ways change.
Motion and *Matter*, can new *Figures* find,
And the *Subſtantial Figures* turn and wind.
Thus ſeveral *Figures*, ſeveral *Motions* take;
And ſeveral *Motions*, ſeveral *Figures* make.
But *Figure*, *Matter*, *Motion*, all is one,
Can ne're be ſeparate, nor be alone.

Of the Subtilty *of* Motion.

COuld we the ſeveral *Motions* of *Life* know,
The ſubtil Windings, and the ways they go;
We ſhould, of unknown things, diſpute no more,
How they be done, but the Great GOD adore.
But we, with *Ignorance*, about do run,
To know the *Ends*, and how they firſt begun;
Spending that *Life* which GOD in us did raiſe
To *Worſhip* him, and in his Works to *praiſe*,
With fruitleſs, vain, impoſſible purſuits;
In *Schools*, and *Lectures*, Quarrelling *Diſputes*;
We never give *Him* thanks, that did us make;
But proud, as *Petty-gods*, our ſelves do take.

Motion

Motion *is the* Life *of all things.*

AS *Darkneſs* a *privation* is of *Light*;
That's when the *Optick Nerve* is ſtopt from *ſight*:
So *Death* is even a *Ceſſation* in
Thoſe *Forms* and *Bodies*, wherein *Motions* ſpin:
As *Light*, which cannot ſhine but in the *Eye*;
So *Life* doth only in a *Motion* lye.
Thus *Life* is out, when *Motion* leaves to be;
Like as an *Eye* that's ſhut, no *Light* can ſee.

Of the Motion *of the* Sea.

IF, as we ſee, the *Sea* doth run about
The *Earth*, it leaves a ſpace where firſt came out
The *Tide:* for Water, if't as much as Land,
In *Compaſs* had, it would not ſtir, but ſtand:
Which ſhews, that though the *Water* doth go round,
Yet is there ſtill more *Land* than *Water* found.
But ſay, the *Air*, that's moveable without,
And thin, doth give it leave to run about:
Or, as a *Wheel* doth make the *Water* go;
So *Air* may cauſe the *Sea* to move and flow:
But truly, if *Air* had not room to move,
It could not any other Body ſhove.
Beſides, what drives, its ſtrength muſt needs extend
Above what's driven, elſe 'twere to no end.

If ſo, then Infinites of *Strengths* muſt lye
In *Motion*'s Power, to move eternally.
But ſay, all things run in a Circle-line,
And every part doth to another joyn;
They can, out of their places where they are,
Not ſtir, unleſs ſome places be left bare:
For, ſtop a *Wheel's Circumference* without,
Its *Center* too, it cannot turn about:
If *Breadth* and *Depth* were full, leaving no ſpace,
Nothing could ſtir, nor move out of its place.

Of the Ebbing *and* Flowing *of the* Sea.

THE *Sea*, which conſtant always *ebbs* and *flows*,
Is like the *Hammer* of a *Clock*, that goes;
For as it, coming to the *Notch*, doth ſtrike;
So *Water*, where 'tis empty, doth the like:
For *Water*, when it *flows*, is caſt out ſtill;
And when it *ebbs*, runs back, that place to fill.

Of Vacuum.

SOme think the *World* would fall, and not hang ſo,
If it had any empty place to go.
One cannot think that *Vacuum* is ſo vaſt,
That the great *World* ſhould in that *Gulf* be caſt.
But *Vacuum* is like to a porous Skin,
Where *Vapour* [a] doth go out, and *Air* comes in.

a *Atoms* do ſo.

And

And ſince that *Vapour* fills thoſe places ſmall,
We cannot think but they were empty all:
For, were they all fill'd up, they could not make
Room for ſucceeding *Atoms*, place to take.
Wherefore, if *Atoms* paſs and repaſs through,
They needs muſt empty places have to go.

Vacuum *in* Atoms.

IF all the *Atoms*, *long*, *ſharp*, *flat* and *round*,
Be only of one ſort of *Matter* found,
The *hollow Atoms* muſt all empty be,
For there is nought to fill *Vacuity*:
And being ſeveral *Bodies*, though but ſmall,
Betwixt thoſe *Bodies* there is nought at all:
For, as they range about from place to place,
Between their *Bodies* there is left a *ſpace*;
Elſe joyning cloſe, and without *ſpace* betwixt,
They'd ſeem as one great *Lump* together mixt:
Nor could they move into each other's room,
Unleſs there were ſome-where a *Vacuum*:
For though, like *Time*, their *Matter*'s *Infinite*,
Yet they muſt fix, if they all do unite.
And, were all *Matter fluid*, as ſome ſay,
It could not move, having no empty way:
Like *Water* that is ſtopt cloſe in a Glaſs,
It cannot ſtir, having no way to paſs.

Nor could the *Fiſhes* ſwim in *Water* thin,
Were *Vacuum* not to crowd theſe *Waters* in:
For as they crowd, thoſe *Waters* driv'n up high,
Muſt to ſome places riſe, that empty lye:
For, though the *Water*'s thin, wherein they move,
Yet none could ſtir, if *Water* did not ſhove.

Of Contracting *and* Dilating, *whereby* Vacuum *muſt needs follow.*

Contracting and *Dilating* of each part,
These are the chiefeſt Works of *Motion*'s Art:
But *Motion* can't *dilate*, nor yet *contract*
A Body, which is cloſe, firm, and compact,
Unleſs at firſt an empty place be found,
Wherein to ſpread thoſe *compact Bodies* round:
Neither can *Matter fluid contract* ſo cloſe,
But, by *contracting* it, ſome place muſt loſe.

VVhat Atoms *the* Sun *is made of.*

THE *Sun* is of the *ſharpeſt Atoms* made,
Cloſe knit together, and exactly laid:
Its Fabrick is juſt like a *VVheel*, made round,
And in the midſt of all the *Planets* found:
Which *Planets*, as they move about the *Sun*,
Their *Motion* makes the *looſe ſharp Atoms* run.

Of

Of the Rays *of the* Sun.

THE *Rays* are not ſo hot as is the *Sun*,
Becauſe they do more looſe and ſcatter'd run:
For when, within a Glaſs, thoſe *Beams* unite,
They pierce, and ſharp through every thing do bite[a];
But, being *ſeparate*, they weaker grow;
And then, like *Cowards*, ſeveral ways do go.

[a] *Concaves draw to a Center.*

Of the Beams *of the* Sun.

THoſe *Splendent Beams*, which forth the *Sun* doth (ſpred,
Are looſe *ſharp Atoms*, ranged long, like *Thred*:
If ſtreaming they on *porous Bodies* fall,
They pierce into, which Touch we *Heat* do call.

The cauſe of the Breaking *of the* Sun-beams.

IF *Porous Atoms*, by the *Sharp* are found,
They are born away on Points, as *Pris'ners* bound:
But as they mount, *Atoms* of their own Kind,
If chance to meet, ſtraight help them to unbind.
For *porous Atoms*, being ſoft and wet,
When numbers meet, do cloſe together get:
And, being glut, they joyn together, all
By one conſent do pull, and backward fall.
If they be *Round*, in ſhow'ring Drops they joyn,
And ſo return, as *Beads* ſtrung on a Line:

But, if their Figures different be from thoſe,
Then like a thick and foggy *Miſt* it ſhows.

Whether the Sun *doth ſet the* Air *on a* Light, *as ſome Opinions hold.*

SOme do the *Sun*, juſt like a *Candle* make;
From which, they ſay, *Air* all its *Light* doth take,
Not by *Reflection*, but by *kindling* all
That part, which we our *Hemiſphere* do call.
If ſo, the *Air*, whereon his *Light* is caſt,
Would ne're go out, unleſs that *Air* did waſt;
Or elſe the *Sun*, *Extinguiſhers* did throw
Upon the *Air*, to cauſe *Light* out to go.
But ſure, the *Sun*'s *Reflection* gives the *Light*[a],
For when he's gone, to us it is Dark Night:
And why? The *Sun* is *Atoms ſharp*, entire;
Which, wedg'd in round[b], do make a *Wheel* of *Fire*:
About this *Wheel*, continually do flow
Sharp ſtreaming Atoms, which like *Flame* do ſhow;
And in this *Flame*[c], the *Earth* it ſelf doth ſee,
As in a *Glaſs*, as clear as e're may be.
But when the *Earth* doth turn aſide its face,
It is not ſeen, but *Darkneſs*[d] doth take place.
Or, when the *Moon* doth come betwixt that *Light*,
Then is the *Earth* ſhut up[e] as in *Dark Night*.

a No *Atoms* ſhine, but *ſharp Atoms*.

b It ſeems like a *Burning-Coal*.

c *Long Atoms*, ſharp at each end.

d That part of the *Earth* is dark, which is from the *Sun*.

e That part of the *Earth* which the *Moon* hides.

Of

Of the Motion *of the* Sun.

SOmetimes we find it *Hot*, and ſometimes *Cold*,
Although the *Sun* equal degrees doth hold:
And in a *Winter*'s day, more *Heat* is found,
Than *Summer*, when the *Sun* ſhould parch the ground.
Wherefore, if *Heat* doth make him gallop faſt,
'T muſt ever *equal* be, or ſtay *his* haſt.
If ſo, then *Seas*, which ſend up Vapour, may
His fiery Courage cool in the mid-way.
Beſides, the *Middle Region*, which is *Cold*,
And full of *Ice*, will of his ſtrength take hold.
Then 'tis not *Heat* that makes him run ſo faſt,
But this faſt-running, *Heat* on *Earth* doth caſt;
And *Earth* ſends *Vapours* cold, to quench and break
His fiery ſtrength, which makes his *Beams* ſo weak.

Of the Sun's Weakneſs.

THE *Sun* doth not to the *Earth*'s *Center* go;
He cannot ſhoot his *Beams* ſo deep and low:
For a *thick Wall* will make his *Arrows* weak,
So that his *Heat* muſt needs againſt it break:
And *Earth* hath *Arms* ſo thick, to keep out all
His *fiery Darts*, which *He* on *Her* lets fall.

What

What Atoms *make the* Sun *and the* Sea *go round.*

THE *Pointed Atoms* all to Fire do turn,
And, being *ſharp*, do pierce, which we call *burn*:
But, by their *Drineſs*, they become ſo light,
As they do get above the reſt in *Flight*;
Where, by conſent, a *VVheel* of *Fire* they make,
Which, being *Sphærical*, doth round *Motion* take:
This *Motion* makes *round Atoms* turn about;
Which *Atoms round*, are *VVater*, without doubt:
And makes the *Sea* go like a *VVater-Mill*;
For as the *Sun*, ſo *VVater* turns round ſtill.

The Traffick *betwixt the* Sun, *and the* Earth.

THIS thought, an *Unctuous Matter* from the *Sun*,
Doth ſtream in *Beams*, w^ch^ *Earth* doth feed upon:
And that the *Earth* by them, when they aſcend,
Unto the *Sun* a *Nouriſhment* doth ſend;
And ſo each *Beam*, the *Sun* doth make a *Chain*,
Which brings down *Food*, and draws *Food* back again:
Or we may well, thoſe *Beams* to *Ships* compare,
Where each is Laden with the *Richeſt VVare*:
For, it is fraught with *Heat*, through *Air* it ſails,
And brings this *Heat* to th' *Earth*; which never fails
By *Traffick*'s *Laws*, equal Returns to make;
And ſends, inſtead of *Heat*, moiſt *Vapour* back:

But,

But thoſe *Gilt Ships*, ſuch *Fates* do often find,
They *ſink* with too much *Weight* [a], or *ſplit* with *Wind*.

a When the *Sun* draws up more *moiſture* than it can digeſt, it turns to *Rain* or *Wind*.

The Sun *is* Nurſe *to all which the* Earth *bears.*

ALthough the *Earth* to all gives *Form* and *Feature*,
Yet is the *Sun* the *Nurſe* to every *Creature*:
For, none could *live*, unleſs the *Sun* give *Heat*,
Which is to them as *Nouriſhing* as *Meat*.
Juſt like a *Child* that's got and born of *Man*,
It muſt be *fed*, or 'twill ſoon *dye* again.

Of the Attraction *of the* Sun.

WHen all thoſe *Atoms* which in *Rays* [a] do ſpred,
Are ranged long, like to a ſlender thred;
They do not ſcatter'd flye, but joyn in length;
And, being joyn'd, though ſmall, add to their ſtrength:
The further forth they ſtream, the more they waſt
Their ſtrength, though to the *Sun* they're tyed faſt:
For all thoſe *Rayes* [b], which *Motion* down doth ſend,
Sharp Atoms are, which from the *Sun* deſcend.
And as they flow in ſeveral *Streams* and *Rays*,
They ſtick their *Points* in all that ſtop their ways:
Like *Needles Points*, whereon doth ſomething *ſtick*,
No way they make, having no force [c] to *prick*:
And, being ſtopt, they ſtraightways back do run,
Drawing thoſe *Bodies* with them, to the *Sun*.

a I mean, all *Rays* in general, of all ſorts of *Atoms* which move.

b The *Sun*'s Rays.

c Although *looſe ſharp Atoms* have points to prick, yet they cannot pierce ſo forcibly, being looſe and ſcatter'd, as when united.

Of the Attraction *of the* Earth.

WHy *Earth* draws like the *Sun*, if you intend
To know the cauſe, *Earth* doth ſharp *Atoms* ſend
From its *Circumference*: like Bees, they riſe,
When, from a *Swarm*, diſpers'd apart, each flies:
Often, with duller *Forms*, they meet; and then,
Having ſtuck in their *Points*, go back agen.
For, as a *Bee*, that's loaden on each Thigh,
Hath a great weight, and cannot nimbly fly:
So, when their *Points* are loaden, then they grow
Heavy, can pierce no more, but backward go:
And, as their *Hives* to *Earth* return again;
Thus by their Travel, they the *Earth* maintain.

Of the Attraction *of the* Poles, *and of* Froſt.

THE *North* and *South*, do with the *Sun* agree;
For in them all, *Contracting Motions* be.
The *Sun*, as he with ſcorching *Heat* doth burn;
So *Cold* is ſharp, where *North* and *South-Pole* turn:
For *Atoms* there, are like to *Pincers* ſmall,
By which they do attract, and pull withall,
When *Motion*, from the *Poles*, ſhoots them about,
Mixing with *porous Bodies*, when they're out;
And with thoſe *Pincers*, they do nip ſo cloſe
Thoſe Bodies, as they can no ways get looſe,

Unleſs

Unleſs ſome *Sharp* and *Fiery Atoms* get
Betwixt thoſe *Pincers* ſmall, and ſo do ſet
Thoſe Bodies free, juſt like an *Awl* that bores,
Or like a *Pick-Lock*, which doth open Dores:
For, when they're open'd by thoſe *fiery Awls*,
They let them looſe, which *Man* a *Thaw* ſtraight calls;
If not, they pinch thoſe Bodies cloſe together,
And then we ſay, 'tis *Cold* and *Froſty* weather.

Of Vapour.

Looſe and *ſharp Atoms*[a] which do rove about,
To *porous Atoms* ſtick, and draw them out
From the more *cloſe*; for they[b] do higheſt lye:
Thus *Vapour*'s drawn towards the *Region high*.
But, ſince they of an equal weight are all,
For want of ſtrength, they cauſe them back to fall.

a Which are fiery *Atoms*.

b The fiery *Atoms*.

Of Dews *and* Miſts *coming from the* Earth.

SOme *Atoms ſharp*, thruſt from the *Earth*, ſome *round*;
And then a *Pearled Dew* lyes on the ground:
But if on their *ſharp Points*, they bear them high,
They being rais'd, a *Miſt* make in the *Skie*.
On the *Circumference* of th' *Earth*, there lies
A number of *looſe Atoms*, apt to riſe,
Though not ſo high, as them the *Sun* may burn,
For being dull, they back to *Earth* return:

As Water, which is *ſhov'd* with force of ſtrength,
Is not ſo apt to *move*, as *run* at length.

Wind *is made in the* Air, *not in the* Earth.

HOw can we think *Winds* come from th' *Earth* (below,
When from the *Skie* they down upon us blow?
If they came from the *Earth*, they muſt aſcend,
And back again their ſtrength againſt it bend:
They cannot freely blow, leſt *Earth* were made
Like to a *Bowling-green*, and *level* laid.
But there are *Rocks*, and *Hills*, and *Mountains* great,
Which ſtop their ways, and make them ſoon retreat.
Then ſure it is, the *Sun* draws *Vapour* out,
And makes it thin, then blows it all about:
By *Heat* condens'd, it turneth into *Rain*;
And, by its *Weight*, falls to the *Earth* again.

Of Cold Winds.

AS *Water rarified*, doth make *Winds* blow;
So *Winds*, when *rarifi'd* do *Colder* grow:
For if they much be *rarifi'd*, then they
Do further *Blow*, and ſpread out every way:
So *cold* they are, as they like *Needles* prick:
Through *thinneſs* they do break, and cannot ſtick;
But into *Atoms* fall, whoſe *Figures* be
Sharp, and pierce *porous Bodies*, as we ſee.

Yet

Yet ſome will think, if *Air* were parted ſo,
The *Winds* could not have ſuch ſtrong force to blow.
True, *Atoms* could not pierce, if they were found
To be all *Dull*, *Flat*, *Heavy*, *Blunt*, or *Round*;
But by *dividing*, they ſo *ſharp* do grow,
That through all *porous Bodies* they do go:
But when the *Winds* are ſoft, they intermix,
As *Water* doth, and in one Body fix:
They rather wave, than blow, as *Fans* are ſpred,
Which *Ladies* uſe to cool their Cheeks when red.
Or, like as *Water-drops*, that diſunite,
Feel harder, than when mixt, they on us lite:
Unleſs ſuch *Streams* upon our Heads do run,
As we a *ſhelter* ſeek, the *Wet* to ſhun.
But, wen a *Drop* congealed is with *Cold*,
As *Hail-ſtones* are, then it more ſtrength doth hold.
For *Flakes* of *Snow* may have more *quantity*
Than *Hail ſtones*; yet, they've no ſuch force thereby:
They fall ſo *ſoft*, that they ſcarce ſtrike our *Touch*:
Hail-ſtones we feel, and know their *weight* too much.
But *Figures* that are *flat*, are *dull* and *ſlow*,
Make weak *Impreſſions*, whereſoe're they go:
For, let Ten times the quantity of *Steel*
Be beaten ſmall, no hurt by that you'l feel.
But if that one will take a *Needle* ſmall,
Whoſe *Point* is *ſharp*, and prick the *Fleſh* withall,
Straight it ſhall hurt, and put the *Fleſh* to pain,
Which greater ſtrength doth not, of what is *plain*:

For, though you preſs it hard againſt the *Skin*,
'T may heavy feel, but cannot enter in.
And ſo the *Wind*, that's thin, and rarifi'd,
May *preſs* us down, but never *pierce* the ſide.
Or, take a *Blade* that's *Flat*, though ſtrong and great,
And, with great ſtrength, upon one's *Head* it beat;
You'l break the *Skul*, but not knock out his *Brains*;
Which *Arrows ſharp*, ſoon do, and with leſs pains.
Thus what is ſmall, is ſubt'ler, and more quick;
For all ſmall *Points*, in *porous Bodies* ſtick.
Winds broken ſmall to *Atoms*, when they blow,
Are *Colder* much, than when they ſtreaming flow:
For, all that's joyned and united cloſe,
Is ſtronger much, and gives the harder *Blows*.
This ſhews what's cloſeſt in it ſelf to be,
Although an *Atom* in its ſmall degree;
Take *Quantity* for *Quantity*, alike,
And *Union*, more than *Mixture*, hard ſhall ſtrike.

Thunder *is a* Wind *in the* Middle Region.

WHo knows but *Thunders* are great *Winds*,
Within the *middle Vault*, above the *Skie* (which lie?
Which *Winds*, the *Sun* by *Moiſture*, *Cold* begot,
When he was in his *Region Cancer*, hot.
[a] The *Wind*. This *Child*[a] is thin and ſubtil, made by Heat,
Its *Voice* is ſtrong, and makes a Noiſe that's great:

Its

Its Thinneſs makes it Agil; agil, Strong;
And, by its *force*, doth drive the *Clouds* along:
And when the *Clouds* do meet, they each do ſtrike,
Flaſhing out *Fire*, as *Flints* do, or the like.
Thus, in the *Summer*, Thunder's caus'd by *Wind*;
For *Vapour*, drawn up high, no way can find
To paſs. In *Winter*-time, when *Clouds* are looſe,
Then doth the *Wind*, on *Earth*, keep *Rendezvous*.

Of Starrs.

WE find, that i'th' *Eaſt-Indies*, *Starrs* there be,
Which we, in our *Horizon*, ne're did ſee:
Yet we do take great pains, in *Glaſſes* clear,
To ſee what *Starrs* do in the *Skie* appear:
But yet, the more we ſearch, the leſs we know,
Becauſe we find, our Work doth endleſs grow:
For, Who knows but thoſe *Starrs* we ſee by *Night*,
Are *Suns*, which to ſome other *Worlds* give *Light*?
But, could our outward *Senſes* pace the *Skie*,
As our *Imaginations* thither fly;
If we were there, we might as little know,
As thoſe which ſtay, and never up do go.
Then let *no Man* in fruitleſs pains Life ſpend;
The moſt we know, is, *NATURE Death will ſend.*

Of

Of the Centre *of the* World.

IN *Infinite*, no *Center* can be laid [a];
But, if the *World* has *Limits*, *Center*'s made:
For, all that with *Circumference* is fac'd,
A *Center* in the midſt, muſt needs have plac'd.
This makes each *Form* that's *limited* and *bound*,
To have a *Center* and *Circumference* round;
And is the cauſe the *World* goes like a *Bowl*,
Becauſe it doth about its *Center* rowl:
The *Center*'s ſmall, the *Compaſs* big without,
Which, by the *Weight*, doth make it turn about.

a Unleſs there be *Infinite Worlds*, then there may be *Infinite Centers*, but not a *Center* in *Infinite*.

All ſharp Atoms *do run to the* Center; *and thoſe that ſettle not, by reaſon of the ſtraitneſs of the place, flye out to the* Circumference. Sharp Atoms, *running to the* Center, *make the* Sun.

ALL *Atoms ſharp*, to every *Center* flye,
And in the midſt of th' *Earth* and *Planets* lye;
And in thoſe *Planets*, there are *Centers* too,
Where the *ſharp Atoms* with quick *Motion* go,
And to the *Center* of the *Earth* [a] they run,
There gathering cloſe, and ſo become a *Sun*.
This is the *Ax* whereon the *Earth* turns round,
And gives the *Heat*, which in the *Earth* is found,

a Some Opinions hold that there is a *Sun* in the *Center* of the *Earth*.

A *World of Fire*: Thus may we gueſs the *Sun*,
If all *ſharp Atoms* to the *Center* run:
For why, the *Sun* amongſt the *Planets* round,
Juſt as a *Center* in the *midſt* is found:
And *fixed Starrs*, which give a twinkling *Light*,
Are *Center-Worlds* of *Fire*, which do ſhine bright.

A Fire *is in the* Center *of the* Earth.

AS *Heat* about the *Heart*, alway keeps nigh;
So doth a *Fire* near the *Earth*'s *Center* lye:
And as that *Heat* is through the *Body* round
Diſperſed; but when gone, no *Life* is found:
So this *Heat* makes all things to bud and bear,
Although the *Sun*'s hot *Beams* do ne're come there.
Yet doth the *Sun* nouriſh all things without,
Though *Fire*, within the *Earth*, gives *Life*, no doubt.
Thus *Heat* within, begets with Child, the *Earth*;
And *Heat* without, is *Midwife* to her *Birth*.

In the Center, Atoms *never ſeparate.*

JUſt in the *Center*, is a Point that's ſmall;
Thoſe *Atoms* that are there, are wedg'd in all:
They lye ſo cloſe, and do ſo firmly bind,
As Them, no *Form* nor *Motion* can unwind:
For they are wreath'd ſo hard about that *Point*,
As they become a *Circle* without a *Joynt* a.

a Without partition, or ſeparation, for it is but one.

If Infinite Worlds, *there muſt be Infinite* Centers.

IF *Infinites* of *Worlds*, they muſt be plac'd
At ſuch a diſtance, as between, lyes waſt.
If they were joyned cloſe, *moving* about,
By juſtling, they would *puſh* each other out.
And if they ſwim in *Air*, as *Fiſhes* do
In *Water*, they would meet [a] as they did go.
But if the *Air* doth every *World* incloſe,
And compaſs all about, as *Water* flows,
It keeps them equal, in their proper Seat,
That, as they *move*, ſhall not each other *beat*.
Or if, like *Wheels*, which turn, by *Water*, round;
So *Air*, about theſe *Worlds*, is running found:
Then, by that *Motion*, they do turn about
No further, than that *Motion*'s [b] Strength runs out.
Like to a *Bowl*, which will not further go,
But runs, according as that *Strength* did throw:
And thus, like *Bowls*, the *Worlds* do turn, and run;
But ſtill, the *Jack* and *Center* is the *Sun* [c].

a Beat againſt each other.

b They are ſtinted according to the ſeveral *Strengths* of their *Motion*.

c Which is as the *Jack* and *Mark* of them all.

Of

Of Infinite Matter.

IF *Matter* be no more than we do ſee
This *World*; I pray, What muſt beyond it be?
For ſure this *World* is *limited* and *bound*,
And, like a *Ball*, is made in *Compaſs* round:
But *Matter*, out of which the *World* is made,
If *Infinite*, then more *Worlds* may be ſaid:
Nay, *Infinites* of *Worlds* there may be found,
If *Infinite* of *Matter* has no bound.

A World *made by Four* Kinds *of* Atoms.

SHarp *Atoms* make *Fire ſubtil, quick*, and *dry*;
The *Long*, like Shafts, ſtill into *Air* do fly.
The *Round*, do turn to *VVater*, which is wet.
The *Square*, to *Earth*, a *Figure* firmly ſet.
Sharp Atoms, they hard *Minerals* do make.
Soft Vegetables, of *Round Atoms* take.
In *Animals*, none ſingly lye alone:
But all *Four ſorts*, do meet and joyn as one.
And thus *theſe Four*, the *Subſtance* are of all,
And, with their *Figures*, make a *VVorldly Ball.*

Thus the Fancy of my *Atoms* is, That the Four Principal Figures, as *Sharp*, *Long*, *Round*, and *Square*, make the Four *Elements*; not that they are of ſeveral Matters, but all of [a] one Matter; only their ſeveral Figures, do give them ſeveral Proprieties; ſo likewiſe do the Mixt Figures, give them mixt Proprieties; and their ſeveral Compoſures, give them other Proprieties, according to their Forms they put themſelves into, by their ſeveral Motions. This I do repeat, that the Ground of my Opinion may be underſtood.

[a] The ſeveral *Elements* are all of one *Matter*.

Of the Elements.

SOme hold, *Four* perfect *Elements* there be,
Which do ſurmount each other by degree.
And ſome *Opinions* think, that *One* is *All*;
The *reſt*, from that, and to that *One* do fall:
And, that this *Element* it ſelf, doth turn
To ſeveral Qualities; as, *Fire* to burn:
Then *VVater* moiſt, to quench that *Heat*: and then,
To ſubtil *Air*; and ſo to *Earth* agen.
Like *fluid VVater*, which when turn'd with *Froſt*,
To *Snow* or *Ice*, its outward Form has loſt.
But when as *Heat* doth melt that *Icy Chain*,
Then into *VVater* it doth turn again.
Or, like as *Vapour* thick, which doth aſcend
From th' *Earth*, and to thin *Air* it ſelf doth ſpend:

Or

Or elſe, it ſelf condenſeth into *Rain*,
And, by its *weight*, falls to the *Earth* again.
So, what is very *Thin*, doth *Subtil* grow,
Turns into *Fire*, and a bright *Flame* doth ſhow.
But what is *Dull*, *Heavy*, and *Slow* to move,
Of a *Cold quality* doth often prove.
Thus by *Contracting* and *Dilating* Parts,
Is all the Skill of *Nature*'s working *Arts*.

The Joyning *of* ſeveral Figur'd Atoms, *make other* Figures.

WHen *ſeveral Figur'd Atoms*, well agreeing,
Do joyn, they give another *Figure* beeing:
For, as thoſe *Figures* joyn in ſeveral ways;
So, they the *Fabrick* of each *Creature* raiſe.

What Atoms *make* Change.

'TIS ſeveral Figur'd *Atoms*, that make *Change*,
When ſeveral *Bodies* meet, as they do range:
For, if they *ſympathize*, and do agree,
They joyn togeth'r, and as one *Body* be:
But if they meet, like to a *Rabble rout*,
Without all Order, running in and out;
Then *Diſproportionable* things they make,
Becauſe they did not their right Places take.

What Atoms *make* Heat *and* Cold.

SUch kind of *Atoms* as make *Heat*, make *Cold*;
Like *Pincers ſharp*, that nip, and do take hold:
For, ſharply pointed *Atoms*, thorow go;
And *Atoms* which are *ſharp*, and *hook't*, pull to.
Yet all muſt into *pointed Figures* turn;
For *Atoms blunt*, will never freeze, nor burn:
Becauſe to a ſoft Form, *blunt Figures* bend;
And *Soft*, doth unto *Wet* or *Liquid* tend.

All things laſt *or* diſſolve, *according to the* Compoſure *of* Atoms.

AToms, which looſely joyn, do not remain
So long, as thoſe which cloſeneſs do maintain:
Thoſe make all things i'th' *World*, to *ebb* and *flow*,
According as the *Moving-Atoms* go.
Others, in *Bodies*, they do joyn ſo cloſe,
As, in long time, they never ſtir nor looſe.
And ſome will joyn ſo cloſe, and knit ſo faſt,
As, if unſtirr'd, they would for ever laſt.
Looſe Atoms in *ſmall Vegetables* lye,
Which is the reaſon, they ſo quickly *dye*.
In *Animals*, much cloſer they are laid;
Which is the cauſe, their *Life* is longer ſtaid.

Some

Some *Vegetables* and *Animals*, do joyn
In equal ſtrength, if *Atoms* ſo combine:
But *Animals*, where *Atoms* cloſe lye in,
Are ſtronger than ſome *Vegetables* thin:
And *Vegetables*, wherein *Atoms* faſt
Do ſtick, as in ſtrong *Trees*, they longer laſt.
In *Minerals*, they ſo together cleave,
As they not any ſpace for *Motion* leave:
Being *pointed* all, the cloſer they do lye,
Which makes them not, like *Vegetables*, dye.
Thoſe *Bodies* which *looſe Atoms* moſt move in,
Are *Soft*, and *Porous*, and, many times, *Thin*:
And thoſe *ſoft Bodies* never do live long;
Why ſo? *Looſe Atoms* never can be ſtrong:
For *Motion*'s Power, toſſeth them about,
And from their places keeps; ſo *Life* goes out.

Of Light.

SOme think no *Light* would be without the *Eye*;
'Tis true, a *Light*, our *Brain* could not deſcry.
But if the *Eye* makes *Light*, it may be ſaid
As well, that burning *Fire*, by *Touch* is made.

Of

Of Light *and* Sight.

SOme *Learned men*, which think to reaſon well,
Say, *Light* and *Colour* in the *Brain* do dwell:
That *Motion*, in the *Brain*, all *Light* doth give;
And, if no *Brain*, the *World* in *dark* would live.
But be it, that the *Brain* hath *Eyes* to ſee,
Then *Eyes*, and *Brain*, would make the *Light* to be.
If ſo, poor *Donn* was out, when he did ſay,
If all the *World* were *blind*, 'twould ſtill be *Day*.
Say they, Then there no *Light* i'th' *Air* would raign,
Unleſs you'l grant, the *World* were one great *Brain*.
Some *Age*, in ſome *Opinions*, doth agree:
The *next*, doth ſtrive to make them falſe to be.
For what is *New*, doth all ſo *pleaſing* ſound,
That *Reaſons Old*, are as meer *Non-ſenſe* found.
But, all *Opinions* are by *Fancy* fed;
And *Truth* lies under thoſe *Opinions*, dead.

Of the Sound *and* Eccho.

ECCHO ſeems nothing; yet a while it lives,
And, like a wanton *Lad*, *Mock-anſwers* gives:
Not like the *Souls*, that from the *Bodies* go;
For *Eccho*'s *Body* is of *Air*, we know.
But ſtrange it is, that *Sounds* ſo ſtrong and clear,
Reſiſting Bodies have, and not appear.

Yet

Yet *Air*, which ſubtil is, encounter may:
Thus *Words*, as *Sounds*, may with *Self-Eccho* play.
But they grow weary ſoon, hold not out long,
Seem out of Breath, and faulter with the Tongue.

What makes Eccho.

THat *Motion*, which doth from the *Mouth* proceed,
Runs through the *Air*, and doth an *Eccho* breed.
As ſeveral *Letters* in one *Word* do join;
So, ſeveral *Figures* through the *Air* combine.
The *Air* is *Wax*; *Words Seal*, and give the *Print*;
And ſo an *Eccho* in the *Air* do *Mint*:
And while thoſe *Figures* laſt, they *Life* maintain;
When *Motion* wears them out, *Eccho* is ſlain.
As *Sugar*, in the *Mouth*, doth *melt* with *taſt*;
So *Eccho*, in the *Air*, it ſelf doth waſt.

What makes Eccho rebound.

WHen two *hard Bodies* 'gainſt each other move,
And cauſe *Rebounds*, they muſt *reſiſting* prove:
For *yeelding-Bodies*, which do bow, or break,
Can ne're *Rebound*, nor like an *Eccho* ſpeak.
Wherefore, each *Word* i'th' *Air*, is like a *Ball*;
And ev'ry *Letter*, like a *Ball*, doth fall:
VVords are *condenſed Air*, which heard, do grow,
As *VVater*, which, by *Cold*, doth turn to *Snow*:

And like as *Snow*, when preſs'd, hard *Balls* doth make;
So *VVords*, as *Balls*, their courſe do backwards take.

Of Shadow *and* Eccho.

PAle *Shadow* once in love fell with bright *Light*,
Which makes *Her* ſtill walk always in *His* ſight:
And, when *He's abſent*, then, poor Soul, *ſhe* dyes:
But, when *He* ſhews himſelf, *Her Life* revives.
She *Siſter* is, to *Eccho*, loud and clear,
Whoſe *Voice* is heard, no *Body* doth appear.
She hates to ſee, or ſhew *Her ſelf* to men,
Unleſs *Narciſſus* could revive agen.
But theſe Two *Souls* (for they no *Bodies* have)
Do wander in the *Air*, to ſeek a *Grave*.
Silence would bury one; the other, *Night*;
But was deni d by *Repercuſſion*'s ſpight.
And both are ſubject to the *Eye* and *Ear*;
For *one* we *ſee*, and th' *other* we do hear.

The Objects *of every* Senſe, *are according to their* Motions *in the* Brain.

WE ſhould thoſe men think mad, wch ſhould us tell,
That they did *ſee* a *Sound*, or *taſt* a *Smell*:
Yet Reaſon proves, a man doth not err much,
When as he ſays, his *Senſes* all are *Touch*.
If *Actions*, in a *Picture*, lively told,
The *Brain* ſtraight thinks the *Eye* doth them behold:

When

When *hungry Folks*, their *Noſes meat* do *ſmell*,
Their *Brains* do think, that *ſmell* the *Tongue taſts* well.
If we a *Thief* do ſee, and do him fear,
We ſtraight do think, breaking of Doors we hear.
Imaginations, juſt like *Motions*, make,
That every *Senſe* is ſtruck with a *miſtake*.

According as the Motions *of the* Heart, *or* Brain, *are, ſuch* Paſſions *are produced.*

THE *Eights* in *Muſick*, when they equal are,
If one be ſtruck, the other ſeems to jarre:
So the *Heart-ſtrings*, if *equally* all ſtretch'd,
Like thoſe of *Muſick*, *Love* from thence is fetch'd:
For, when one's ſtruck, the other moves juſt ſo,
And, with delight, as *evenly* doth go.

The Motion *of* Thoughts.

Muſing one time alone, mine *Eyes* were fixt,
Upon the *Ground*; my *Sight* with *Gravel* mixt,
My *Feet* did walk without *Direction*'s Guide:
My *Thoughts* did travel far, and wander wide.
At laſt they chanc'd upon a *Hill* to climb,
And, being there, ſaw things that were *Divine*.
First, when they ſaw a *Glorious Light* did blaze,
Whoſe *Splendor* pain'd their *Sight*, upon't to gaze:
No *Shadows* it, nor *Separations* made;
No *Darkneſs* did obſtruct this *Light* with ſhade.

This *Light* had no *Dimenſion*, nor no *Bound*;
No *Limits*; but it fill'd all *places* round:
Always in *Motion* 'twas, yet *fixt* did prove,
Like to the *twinkling Starrs*, which never move.
This *Motion* working, running ſeveral ways,
Seem'd as if *Contradictions* it would raiſe:
For with *it Self* it ſeem'd not to agree,
Like to a *Skein* of *Thred* if't knotted be:
For ſome did go ſtraight in an *even Line*;
But ſome, again, did *croſs*, and ſome did *twine*:
Yet, at the laſt, all ſeveral *Motions* run
Into the firſt *prime Motion*, which begun.
In various *Forms* and *Shapes*, did *Life* run through,
Which was *Eternal*; but the *Shapes* were new.
And theſe not ſooner made, but paſs'd away;
Yet, while they were, they did deſire to ſtay.
But *Motion*, which is *Life*, can never be
Conſtant to one, but loves *Variety*.
And as *firſt Motion*, every thing can make,
But cannot *add* unto it ſelf, nor *take*:
So it could not another *Matter* frame;
It ſelf was all, and in it ſelf *the ſame*.
Perceiving, now, this fixed point of *Light*,
I ſpi'd a *Union*, *Knowledg*, *Power*, and *Might*;
VViſdom, *Truth*, *Juſtice*, *Providence*, all *One*;
No *Attribute* was by it ſelf *alone*.
Not like as ſeveral *Lines* drawn to one *point*;
For, what doth *meet*, may be again *disjoint*.

But

But this ſame *Point*, from whence all *Lines* did flow,
Nothing *diminiſh* can, nor make it *grow*:
'Tis its own *Center*, and *Circumference* round;
Yet neither has a *limit*, nor a *bound*:
But *fix'd Eternally*, and ſo will laſt,
All *preſent* is, nothing *to come*, nor *paſt*.
A *fix'd Perfection*, nothing can add more;
All things is *It*, and doth *It ſelf* adore.
My *Thoughts* then wond'ring at what they did ſee;
Found, at the laſt, themſelves the ſame to be:
Yet were ſo ſmall a *Branch*, as they could not
Know whence they ſprung, nor how they were begot,
Some ſay, All what we know of *Heav'n* above,
Is, we ſhall have a perfect *Joy* and *Love*.
But, Who can tell that? For, what we do call
Below here, *Joy* and *Love*, theſe *Paſſions* all
May, by *exceſs*, ſuch other *Paſſions* grow,
None in the *World* is capable to know:
Juſt like our *Bodies*, although they ſhall *riſe*,
And, as Saint *Paul* ſays, ſee *GOD* with our *Eyes*;
Yet may we, in the *Change*, ſuch *difference* find,
Both in our *Bodies*, and alſo in *Mind*,
As if we never had been of *Mankind*;
And that thoſe *Eyes* we ſee with now, were *blind*.
Say, we can *meaſure* all the *Planets* high,
And *number* every *Starr* that's in the *Skie*;
And we can Circle all the *World* about,
And can find all th' *Effects* of *Nature* out:

Yet all the *Wiſe* and *Learned*, cannot tell
What's done in *Heav'n*, or how we there ſhall dwell.

The reaſon *why* Thoughts *are only in the* Head.

EAch *Sinew* is a ſmall and ſlender *ſtring*,
Which to the *Body* all the *Senſes* bring:
And they, like *Pipes* or *Gutters*, hollow be,
Where *Animal Spirits* run continually:
Though *ſmall*, yet they ſuch *Matter* do contain,
As in the *Skull* doth lye, which we call *Brain*.
That makes, if any one doth ſtrike the *heel*,
The *thought* of that, *Senſe* in the *Brain* doth feel:
It is not *Sympathy*, but all one thing,
Which cauſes us to *think*, and Pain doth bring:
For, had the *Heel* ſuch quantity of *Brain*,
As doth the *Head* and *Skull* therein contain; (high,
Then would ſuch *Thoughts*, which in the *Brain* dwell
Deſcend into our *Heels*, and there would lye.
In *Sinews* ſmall, *Brain* ſcatter'd lyes about,
It wants both *Room* and *Quantity*, no doubt.
For, if a *Sinew* ſo much *Brain* could hold,
Or had ſo large a *Skin* it to *infold*,
As hath the *Skull*; then might the *Toe* or *Knee*,
Had they an *Optick Nerve*, both *hear* and *ſee*.
Had *Sinews* room, *Fancy* therein to breed,
Copies of *Verſes* might from th' *Heel* proceed.

Of

Of the Motion *of the* Blood.

SOME by their *Induſtry* and *Learning* found,
That all the *Blood*, like to the *Sea*, runs round:
From *Two great Arteries* it doth begin,
Runs through all *Veins*, and ſo comes back again.
The *Muſcles*, like the *Tides*, do *ebb* and *flow*,
According as the ſeveral *Spirits* go.
The *Sinews*, as ſmall *Pipes*, come from the *Head*,
And they are all about the *Body* ſpread;
Through which, the *Animal Spirits* are convey'd
To every *Member*, as the *Pipes* are laid:
And from thoſe *Sinews*, *Pipes* each *Senſe* doth take
Of thoſe pure *Spirits*, as they us do make.

Of many Worlds *in this* World.

JUſt like as in a *Neſt* of *Boxes* round,
Degrees of *Sizes* in each *Box* are found:
So, in this *World*, may many others be
Thinner and leſs, and leſs ſtill by degree:
Although they are not ſubject to our *ſenſe*,
A *World* may be no bigger than *Two-pence*.
NATURE is curious, and ſuch Works may ſhape,
Which our dull *ſenſes* eaſily eſcape:
For *Creatures*, ſmall as *Atoms*, may be there,
If every one a *Creature's Figure* bear.

If

If *Atoms Four*, a *World* can make, then ſee
What ſeveral *Worlds* might in an *Ear-ring* be:
For, Millions of thoſe *Atoms* may be in
The Head of one ſmall, little, ſingle *Pin.*
And if thus ſmall, then *Ladies* may well wear
A *World* of *Worlds*, as *Pendents* in each *Ear.*

A World *in an* Ear-ring.

AN *Ear-ring* well a *Zodiack* call'd may be,
Wherein a *Sun* goes round, which we don't ſee;
And *Planets* ſeven, about that *Sun* may move,
And he ſtand ſtill, as *Learned men* would prove:
And *fixed Starrs*, like *twinkling Diamonds* plac'd
About this *Ear-ring*, which a World is vaſt.
That ſame which doth the *Ear-ring* hold, the *Hole*,
Is that we call the *North* and *Southern-Pole*;
There nipping-*Froſts* may be, and *Winters* cold,
Yet never on the *Ladie's Ear* take hold.
And *Lightning*, *Thunder*, and great *Winds* may blow
Within this *Ear-ring*, yet the *Ear* not know.
Fiſh there may ſwim in *Seas*, which *ebb* and *flow*;
And *Iſlands* be, wherein do *Spices* grow.
There *Cryſtal Rocks* hang dangling at each *Ear*;
And *Golden Mines*, as *Jewels*, may they wear.
Earthquakes may be, which *Mountains* vaſt down fling,
And yet ne're ſtir the *Ladie's Ear* nor *Ring.*

Medows

Meadows may be, and *Paſtures* freſh and green,
And *Cattel* feed, and yet be never ſeen:
And *Gardens* fine, and *Birds*, which ſweetly ſing,
Although we hear them not, in an *Ear-ring*.
There may be *Night* and *Day*, and *Heat* and *Cold*;
As alſo, *Life* and *Death*, and *Young* and *Old*.
And *Youth* may ſpring, and ſeveral *Ages* dye;
Great *Plagues* may be, and no *Infection* nigh.
Great *Cities* there may be, and *Houſes* built,
Whoſe inſide, gay and finely may be gilt.
Churches may they've, wherein *Prieſts* teach and ſing:
And *Steeples* too, yet hear the *Bells* not *ring*.
From thence may pious *Tears* to *Heav'n* up run;
And yet, the *Ear* not know which way they're gone.
Markets may be, where things are bought and ſold,
Though th'*Ear* knows not the price their *Markets* hold.
There *Governors* may rule, and *Kings* may reign;
And *Battels* may be fought, and many ſlain;
And all within the *Compaſs* of this *Ring*,
Whence they no Tidings to the *Wearer* bring.
Within this *Ring*, wiſe Counſellors may ſit,
And yet the *Ear*, not one wiſe word may get.
There may be *Dancing* all Night at a *Ball*,
And yet the *Ear* be not diſturb'd at all.
Rivals may *Duels* fight, where ſome are ſlain,
And *Lovers* mourn, yet hear them not complain.
And *Death* may dig a *Lover*'s Grave: thus were
A *Lover* dead in a fair *Ladie's Ear*.

But when the *Ring* is broke, the *World* is done;
Then *Lovers* are into *Elyſium* gone.

It is hard to believe, that there may be other
Worlds *in this* World.

NOthing doth ſeem ſo hard to *Nature*'s Eyes,
As to believe *Impoſſibilities:*
Not that they're not; but, that they do not clear
Unto our *Reaſon*, and to *Senſe* appear:
For, *Reaſon* cannot find them out, ſince they
Seem wrought beyond all *Nature*'s courſe and way.
But, many things our *Senſes* do eſcape;
For, they're too groſs to know each *Form* and *Shape*:
As, that another *World* in this may be,
Which we do neither *touch*, nor *hear*, nor *ſee*,
Nor *taſte*, nor *ſmell*. What *Eye*'s ſo clear, that ſaw
Thoſe little *Hooks*, that, in the *Load-ſtone*, draw
Hard *Iron*? or, What *Brain* can reaſon, why
The *Needle*'s Point ſtill in the *North* will lye?
As for example, *Atoms* in the *Air*
We ne're perceive, although the *Light* be fair:
For, whatſoever can a *Body* claim,
Though ne're ſo ſmall, *Life* may be in the ſame:
And, what hath *Life*, may *Underſtanding* have,
Though't be to us, as buried in a Grave.
Then, probably, may *Men* and *Women* ſmall,
Live in the *World*, which we not know at all:

May

May *build* them *Houſes* to *dwell* in, and make,
Orchards and *Gardens*, where they pleaſure take:
Have *Birds* which ſing, and *Cattel* in the Field,
And *plowed Grounds*, which them *ſmall Corn* may yield.
They may have *Commonwealths*; and *Kings* to reign;
Make *Warrs* and *Battels*, where are many ſlain:
And all without our *Hearing*, or our *Sight*,
Or any of our other *Senſes* light.
And other *Starrs*, and *Suns*, and *Moons*, may be,
Which our dull *Eyes* ſhall never come to ſee.
But, we are apt to laugh at Tales ſo told;
For our groſs *Senſes*, *Reaſon* back do hold.
Yet things which are 'gainſt *Nature*, we think true;
That *Spirits* change, and can take *Bodies* new:
That *Life* may be, yet in no *Body* live;
For which, no *Senſe* nor *Reaſon* we can give.
And *Incorporeal Spirits*, *Fancy* feigns;
Yet, *Fancy* cannot be without ſome *Brains*:
And if it cannot without *Subſtance* be,
Then *Souls* are more than *Reaſon* well can ſee.

Several Worlds *in ſeveral* Circles.

THere may be many *Worlds* like *Circles*, round;
And many more, in After-ages, found:
If we, by Art of *Shipping*, could into
Each *Circle* ſlip, we might perhaps it know.
This *World*, compar'd to ſome, may be but ſmall,
No doubt; for *Nature* made degrees of all:
If not, *Drake* ne're had made ſo quick a skip
*A*bout the largeſt *Circle* with his Ship.
But ſome may be ſo *big*, as none can *ſwim*,
Had they the *Life* of Old *Methuſalem*:
Or, had they *Lives* to number with each day,
They would want *Time* to compaſs half the way.
But if that *Drake* had liv'd in *Venus* Star,
His *Journey* might have *ſhorter* been by far.

The Claſp.

WHen I did write this *Book*, I took great pains:
For I did walk, and think, & break my *Brains*.
My *Thoughts* run out of *breath*, then down did lye,
*A*nd panted with ſhort Wind, like thoſe that dye.
When *Time* had giv'n them but ſome *eaſe* and *ſtrength*,
Then up they'ld get, and run another length.
Sometimes I kept them to a ſtricter *Diet*,
*A*nd made them *Faſt* with *eaſe*, and *reſt*, and *quiet*;

They

That they might run again with ſwifter ſpeed;
And, by this courſe, *new Fancies* they did breed.
But I do fear, they're not ſo *good* to pleaſe:
Yet, now they're out, my *Brain* is more at eaſe.

The Circle *of the* Brain *cannot be* Squared.

A *Circle* round, divided in Four parts,
Hath been great ſtudy 'mongſt the *Men* of *Arts*:
Since *Archimed*'s, or *Euclid*'s time, each *Brain*,
Hath on a *Line* been ſtretch'd, yet all in vain.
And every *Thought* hath been a *Figure* ſet;
Doubts, *Cyphers* were; *Hopes*, as *Triangles* met.
There was *Diviſion* and *Subſtraction* made;
And *Lines* drawn out, and *Points* exactly laid:
But none hath yet, by Demonſtration, found
The way, by which to ſquare a *Circle* round.
For while the *Brain* is round, no Square will be;
While *Thoughts* divide, no *Figures* will agree.
And others did, upon the ſame account,
Doubling the *Cube*, to a great number mount.
But ſome, the *Triangles* did cut ſo ſmall,
Till into equal *Atoms* they did fall:
For, ſuch is *Man's curioſity*, and *mind*,
To ſeek for that, which *hardeſt* is to find.

The Circle *of* Honeſty, Squared.

WIthin the *Head* of *Man*'s a *Circle* round
Of *Honeſty*, in which no end is found.
Some think it fit, this *Circle* ſhould be ſquar'd;
Though, to make *Honeſty* take ſides, is hard:
Yet try; and *Fortitude* and *Prudence* take;
Juſtice and *Temperance*, four *Lines* they make:
If *Temperance* do prove too ſhort a *Line*,
Then do the *Figure* of *Diſcretion* joyn;
With *Wiſdom*'s Point draw up, and you will find
Them make an *even Line*, when well combin'd:
'Twixt *Fortitude* and *Prudence*, *Truth* muſt point,
Juſtice's Line, towards that *Corner-joynt*
Of *Fortitude*: which *Line* do make agree
With *Prudence*: *Temperance* muſt alſo be
Of equal length with *Juſtice*; both muſt ſtand
'Twixt *Fortitude* and *Prudence*, on each hand.
At every *Corner*, muſt a *Point* be laid,
Where *Lines* do meet, that *Angles* may be made:
And when thoſe *Points* too high, or low, do fall;
Then muſt the *Lines* be ſtretch'd, to make them all
Even. And thus the *Circle* round, you'l find,
Is ſquar'd with the Four *Virtues* of the *Mind*.

The

The ſame Circle Squar'd *in* Proſe.

A *Circle* is a *Line* without *Ends*: and a *Square* hath *four equal Sides*, not one longer or ſhorter than another. To *ſquare* the *Circle*, is, to make the *ſquare Figure* to be equal with the *round Figure*. *Honeſty* is a *Circle* without *Ends*; that is, *By-reſpects*: for, an *Honeſt man* is *Honeſt* for *Honeſtie*'s ſake. Now, to *ſquare* this *Circle*, is very difficult: for, it is hard for *Honeſty* to take part with Four Sides, without *Faction*: for, where there is *Siding*, there is *Faction*; and where *Faction* is, there is *Partiality*; and where *Partiality* is, there is *Injuſtice*; and where *Injuſtice* is, there is *Wrong*; and where *Wrong* is, *Truth* is not; and where *Truth* is not, *Honeſty* cares not to live. But, let us ſee how we can ſquare this *Circle* of *Honeſty*: Firſt, Draw Four Lines, *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, and *Juſtice*; theſe Four Lines, let them be *Parallels*, to make a Square: and at each end of every Line, make a Point; at the Line of *Juſtice*, a Point of *Severity* at one end; and another of *Facility*, at the other end. And at each end of *Fortitude*, one of *Raſhneſs*, and another of *Timeroſity*. And at each end of *Temperance*, *Prodigality* and *Covetouſneſs*. At each end of *Prudence*, *Sloth* and *Stupidity*. Then draw out theſe *Points*, and make them *Angles*; as *Severity* and *Timeroſity*, make one *Angle*; *Raſhneſs* and *Stupidity*, another; *Sloth* and *Prodigality*,

gality, the third; *Facility* and *Covetouſneſs*, the fourth. Then, exactly in the midſt of either Line, ſet on each ſide of the *Line*, a *Figure*: as, *Diſtributive*, on the outſide of the Line of *Juſtice*; and *Commutative*, within the Line: ſo, on the Line of *Fortitude*, *Deſpair* on the outſide, and *Love* within. On the outſide of *Prudence*-Line, *Experience*; and *Induſtry*, within. On *Temperance*'s Line, *Obſervation* on the outſide, and *Eaſe* within. Then draw a Line of *Clemency* from *Diſtributive*; and from *Obſervation*, a Line of *Diſcretion* and make an Angle of *Hope*. Then from *Commutative*, a Line of *Charity*; and from *Eaſe*, a Line of *Comfort*; which make an *Angle* of *Peace*. Then from *Deſpair*, a Line of *Hope*; and from *Induſtry*, a Line of *Fruition*, which make an Angle of *Tranquillity*. Then from the Point of *Love*, a Line of *Faith*; and from the Point of *Eaſe*, a Line of *Pleaſure*; this makes an Angle of *Joy*. Then ſet a Point at every *Angle*, viz. *Obedience*, *Humility*, *Reſpect*, and *Reverence*. And thus the *Square*, meaſured with *Truth*, will be equal with the *Circle* of *Honeſty*.

The Traſection.

CUT the Line of *Wiſdom* into three Parts, *Prudence*, *Experience*, and *Judgment*: Then draw a Line of *Diſcretion*, equal to the Line of *Experience*; and a Line of *Induſtry*, equal to the Line of *Prudence*;

and

and a Line of *Temperance*, equal to the Line of *Judgment*; and to *Temperance*, an equal Line of *Tranquillity*; and to the Line *Induſtry*, a Line of *Ingenuity*; and to the Line of *Diſcretion*, draw an equal Line of *Obedience*: then all theſe Lines meaſur'd with the *Rule* of *Reaſon*, you'l find them equal to the Line of *Wiſdom*; joyn them together, and let *Truth* make the *Angle*. This is the *Traſection*.

The Arithmetick *of* Paſſions.

WIth *Numeration*, *Moraliſts* begin,
Upon the *Paſſions*, putting *Quotients* in:
Numbers divide with *Figures*, and *Subſtract*;
And in their *Definitions* are exact.
As for *Subſtracting*, take but *One* from *Three*,
Add it to *Four*, and it makes *Five* to be.
Thus the *Odd Numbers* to the *Even* joyn'd,
Will make the *Paſſions* riſe within the *Mind*.

The Second Part.

Of Moral Philoſophy, *and* Moraliſts.

Moral Philoſophy, is a *ſevere School*: for, there is no *Arithmetician* ſo exact in his Accounts, or doth *Divide* and *Subſtract* his *Numbers* more ſubtilly, than they the *Paſſions*: and, as *Arithmetick* can *multiply* Numbers above all *uſe*; ſo *Paſſions* may be divided beyond all *Practice*. But, *Moraliſts* live the happieſt Lives of *Mankind*, becauſe moſt contented: for, they do not only ſubdue the *Paſſions*, but can make the beſt uſe of them, to the *Tranquillity* of the *Mind*: as for example, *Fear*, to make them *Circumſpect*; *Hope*, to make them *Induſtrious*; *Hate* to *Evil*, *Deſire* to *Good*, *Love* to *Virtue*, *Jealous* of *Indiſcretions*, *Angry* at *Follies*; and ſo of all the reſt: for, they do not only ſubdue the fierceſt of them,

making them Slaves to execute ſeveral Works, in ſeveral Places: but thoſe *Paſſions* that are mild, and of gentle Nature, they make perfect Friendſhip with: for, the *Paſſions* are like *Privy Councellors*, where ſome Counſel for *Peace*, others for *Warr*: and ſome, being bribed with the *World*, and *Appetite*, perſwade to *Mutiny*, which cauſes a Rebellion. But *Moraliſts* are like Powerful *Monarchs*, which can make their *Paſſions* obedient at their pleaſure; condemning them at the Barr of *Juſtice*, and cutting off their Heads with the Sword of *Reaſon*; or, like Skilful *Muſicians*, making the *Paſſions*, *Muſical Inſtruments*, which they can tune ſo exactly, and play ſo well and ſweetly, as every ſeveral Note ſhall ſtrike the Ears of the Soul with Delight: and when they play *Concords*, the *Mind* Dances, in Meaſure, the *Saraband* of *Tranquillity*; whereas, when they are out of Tune, they do not only Sound *Harſh* and *Unpleaſant*; but, when the *Notes* diſagree, the *Mind* takes *wrong Steps*, and keeps *falſe Time*, and the *Soul* is diſquieted with the *Noiſe*. But, there is no *Humour*, or *Paſſion*, ſo troubleſome as *Deſire*; becauſe it yeelds no *ſound Satisfaction*: for, it is mixt, moſt commonly, with pleaſing *Hopes*; and *Hope* is a greater Pleaſure, than *Enjoyment*; juſt as Eating is a greater Pleaſure to the *Hungry*, than when the *Stomack* is fully ſatisfied. But *Deſire*, and *Curioſity*, make a *Man* to be above other Creatures: for, by deſiring *Knowledg*, *Man* is much above a *Beaſt*; as want

want of perfect *Knowledg*, makes him leſs than *God*: and *Man*, as he hath a *Tranſcendent Soul*, to out-live the *World* to all *Eternity*: ſo he hath a *Tranſcendent Deſire*, to live in the *World*'s *Memory* as long as the *World* laſts, that he might not dye like a Beaſt, and be forgotten; but, that his *Works* may beget another *Soul*, though of ſhorter Life, which is *Fame*: for, *Fame* is like the *Soul*, an *Incorporeal Being*.

A Dialogue *between Two Supernatural Opinions concerning* Fame.

WHo knows, but that Man's *Soul* with *Fame* is (pleas'd, 1 *Opin.*
When from the Bodie's Priſon it is eas'd?
If we allow, the *Soul* ſhall live, not dye,
Although the *Body* in the Grave doth lye;
And that ſome *Knowledg* ſtill it doth retain;
Why may not then, ſome love of *Fame* remain?
There doth no *Vanity* in *Souls* then dwell 2 *Opin.*
When ſeparate, they go to *Heaven* or *Hell*.
Fame's Virtue's Off-ſpring, or elſe ought to be; 1 *Opin.*
What comes not from *Her*, is an Infamy.
Souls, of the *World*, remember nought at all; 2 *Opin.*
Things that are paſt, into Oblivion fall.
Why may not *Souls*, as well as *Angels*, know, 1 *Opin.*
And hear, and ſee, what's done i'th' World below?
Souls neither have Ambition, nor Deſire, 2 *Opin.*
When once in Heav'n; nor after *Fame* enquire.

1 *Opin.* Who can tell that? ſince Heav'n doth love good deeds.
And *Fame* of *Piety*, from *Grace* proceeds.

Another Dialogue *of* Fame, *between Two Natural Opinions.*

1 *Opin.* *Fame* to deſire, is a moſt Noble Thought,
Which *Nature* in the beſt of Minds hath wrought.
2 *Opin.* Alas! when men do dye, all *Motion*'s gone:
If *Motion* none, all thought of *Fame* is done.
1 *Opin.* What if the Motion of the *Body* dye?
The Motion of the *Mind* may live on high:
And, in the Airy Elements may lye;
There, though we know it not, about to flye.
And thus, by *Nature*, may the *Mind* aſpire,
Its *Fame* to hear, its *Pyramid* deſire:
Or grieve and mourn, when ſhe doth ſee and know
Her *Acts* and *Fame* do to *Oblivion* go.

A Simple Natural Opinion of the Mind.

NATURE a *Talent* gives to every one,
As *Heav'n* gives *Grace*, to work *Salvation.*
This *Talent* given, is a Noble Mind,
Where Actions good, a Current Coyn you find;
On which, each *Virtue* ſtamps its Image ſo,
That all the World, each ſeveral Piece may know.
If Man be *lazie*, let this *Talent* lye,
Seek no occaſion to improve it by;

Who

Who knows, but *Nature*'s Puniſhment may be,
To make his Mind to grieve eternally?
That, when his Spirit's fled, and Body rot,
He know himſelf, of Friends and World forgot.
But, when he hath us'd all his Induſtry,
Yet cannot get a *Fame* to live thereby;
Then may his Mind reſt fully ſatisfi'd,
That he hath left no means or ways untri'd.

The Purchaſe *of* Poets: *or, a* Dialogue *betwixt the* Poets, *and* Fame; *and* Homer's *Marriage.*

A Company of *Poets* ſtrove to buy
Parnaſſus Hill, upon which, *Fame* doth lye:
And *Helicon*, a *Well* that runs below;
Of which, all thoſe that drink, ſtraight *Poets* grow.
But, *Money* they had none; for they're all poor:
And *Fancy*, which is *Wit*, is all their Store.
Thinking which way this Purchaſe they might make,
They all agreed, they would ſome Counſel take:
Knowing, that *Fame* was Owner to the *Well*,
And that ſhe always on the *Hill* did dwell;
They did conclude, to tell Her their Deſire,
That they might know what Price ſhe did require.
Then up the Hill they got, a Journey long;
Some nimbler [a]Feet had, and a [b]Breath more ſtrong;
Which made them get before, by going faſt;
But all did meet upon the *Hill* at laſt.

[a] Numbers.
[b] Fancy.

And

And when ſhe heard them all, what they could ſay,
She ask'd them, Where their Money was to pay?
They told her, Money they had none to give;
But they had *Wit*, by which they all did live: (take;
And, though they knew, ſometimes ſhe *Bribes* would
Yet *Wit*, in *Honour*'s Court, did *Greatneſs* make.
Said ſhe, This *Hill* I'le never *ſell*, nor *give*;
But they that have moſt *Wit*, ſhall with me live:
Then go you down, and get what *Friends* you can,
That will be bound, or plead for every man.
Then every *Poet* was 'twixt *Hope* and *Doubt*,
And *Envy* ſtrove to put each other out.
Homer, the firſt of *Poets*, did begin;
For Him, was *Greece* and *Troy* bound. Then came in
Virgil, who brought *Æneas*; He, all *Rome*:
For *Horace*, all the Countrey-men did come.
For *Juv'nal* and *Catull*, all *Satyrs* joyn'd;
And in firm Bonds, they all themſelves did bind.
Tibullus, *Venus* and her Son did bring
For him, 'cauſe *wanton Verſes* he did ſing.
Pythagoras his *Tranſmigration* brings
For *Ovid*, ſealing's Bond with ſeveral things.
Lucan brought *Pompey*, th' *Senate* all in Arms;
And *Ceſar*'s Army, with his hot Alarms;
Who Muſt'red all i'th' *Parthian* Fields: their Hand
And Seal, did freely ſet to *Lucan*'s Band.
Poets, which *Epitaphs* o'th' Dead had made,
Their *Ghoſts* did riſe, and would fair *Fame* perſwade

To

To take their Bonds, that they might live, though dead,
To After-ages, when their Names were read.
The *Muſes Nine*, came at the Barr to plead;
But partial were, according as th'were feed.
At laſt, all *Poets* were caſt out but Three,
Who did diſpute, which ſhould *Fame*'s Husband be.
Pythagoras for *Ovid* thought it meet (ſweet:
To ſpeak, whoſe *Numbers* ſmooth, and *Words* were
Ladies (ſaid he) are for Varieties,
And change as oft as he makes Beaſts, Birds, Trees:
As many ſeveral Shapes and Forms they take;
Some, *Goddeſſes*; and ſome do *Devils* make.
Then let fair *Fame*, ſweet *Ovid*'s Lady be;
Since change doth pleaſe that Sex, none's fit but he.
Then ſpoke *Æneas* on brave *Virgil*'s ſide;
Declar'd, he was the Glory and the Pride
Of all the *Romans*, who from him did ſpring,
And whoſe high praiſe he in his Verſe did ſing:
Then let him ſpeed, even for *Venus* ſake;
Let him your Husband be, none other take.
Then wiſe *Ulyſſes* in a Rhetorick Style,
Began his Speech, his Tongue was ſmooth as Oyl:
He bow'd his Head, and thus to *Fame* did ſpeak:
I come to plead, although my Wit is weak;
But ſince my Cauſe is juſt, and Truth my Guide,
The way is plain, I ſhall not err aſide.
Homer, his lofty ſtrain to Heav'n flyes high,
And brings the Gods down from the Airy Skye.

And makes them ſide, in *Factions*, for Mankind;
He's now for *Troy*, then *Greece*, as pleas'd his mind.
Then walks he down to the *Infernals* deep,
And wakes the *Furies* out of their dead-ſleep:
With *Fancie*'s Candle, ſeeks about all *Hell*,
Where ev'ry place and corner he knows well:
Opening the Gates where Sleepy Dreams do lye;
Walking into th' *Elyſian Fields* hard by:
Tells you how *Lovers* there, their time employ;
And how pure *Souls* in one another joy.
As *Painters*, Shadows make, by mixing Colours;
So do the *Souls* mix, of *Platonick Lovers*.
Shews, how Heroick Spirits there do play
Th' *Olympick Games*, to paſs the time away:
As, how they Run, Leap, Wreſtle, Swim, and Ride;
With Exerciſes many oth'r beſide.
What *Poet* ever did, before him, tell
The *Gods* in *Heav'n*, and *Devils* Names in *Hell*:
Their *Manſions*, and their *Pleaſures*, he deſcribes:
Their *Powers* and *Authorities*, divides:
Their *Chronologies*, elder much than *Time*:
And their *Adulteries*, he puts in *Rhime*.
Beſides, *Great Fame*, thy Court He hath fill'd full
Of brave *Reports*, which as an Empty Skull
Elſe would appear, and not like *Heaven*'s *Throne*;
Nor like the *Firmament*, with *Starrs* thick ſtrown.
Makes *Hell* appear with a Majeſtick Face,
Becauſe there are ſo many in that place.

Fame

Fame never could ſo great a Queen have been,
If *Wit's Invention* had not Arts brought in.
Your Court, by *Poets Fire*, is now made light;
Which quench'd, you'ld dwell as in perpetual Night:
It heats mens Spirits, and inflames their Blood,
And makes them ſeek for Actions great, and good.
Then be you juſt, ſince you the *Balance* hold;
Let not the *Leaden Weights*, weigh down the *Gold*.
It were Injuſtice, *Fame*, for you to make
A [a] *Servant* low, his *Maſter*'s Place to take:
Or ſhould you, *Thieves* that pick the Purſe, prefer
Before the *Owner*, when condemn'd they were.
His are not *Servant-lines*; but, what he leaves,
Each from him ſteals, and ſo the World deceives.
If ſo, *Great Fame*, 'twill be a Hainous Fact
To worſhip you, if you from Right detract.
Then let the beſt of *Poets* find ſuch Grace
In your fair Eyes, to chuſe him firſt in place.
Let all the reſt, come offer at your Shrine;
And, ſhew your ſelf a *Goddeſs* that's Divine.
Then, at your word, I'le *Homer* take, ſaid *Fame*;
And if he prove not good, be you too blame.
Ulyſſes bow'd, and *Homer* kiſs'd her Hands;
And they were joyn'd in *Matrimonial Bands*:
And *Mercury* from all the Gods was ſent,
To give her Joy, and wiſh her much content.

[a] Becauſe all Poets imitate *Homer*.

And all the *Poets* were invited round,
All that were known, or in the World were found:
In *Meaſure*, and in *Time*, they danc'd about;
Each, in their turn, the *Muſes Nine* took out:
In *Numbers* ſmooth, did run their *nimble Feet*,
Whilſt *Muſick* plaid, and *Songs* were ſung, moſt ſweet.
At laſt, the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* went to Bed,
And there did *Homer* get *Fame*'s *Maiden-head*.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Man *and* Nature.

Man.

IT is moſt ſtrange,
How we do change!
Firſt to *live*, and then to *dye*,
Is the greateſt Miſery.
To give us *Senſe* for nought but *Pains* to feel!
To make our *Lives* only to be *Death*'s Wheel!
To give us *Reaſon*, and yet not to know
What we are made for, or what we muſt do;
Whether to *Atoms* turn, or to *Heav'n* flye;
Or change into *New Forms*, and never dye:
Or elſe, to the *prime Matter* fall again;
Thence take *New Forms*, and ſo always remain.
Nature gives no ſuch Knowledg to Mankind,
But ſtrong Deſires, which do torment his Mind;
And Senſes, which, like *Hounds*, do run about,
Yet never can the perfect Truth find out.

O *Nature*! *Nature*! cruel to *Mankind*,
Gives Knowledg none, but *Miſery* to find.
Why doth *Mankind* complain, & make ſuch moan? *Nature.*
May not I work my will with what's my own?
But Men, amongſt themſelves, contract, and make
A Bargain for my *Tree*, that *Tree* they take;
Which cruelly they chop in pieces ſmall,
And form it as they pleaſe, then build withall:
Although that *Tree* by me, to ſtand, was grac'd,
Juſt as it grows, by none to be defac'd.
O *Nature*! *Trees* are *dull*, and have no *Senſe*, *Man.*
And therefore feel no *Pain*, nor take *Offence*.
But *Beaſts* have *Life*, and *Senſe*, and *Paſſions* ſtrong, *Nature.*
Yet cruel Man doth kill, and do them wrong,
To take that *Life* before the time, which I
Ordain'd for them, to me's an Injury.
What Ill Man doth, *Nature* did make him do; *Man.*
And he, by *Nature*, is prompt thereunto:
For, it was in Great *Nature's* Power and Will,
To make him as ſhe pleaſed, *Good*, or *Ill*.
Though *Beaſts* have *Senſe*, feel *Pain*; yet, whilſt they (live,
They *Reaſon* want, for to *diſpute*, or *grieve*.
Beaſts have no *Pain*, but what in *Senſe* doth lye;
Nor troubled Thoughts, to think how they ſhall dye.
Reaſon doth ſtretch Man's Mind upon the Rack;
With *Hopes* and *Joys* pull'd up, with *Fear* pull'd back.
Deſire doth whip, and makes him run amain:
Deſpair doth wound, and pulls him back again.

For *Nature*, thou mad'ſt *Man* betwixt Extremes,
Wants perfect Knowledg, though thereof he dreams:
For, had he been like to a *Stock* or *Stone*,
Or like a *Beaſt*, to live with *Senſe* alone;
Then might he eat and drink, and all be well;
Ne're troubled be, neither for *Heav'n*, nor *Hell*.
Man Knowledg hath enough for to enquire;
Ambition great enough for to aſpire:
He hath this Knowledg, that he knows not all;
And, of himſelf, his Knowledg is but ſmall:
Which makes him wonder, and think there are mixt,
Two ſeveral Qualities in *Nature* fixt,
The one like *Love*, the other like to *Hate*;
And, ſtriving both, they do ſhut out wiſe *Fate*:
And then, ſometimes, man thinks, as one they be;
Which makes, that *Contraries* ſo well agree,
That though the *World* was made by *Love* and *Hate*,
Yet all is Rul'd and Governed by Fate. (high,
Theſe are Man's *Fears*. Man's *Hopes* run ſmooth and
Who thinks his *Mind* is ſome great *Deity*:
For, though the *Body* is of low degree,
In *Senſe* like *Beaſts*, their *Souls* like *Gods* ſhall be.

Nature. Says *Nature*, Why doth Man complain and cry,
If he believes his *Soul* ſhall never dye?

A Dialogue *betwixt the* Body *and the* Mind.

WHat *Bodies* elſe, but Man's, did *Nature* make *Body.*
To joyn with ſuch a *Mind* no reſt can take?
That ebbs and flows with Full and Falling-Tide,
As *Minds* dejected, fall, or ſwell with Pride;
In Waves of *Paſſion*, rowl to Billows high;
Always in *Motion*, never quiet lye.
Where *Thoughts*, like *Fiſhes*, ſwim the *Mind* about;
And greater *Thoughts*, the ſmaller *Thoughts* eat out.
My *Body*'s Barque, rows in *Mind*'s Ocean wide,
Which Waves of *Paſſion* beat on every ſide.
When that dark Cloud of *Ignorance* hangs low,
And Winds of *Vain Opinions*, ſtrong do blow;
Then ſhow'rs of *Doubts*, into the *Mind* rain down,
And *Studies* deep, my Barque of *Fleſh* do drown.
Why doth the *Body* thus complain, when I *Mind.*
Do help it forth of every Miſery?
Your *Barque* muſt in this World ſwim; for't has been,
By *Nature*, thus rigg'd out, to Traffick in.
Againſt hard Rocks you'ld break in pieces ſmall,
If my *Invention* helpt you not in all.
The *Loadſtone* of *Attraction* I find out:
The *Cart* of *Obſervation*, guides about:
The *Needle* of *Diſcretion*, points the way;
Which makes that *Barque* get ſafe into each *Bay.*

If

Body. If Drowning I eſcape, i' th' Wat'ry Main,
Yet in Great Mighty Battels I am ſlain:
By your *Ambition* I am forc'd to fight,
When many Wounds upon my Body light:
For you care not, ſo you a *Fame* may have
To live, if I be buried in a Grave.

Mind. If *Bodies* fight, and Kingdoms win, then you
Take all the pleaſure that belongs thereto.
Upon that *Head*, a Glorious Crown you bear;
And on that *Body*, you Rich Jewels wear:
All things are ſought to pleaſe your *Senſes Five*;
No *Drugg* unpractis'd, to keep you alive.
And I, to ſet you up in High Degree,
Invent all Engines us'd in Warrs to be.
'Tis I that do you make in Triumph Great,
Above all other Creatures t'have your Seat:
By the Induſtrious Arts which I do find,
You other Creatures in Subjection bind:
You eat their *Fleſh*, and then you uſe their *Skin*,
When VVinter comes, to lap your *Bodies* in.
And ſo in every thing *Nature* doth make,
By my Direction, you great Pleaſure take.

Body. VVhat though my *Senſes* all do take delight?
Yet you, upon my *Entrails*, always bite.
My *Fleſh* y' eat up, and leave my *Bones* all bare,
VVith the ſharp teeth of *Sorrow*, *Grief*, and *Care*.
You draw my *Blood* from th' *Veins*, with *envious ſpight*;
Decay my *Strength* with *Shame*, or *extreme Fright*:

Often

Often, with Love, extremely ſick I lye;
And, with a Cruel Hate, you make me dye.
Care keeps you from all Hurt, or falling low; *Mind.*
Sorrow and *Grief*, are Debts to Friends we owe.
Fear makes man juſt, to give each one his own.
Shame makes Civility; without, there's none.
Hate makes good Laws, that all may live in Peace:
Love brings Society, and gets Encreaſe.
Beſides, with *Joy*, I make the *Eyes* look gay;
With pleaſing-ſmiles, they dart forth every way.
With Mirth the *Cheeks* are Fat, Smooth, Roſie-red:
Speech flows with *Wit*, when *Fancies* fill the *Head.*
If I were gone, you'ld miſs my Company;
Wiſh we were joyn'd again, or you might dye.

A Complaint of Water, Earth, *and* Air, *againſt the* Sun, *by way of* Dialogue.

THere's none hath ſuch an Enemy as I; *Moiſture to the Earth.*
The *Sun* doth drink me up, when he is dry;
He ſucks me out of every Hole I lye:

Draws me up high, from whence I down do fall
In ſhowers of Rain, I'm broke in pieces ſmall,
Where I am forc'd to you for help to call.

You ſtraight your precious Doors ſet open wide,
And take me in with haſt on every ſide,
Then joyn my Limbs faſt in a Flowing-Tide.

Earth to Moiſture. Alas, dear Friend! the *Sun*, my greateſt Foe,
Doth blaſt my tender Buds, as they do grow:
He burns my *Face*, and makes it parch'd and dry;
He ſucks my *Breaſt*, and ſtarves my *Young* thereby.
Thus I, and all my *Young*, for thirſt were ſlain,
But that, with *Wet*, you fill my *Breaſt* again.

Air to *Earth* and *Moiſture.* The *Sun* doth uſe me ill, as all the reſt:
For, his hot ſultry Beams, do me moleſt;
Melts me into a *thin* and *flowing Flame*,
To make him *Light*, when men it *Day* do name:
Corrupts me, makes me full of *Plaguy Sores*;
And *Putrefaction* on men's Bodies pours:
Or elſe, with ſubtil *Flame*, men's Spirits fills,
Which them, almoſt, with *Rage* or *Madneſs* kills.
Draws me into a *Length* and *Breadth*, till I
Become ſo thin, with Windy-wings do flye.
He never leaves, till all my Spirits 're ſpent;
And then I dye, and leave no Monument.

The *Sun* to *Earth*, O moſt unkind, and moſt ungrateful *Earth*!
I am thy *Midwife*, bring thy *Young* to birth.
I with my *Heat*, do cauſe thy *Young* to grow,
And, with my *Light*, I teach them how to go.
My *Shining-beams* are *ſtrings*, whereon to hold,
For fear they fall, and break their Limbs on Cold.
All to Maturity I bring, and give
Youth, *Beauty*, *Strength*, and make Old Age to live.

The *Sun* to *Water.* *Dull Moiſture* I do *leight* and *active* make;
And from it, all corrupt, groſs Humours take.

All

All Superfluities I dry up clean,
That nothing but pure Cryſtal-Water's ſeen:
The hard-bound Cold, I looſen and untye,
When you, in *Icy-Chains*, a Priſ'ner lye.
Your Limbs, when nipt with Froſt, and bit with Cold;
Your ſmooth and glaſſie Face, grows wrinkled, old;
Then I do make you *Nimble*, *Soft*, and *Fair*,
Liquid, and *Nouriſhing*, and *Debonair*.
Air I do purge, and make it clear and bright; The *Sun* to *Air*.
Black Clouds diſſolve, which make the *day* ſeem *night*:
The Crude Raw Vapours, I digeſt; and ſtrain
The thicker part, all into Showers of Rain.
The thinneſt part, I turn all into Wind;
Which, like a Broom, ſweep out all Dirt they find:
The cleareſt part I turn to Azure Skye,
Hang'd all with Starrs. Thus, next the Gods you lye.

A Dialogue *between* Earth *and* Cold.

O Cruel *Cold*, to *Life* an Enemy! *Earth*.
Troubler of Man, and Man's Poſterity!
Moſt envious *Cold*, to ſtupifie Man's Brain,
And ſpoil that *Monarchy* where *Wit* ſhould raign:
Tyrant you are, and make the Waters clear,
In Chains of *Ice*, lye Fetter'd half the year:
Impriſoning each thing that dwells in me;
Shutting my porous Doors, no Light to ſee:

I ſmuther'd am, and almoſt at *Death*'s Door,
Each Hole is ſtopt, and I can breathe no more.
Congeal the Air to Maſſie Clouds of Snow,
And, like great Mountains, on my Body throw:
And all my Plants, and ſtrong, great Fruitful Trees,
You nip to death, or clothe them in coarſe Freeze.
My freſh green Robes, which make me fine and gay,
You ſtrip me of, or change to Black or Gray.
For fear of *Cold*, my Moiſture ſhrinks ſo low,
My Head wears Bald, no Hair thereon will grow.
You break the Sun-beams, do their Heat deſtroy,
And take away my Comfort, and my Joy.
You make my Body ſtiff, and numb it ſo,
That nothing Fluid, in my Veins can go.

Cold. VVhy do you thus complain, *poor Earth*, & grieve?
I give you ſtrength, and make you long to live.
I ſhelter you from the Sun's ſcorching Heat;
I give you breath, by me your ſtrength grows great.
I clothe you from the Cold, with Milk-white Snow;
Send down your Sap, to nouriſh you below.
If Heat with you ſhould dwell, and long time ſtay,
His Thirſt would drink your Moiſture all away.
I take nought from you, nor do make you poor;
But, like a Husband good, do keep your Store.
My *Ice* are Locks and Barrs, all ſafe to keep;
From buſie Motion, 't gives you quiet Sleep:
For, Heat is active, and doth you moleſt;
Does make you work, and never lets you reſt.

Heat

Heat ſpends your Spirits, makes you crackt and dry,
Drinks all himſelf; with Thirſt you almoſt dye.
VVith Sweating-labour, you grow weak and faint:
I wonder why you make ſuch great Complaint!
Both *Heat* and *Cold*, each in Extreme degree, *Earth.*
Two *Hells* they are, though contrary they be.
Two *Devils* they are, and vex me with great Pains;
One ſhoots Hot Arrows, th' other ties in Chains.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Earth *and* Darkneſs.

O Horrid *Darkneſs*! and you *Powers* of *Night*! *Earth.*
You direful Shades, made by obſtructed *Light*!
VVhy ſo Cruel? VVhat Evil have I done,
To part me from my *Husband*, the bright *Sun*?
I do not part you; He me hither ſends, *Darkn.*
VVhilſt he rides round, to viſit all his Friends.
Beſides, he hath more [a] VVives to love, than you.
He never conſtant is to One, nor true.
You do him wrong: for, though he Journeys makes *Earth.*
For Exerciſe, yet Care he for me takes:
He leaves his *Starrs*, and's *Siſter*, in his place,
To comfort me, whilſt he doth run his Race:
But you do come, moſt wicked *Thieviſh Night*,
And rob me of that Fair and Silver Light.
The *Moon* and *Starrs*, they are but Shadows thin; *Darkn.*
Small Cobweb-Lawn, they from his Light do ſpin,

[a] There may be more *Earths* for ought we know, and yet but one *Sun*.

Which they in ſcorn do make, you to diſgrace,
As a thin Veil to cover your ill Face:
For Moon and Starrs have no ſtrong Light to ſhow
A Colour true, nor how you bud or grow:
Only ſome Ghoſts do riſe, and take delight
To walk about, when as the Moon ſhines bright.

Earth. You are deceiv'd, they caſt no ſuch diſguiſe,
But ſtrive to pleaſe me, twinkling in the Skies.
The Ghoſts, my Children are, which being weak
And tender-ey'd, help from the Moon do ſeek:
For why, her Light being gentle, moiſt, and cold,
Doth eaſe their Eyes, when they do it behold.
But you, with Shadows fright, delude the Sight;
Like Ghoſts appear, in Gloomy Shades of Night.
And you, with Clouds, do caſt upon my back
A Mourning Mantle, of the deepeſt Black;
Which covers me with dark Obſcurity,
That none of my dear Children I can ſee.
Their lovely Faces you hide from my ſight,
Which ſhew moſt beautiful in the Day-light.
They take delight, each other's Face to ſee;
And, with each other's Form, in love they be:
By which kind Sympathy, they bring me ſtore
Of Children *young*; which, when grown up, bring more.
But, you are ſpightful to thoſe *Lovers* kind;
Muffle their Faces up, their Eyes quite blind.

Darkn. Is this my Thanks for all my Love and Care,
And for that great Reſpect to you I bear?

I am

I am your *faithful, kind,* and *conſtant Lover*;
I, all your *Faults* and *Imperfections*, cover.
I take you in my *gentle Arms* of *Reſt*;
With cool, freſh *Dews*, I bathe your dry, hot *Breaſt.*
The *Children* which you by the *Sun* did bear,
I lay to ſleep, and make them reſt from care,
In *Beds* of *Silence*, where they take no harm:
With *Blankets ſoft*, though *black*, I keep them warm;
Then ſhut them cloſe from the *Diſturbing-light*:
And yet you rail againſt your Lover, *Night.*
Beſides, if you had *Light* through all the Year,
Though *Beauty* great, 'twould not ſo well appear:
For, what is *common*, has not ſuch reſpect,
Nor ſuch regard; for, *uſe* doth bring *neglect*:
Nought is admir'd, but what's ſeldom ſeen;
And *Black*, for change, delights as well as *Green.*
Yet, I ſhould *conſtant* be, if I might ſtay;
But the bright *Sun* doth beat me quite away:
For, He is active, and runs all about;
Ne're dwells with one, but ſeeks new *Lovers* out:
He ſpightful is to other *Lovers*, ſince
He, by his *Light*, doth give Intelligence.
I am *Love*'s Confident, and ſhady Bow'r,
Where *Lovers* meet, and whiſper many an Hour.
Thus am I faithful, kind to *Lovers* true,
And all is for your ſake, and love to you.
I'm *Melancholy*; yet, my *Love*'s as true,
As that great *Light*'s, which is ſo dear to you.

Then

Then ſlight me not, nor do my Suit diſdain ;
But, when the *Sun* is gone, me entertain :
Take me, *ſweet Love*, with Joy, into your Bed,
And on your freſh *Green Breaſt*, lay my *Black Head.*

A Dialogue *between an* Oak, *and a* Man *cutting it down.*

Oak.

WHy cut you off my *Boughs*, which largely bend,
And from the *ſcorching Sun* do you defend?
Which did refreſh your fainting Limbs from Sweat,
And kept you free from Thundring Rains, and Wet:
When on my *Bark*, your weary Head you'ld lay,
Where quiet Sleep did take all Cares away:
The whilſt my *Leaves* a gentle Noiſe did make,
And blew cool Winds, that you freſh Air might take.
Beſides, I did invite the *Birds* to ſing,
That their ſweet Voice might you ſome pleaſure bring;
Where every one did ſtrive to do their beſt,
Oft chang'd their Notes, & ſtrain'd their tender Breaſt.
In Winter-time, my Shoulders broad, did hold
Off bluſtring Storms, that wounded with ſharp Cold.
And on my Head, the Flakes of Snow did fall;
Whilſt you, under my *Boughs*, ſate free from all.
And ſhall thus be requited my good will,
That you will take my *Life*, and *Body* kill?
For all my Care and Service I have paſt,
Muſt I be Cut, and laid on Fire at laſt?

See how true Love you cruelly have ſlain,
And try'd all ways to torture me with pain:
Firſt, you do peel my Bark, and flay my Skin,
Chop off my Limbs, and leave me naked, thin:
With Wedges you do pierce, my Sides to wound;
And with your Hatchet, knock me to the ground:
I minc'd ſhall be, in Chips and Pieces ſmall;
And this doth *Man* reward good Deeds withall.

Why grumble you, old *Oak*, when you have ſtood *Oak.*
This Hundred Years, as King of all the Wood?
Would you for ever live, and not reſign
Your Place to one that is of your own Line?
Your *Acorns* young, when you grow big and tall,
Long for your *Crown*, and wiſh to ſee your fall:
Think every Minute loſt, whilſt you do live;
And grumble at each Office you do give.
Ambition doth flye high, and is above
All ſorts of *Friendſhip*, and of *Nat'ral Love.*
Beſides, all Subjects do in *Change* delight;
When Kings grow old, their *Government* they ſlight:
Although in *Eaſe*, and *Peace*, and *Wealth* they live;
Yet all thoſe *Happy Times*, for *Change* they'l give:
Grow diſcontent, and *Factions* ſtill do make;
What *Good* ſoe're He doth, as *Evil* take.
Were He as Wiſe, as ever *Nature* made;
As Pious, Good, as ever Heav'n has ſav'd:
Yet, when He dyes, ſuch Joy is in their Face,
As if the Devil had gone from that place.

With ſhouts of Joy they run, a New to Crown;
Although, next day, they ſtrive to pull him down.
Oak. Why, ſaid the *Oak*, becauſe that they are mad,
Shall I rejoyce? For my own Death be glad?
Becauſe my *Subjects* all ungrateful are,
Shall I, therefore, my *Health* and *Life* impair?
Good Kings, who Govern juſtly at all times,
Examine not Men's *Humours*, but their *Crimes*:
For, when their *Crimes* appear, 'tis time to ſtrike;
Not to examine *Thoughts*, what they do like.
Though Kings are never lov'd, till they do dye;
Nor wiſht to live, till in the Grave they lye:
Yet, he that loves himſelf the leſs, becauſe
He cannot get every man's high Applauſe;
Shall, by my Judgment, be condemn'd to wear
The *Aſſes Ears*, and Burdens for to bear.
But, let me live the Life that *Nature* gave;
And not, to pleaſe my *Subjects*, dig my Grave.
Man. But here, poor *Oak*, you live in *Ignorance*,
And never ſeek, your Knowledg to advance:
I'le cut you down, that Knowledg you may gain;
And be a Ship to Traffick on the Main:
There ſhall you Swim, and Cut the Seas in two,
And trample down each Wave as you do go.
Though they do riſe, and big are ſwell'd with pride;
You on their *Shoulders* broad, and *Back*, ſhall ride;
And bow their lofty Heads, their Pride to check;
Shall ſet your ſteddy Foot upon their Neck:

They

They, on their *Breaſt*, your ſtately Ship ſhall bear,
Till your *ſharp Keel*, the *wat'ry Womb* doth tear.
Thus ſhall you round the World, new Land to find,
That from the reſt is of another kind.
O! ſaid the *Oak*, I am contented well, *Oak.*
Without that *Knowledg*, in my *Wood* to dwell:
For, I had rather live, and ſimple be,
Than run in danger, ſome ſtrange Sight to ſee.
Perchance my Ship againſt a Rock may hit;
Then am I ſtraight in ſundry pieces ſplit.
Beſides, no reſt nor quiet ſhall I have;
The Winds will toſs me on each troubled Wave:
The Billows rough, will beat on every ſide:
My Breaſt will ake, to ſwim againſt the Tide:
And greedy Merchants may me over-fraight;
Then ſhould I drowned be, with my own Weight.
With *Sails* and *Ropes*, men will my Body tye;
And I, a *Priſoner*, have no Liberty:
And, being always wet, ſuch Colds ſhall take,
My Ship may get a *Poſe*, through *Holes*, and *Leak*,
Which they to mend, will put me to great pain;
Beſides, all *patch'd* and *piec'd*, I ſhall remain.
I care not for that *Wealth*, wherein the *Pains*
And *Troubles*, are far greater than the *Gains*.
I am contented with what *Nature* gave;
I'le not repine, but one poor Wiſh I'ld have;
Which is, *That you my Aged Life would ſave.*

Man. To build a Stately Houſe, I'le cut you down,
Wherein ſhall Princes live, of great Renown.
There ſhall you live with the beſt Company:
All their *Delight* and *Paſtime*, you ſhall ſee;
VVhere *Playes*, and *Maſques*, and *Beauties*, bright will ſhine;
Your VVood all oyl'd with ſmoak of *Meat* and *Wine*.
There ſhall you hear both Men and VVomen ſing,
Far pleaſanter than *Nightingales* i'th' *Spring*:
Like to a Ball, there *Ecchoes* ſhall rebound
Againſt the VVall, and yet no Voice be found.

Oak. Alas! what *Muſick* ſhall I care to hear,
VVhen, on my Shoulders, I ſuch *Burdens* bear?
Both *Brick* and *Tiles*, upon my Head are laid;
Of this *Preferment*, I am ſore afraid.
VVith *Nails* and *Hammers*, they will often wound,
And pierce my Sides, to hang their *Pictures* round.
My Face is ſmutch'd with Smoak of Candle-lights;
In danger to be burnt in VVinter-nights.
No, let me here a poor Old *Oak* ſtill grow;
Such Vain Delights, I matter not to know.
For *fruitleſs Promiſes*, I do not care;
More Honour 'tis, my own *green Leaves* to bear.
More Honour 'tis, to be in *Nature's* Dreſs,
Than any Shape that Men, by Art, expreſs.
I am not like to Men, would *Praiſes* have;
And, for *Opinion*, make my ſelf a Slave.

Man. VVhy do you wiſh to *live*, and not to *dye*,
Since you no *Pleaſure* have, but *Miſery*?

Here

Here you, the *Sun*, with ſcorching Heat doth burn,
And all your Leaves, ſo green, to drineſs turn.
Alſo, with VVinters Cold, you quake and ſhake;
And in no *Time* or *Seaſon*, reſt can take.
I'm happier far, ſaid th'*Oak*, than you *Mankind*; *Oak.*
For I Content, in my Condition, find:
Man nothing loves, but what he cannot get;
And ſoon doth ſurfeit of one Diſh of Meat:
Diſlikes all *Company*, diſpleas'd *alone*;
Makes *Grief* himſelf, if *Fortune* gives him none.
And, as his *Mind* is reſtleſs, never pleas'd;
So is his *Body* ſick, and oft diſeas'd.
His *Gouts* and *Pains*, do make him ſigh and cry;
Yet, in the midſt of them, would live, not dye.
Alas, poor *Oak*! you do not know, nor can *Man.*
Imagine half the Miſery of *Man.*
All other Creatures, only in *Senſe* joyn;
But *Man* has ſomething more, which is *Divine.*
He hath a *Mind*, and doth to Heav'n aſpire;
For Curioſities he doth enquire.
A *Wit*, that nimble is, and runs about
In every Corner, to ſeek *Nature* out:
For, ſhe doth hide her ſelf, afraid to ſhow
Man all her VVorks, leſt he too Powerful grow:
Like as a *King*, his *Favourite* waxing Great,
May well ſuſpect, that he his Pow'r will get.
And, what creates *Deſire* in a Man's Breaſt,
That *Nature* is *Divine*, which ſeeks the beſt.

For no Perfection he at all doth prize,
Till he, therein, the gods doth equalize.
If you, as Man, deſire like Gods to be,
I'le ſpare your Life, and not cut down your Tree.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Birds.

AS I abroad, in Fields and Woods did walk,
I heard the *Birds* of ſeveral things to talk:
And on the Boughs would Goſſip, Prate, and Chat;
And every one diſcourſe of *this*, and *that*.
I, ſaid the *Lark*, before the *Sun*, do riſe,
And take my Flight up to the higheſt Skies;
There ſing ſome Notes to raiſe *Apollo*'s Head,
For fear that he might lye too long in Bed:
And as I mount, or as I come down low,
Still do I ſing, which way ſoe're I go.
My Body, as't winds up, juſt like a Screw;
So doth my Voice wind up a *Trillo* too.
What *Bird*, beſides my ſelf, both *Flies* and *Sings*?
My *Trilloes* keep Tune to my flutt'ring Wings.
I, ſaid the *Nightingale*, all Night do watch,
For fear a *Serpent* ſhould my young ones catch.
To keep back Sleep, I ſeveral *Tunes* do ſing,
Which are ſo pleaſant, that they *Lovers* bring
Into the Woods; who liſtning ſit, and mark,
When I begin to ſing, they cry, *Hark*, *hark*.
Stretching my Throat, to raiſe my *Trilloes* high,
To gain their Praiſes, makes me almoſt dye.

Then

Then comes the *Owl*, which ſays, Here's ſuch a-do
With your ſweet voice; through ſpite cries, *Wit-a-woo.*
In *Winter*, ſaid the *Robin*, I ſhould dye,
But that I in a good warm Houſe do flye,
And there do pick up Crumbs, which make me fat;
But oft I'm ſcar'd away with the *Puſs-Cat*:
If they moleſt me not, then I grow bold,
And ſtay ſo long, whilſt *Winter-Tales* are told.
Man Superſtitiouſly dares not hurt me;
For, if I'm kill'd or hurt, Ill Luck ſhall be.
The *Sparrow* ſaid, Would our caſe were no worſe;
But men do, with their Nets, us take by force.
With *Guns* and *Bows*, they ſhoot us from the Trees;
And by Small-ſhot, we oft our Lives do leeſe;
Becauſe we pick a Cherry here and there,
(When, God knows, we do eat them in great fear)
But, Men will eat until their Bellies burſt,
And Surfeits take: if we eat, we are curſt.
Yet we, by *Nature*, are revenged ſtill;
For, eating over-much, themſelves they kill.
And, if a Child do chance to cry and bawl,
They do us catch, to pleaſe that Child withall.
With Threds they tye our Legs, almoſt to crack;
And, when we hop away, they pull us back:
And when they cry, *Fip*, *Fip*, ſtraight we muſt come;
And, for our pains, they'l give us one ſmall Crumb.
I wonder, ſaid *Mag-pye*, you grumble ſo,
Dame Sparrow, we are us'd much worſe, I trow:

For

For they our Tongues do ſlit, their Words to learn;
And, with this Pain, our Food we dearly earn.
Why, ſaid the *Finches*, and the *Linnets* all;
Do you ſo prate, *Mag-pye*, and ſo much bawl,
As if no Birds beſides, were wrong'd but you,
When we, by Cruel men, are injur'd too?
For we, to learn their *Tunes*, are kept awake,
That, with their Whiſtling, we no reſt can take.
In Darkneſs we are kept, no Light muſt ſee,
Till we have learn'd their *Tunes* moſt perfectly.
But *Jack-daws*, they may dwell their Houſes nigh,
And build their Neſts in *Elms*, that do grow high;
And there may prate, and flye from place to place;
For why? they think they give their Houſe a Grace.
Lord! ſaid the *Patridg*, *Cock*, *Puet*, *Snite*, & *Quail*,
Pigeons, and *Larks*, My Maſters, why d' ye rail?
You're kept from *Winters* Cold, and *Summers* Heat;
Are taught new *Tunes*, and have good ſtore of Meat:
You have your Servants, yet give them no Wages,
Which do make clean your foul and dirty Cages;
When we, poor Birds, are by the Dozens kill'd,
Luxurious Men us eat, till they be fill'd;
And of our Fleſh do make ſuch cruel waſt,
That but ſome of our Limbs will pleaſe their taſt.
In *Wood-cocks* Thighs, they only take delight,
And *Partridg* wings, which ſwift were in their flight:
The ſmaller *Lark*, they eat all at one bite;
But every part is good, of *Quail* and *Snite*.

The

The Murth'rous *Hawk* they keep, us for to catch;
And teach their Dogs to *crouch*, and *creep*, and *watch*,
Until they ſpring us into *Nets* and *Toils*;
And thus, poor Creatures, we are made Man's Spoils.
O Cruel *Nature*! made us *Tame* and *Mild*;
They happy are, which are more *Fierce* and *Wild*.
O! would our Fleſh had been like *Carion* coarſe,
Which to eat only, *Famine* might enforce.
But now, when th' eat us, may they *Surfeits* take:
May they be *Poor*, when they *Feaſts* of us make.
The more they *eat*, the *leaner* may they grow;
Or elſe ſo *fat*, as not to ſtirr nor go.
O! ſaid the *Swallow*, let me mourn in Black;
For, of Man's Cruelty I do not lack:
I am the Meſſenger of *Summer* warm;
Neither pick *Fruit*, nor *Corn*, nor do I harm:
Yet Men will take us, when alive we be,
(I ſhake to tell, O horrid Cruelty!)
Beat us alive, till we an Oyl become:
Can there, to *Birds*, be a worſe *Martyrdom*?
O Man! O Man! if we ſhould ſerve you ſo,
You would, againſt us, your great Curſes throw.
But *Nature*, ſhe is good, do not her blame;
We ought to give her Thanks, and not exclaim.
For, *Love* is *Nature*'s chiefeſt *Law* in *Mind*;
Hate, but an *Accident* to *Love* we find.
'Tis true, *Self-preſervation* is the Chief;
But, *Luxury* to *Nature*, is a *Thief*.

Corrupted Manners always do breed Vice;
Which, by Perſwaſion, doth the Mind entice.
No Creature doth uſurp ſo much as *Man*,
Who thinks himſelf like God, becauſe he can
Rule other Creatures, and make them obey:
Our Souls did never *Nature* make, ſay they.
What ever comes from *Nature*'s Stock and Treaſure,
Created is, only to ſerve their pleaſure:
Although the Life of *Bodies*, comes from *Nature*;
Yet ſtill the *Souls* come from the *Great Creator*:
And they ſhall live, when we to Duſt do turn,
Either in *Bliſs*, or in *hot Flames* to burn.

Then came the *Parrot*, with her painted Wing,
Spake like an *Orator* in every thing:
Siſter *Jay*, Neighbour *Daw*, and Goſſip *Pye*,
We taken are, not like the reſt, to dye;
Only to Talk and Prate, the beſt we can,
To imitate to th' Life, the *Speech* of *Man*.
And, juſt like Men, we paſs our time away;
For many, but not one Wiſe word we ſay:
And ſpeak, as gravely, *Non-ſenſe*, as the beſt;
As full of Empty Words, as all the reſt.
Then, *Nature* we will praiſe, becauſe we have
Tongues giv'n us, like to *Men*, our Lives to ſave.
Mourn not, my Friends, but ſing in Sun-ſhine gay;
And, while you've time, joy in your ſelves you may.
What though your Lives be ſhort? yet merry be.
Do not complain, but in Delights agree.

Straight

Straight came the *Tit-mouſe*, with a frowning-face,
And hopt about, as in an angry pace:
My Maſters all, what's matter? are you mad?
Is no regard unto the Publick had?
Are Private, Home-affairs, caſt all aſide?
Your Young ones cry for Meat, is't time to chide?
For ſhame diſperſe your ſelves, ſome Pains do take,
Both for the Publick, and your Young ones ſake.
And ſit not murmuring againſt Great *Man*,
Unleſs, ſome way, revenge our ſelves we can.
Alas! alas! we want their Shape; for they
By it have Power to make us all obey.
They can lift, bear, ſtrike, pull, thruſt, turn, and wind,
What ways they will; which makes, new Arts they find.
'Tis not their Wit, that doth Inventions make;
But 'tis their Shape, which *height*, *breadth*, *depth*, can take.
Thus they can meaſure this great Worldly Ball,
And Numbers ſet, to prove the Truth of all.
What Creature elſe has Arms, or goes Upright,
Or has all ſorts of Motion, ſo unite?
Man, by his Shape, can *Nature* imitate;
Can Govern, Rule, and can New Arts create.
Then come away, ſince Talk no good can do;
And what we cannot Help, ſubmit unto.
Then ſome, their Wives; ſome did their Husbands call,
To gather Sticks to build their Neſts withall.
Some *Shrews* did ſcold, *Winds* had deſtroy'd their Neſt;
They had no place where to abide, or reſt.

For all they'd gather'd with great Pains and Care,
Thoſe ſticks & ſtraws were blown they knew not where.
But, none did labour like the little *Wren*,
To build for her young ones, her Neſt agen:
For, ſhe doth lay more Eggs than all the reſt;
And, with much Art and Skill, doth build her Neſt.
The *Young* made Love, and kiſs'd each other's Bill:
The *Cock* catch'd Flyes to give his Miſtreſs ſtill.
The *Yellow-Hammer* cry'd, *'Tis wet, 'tis wet*;
For it will rain before the Sun doth ſet:
Taking their Flight, as each Mind thought it beſt;
Some flew abroad, and ſome home to their Neſt.
Some gather'd Corn, which out of ſheaves was ſtrew'd;
And ſome did pick up Seed that new was ſow'd.
Some Courage had, a Cherry ripe to take:
Others catch'd Flyes, when they a Feaſt would make;
And ſome did pick up *Ants*, and Eggs, though ſmall,
And brought them home to feed their Young withall.
When every Crop was fill'd, and Night drew nigh,
Then did they ſtretch their Wings, faſt home to flye.
For, like as Men, when they from *Markets* come,
Set out alone; but every Mile adds ſome,
Until a Troop of Neighbours get together:
So do a Flight of Birds, in Sun-ſhine Weather.
*W*hen to their Neſts they got, Lord! how they bawl'd!
And every one to his next Neighbour call'd;
Asking each other, if they weary were;
Rejoycing at paſt Dangers, and great Fear.

VVhen

When they their Wings had prun'd, and young ones
Sate Goſſiping, before they went to bed: (fed,
The *Black-Bird* ſaid, Let us a Carol ſing,
Before we ſleep in this fine Evening:
The *Thruſhes*, *Linnets*, *Finches*, taking parts,
A Conſort made by Nature, not by Arts.
But, all their Songs, were Hymns to God on high,
Praiſing his Name, bleſſing his Majeſty:
And, when they ask'd for Gifts, to God did pray,
He would be pleas'd to give them a fair Day.
At laſt, they drowſie grew, ready to ſleep,
And then, inſtead of Singing, cry'd *Peep*, *Peep*.
As th' Eye, when Senſe is locking up to reſt,
Is neither open wide, nor yet ſhut faſt:
So, by degrees, a Voice is falling found;
For as a *Shadow*, ſo doth waſt a *Sound*.
Thus went to reſt, each Head under each Wing;
For, *Sleep* brings Peace to every living thing.

A Dialogue *between* Melancholy *and* Mirth.

AS I was Muſing by my ſelf alone, (upon:
My Thoughts brought ſeveral things to work
Some did large Houſes build, and ſtately Towers;
And ſome made Orchards, Gardens, and fine Bowers.
Some did in Arts and Sciences delight;
And ſome in Contradiction, Reaſons Fight.

Some Govern'd, like as Kings do Rule a State;
And ſome as *Republicks*, which *Monarchs* hate.
Some Privy-Councellors, and Judges, were;
And ſome, as Lawyers, pleaded at the Barr.
Some Prieſts, which do preach Peace, and Godly life;
Others Tumultuous were, and full of Strife:
Some were Debauch'd, did Swagger, Wench, & Swear;
And ſome poor Thoughts did tremble out of fear.
Some Jealous were, and all things did ſuſpect;
And others Careleſs, every thing neglect.
Some Thoughts turn'd Shepherds, Nymphs, and Shep-(herdeſſes,
So kind, as they did give each other Kiſſes.
They expreſs'd all ſorts of Lovers, and their Paſſions,
And ſeveral ways of Courtſhip, and fine Faſhions.
Some took ſtrong Towns, won Battels in the Fields;
And thoſe that loſt, were forc'd to them to yeeld.
Some were Heroick, Generous, and Free;
And ſome ſo Baſe, to crouch with Flattery.
Some dying were, half in the Grave did lye;
And ſome, Repenting, did for ſorrow cry.
The *Mind* oppreſt with Grief, all Thoughts were ſad,
And mourn'd in Black; no Light of Joy they had:
Some with Deſpair did rage, were almoſt Mad;
And ſome ſo Merry, nothing made them Sad:
And many more, which were too long to tell;
For ſeveral Thoughts, in ſeveral places dwell.
At laſt came Two, which diverſly were dreſs'd;
One *Melancholy*; th' other *Mirth*, expreſs'd.

Me-

Melancholy was all in Black Array;
And *Mirth*, was all in Colours freſh and gay.
Mirth laughing came, and running to me, flung *Mirth.*
Her fat white Arms about my Neck, there hung;
Embrac'd and kiſs'd me oft, and ſtroak'd my Cheek,
Saying, ſhe would no other *Lover* ſeek:
I'le ſing you Songs, and pleaſe you every day;
Invent new Sports to paſs the time away.
I'le keep your *Heart*, and guard it from that *Thief*,
Dull *Melancholy*, *Care*, or Sadder *Grief*:
And make your *Eyes* with *Mirth* to overflow;
With *ſpringing Blood*, your *Cheeks* ſoon fat ſhall grow,
Your *Legs* ſhall nimble be, your *Body* leight;
And all your *Spirits*, like to *Birds* in flight.
Mirth ſhall digeſt your *Meat*, and make you ſtrong;
Shall give you *Health*, and your *ſhort Days* prolong.
Refuſe me not, but take me to your Wife;
For I ſhall make you happy all your Life.
But *Melancholy*, ſhe will make you lean;
Your *Cheeks* ſhall hollow grow, your *Jaws* be ſeen:
Your *Eyes* ſhall buried be, within your *Head*,
And look as pale, as if you were quite dead.
She'l make you ſtart at every Noiſe you hear;
And Viſions ſtrange, ſhall in your *Eyes* appear.
Your *Stomack* cold and raw, digeſting nought;
Your *Liver* dry, your *Heart* with Sorrow fraught.
Shrivel'd your *Skin*, *Brows* cloudy, and *Blood* thick;
Your *Sides* be lank, your *Back* to th' *Belly* ſtick.

Thus

Thus would it be, if you to her were wed:
Nay, better far it were, that you were dead.
Her Voice is low, and gives an hollow ſound:
She hates the Light, and is in Darkneſs found;
Or ſits with blinking Lamps, or Tapers ſmall,
Which various Shadows make againſt a Wall.
She loves nought elſe but *Noiſe*, which *Diſcord* makes;
As *Croaking Frogs*, whoſe dwelling is in *Lakes*.
The *Raven's* hoarſe, and ſo the *Mandrakes* groan;
The *Shreeking Owls*, which flye i'th' Night alone.
The *Tolling Bell*, which for the Dead rings out:
A *Mill*, where *ruſhing Waters* run about:
The *Roaring Winds*, which ſhake the *Cedars* tall,
Plow up the *Seas*, and beat the *Rocks* withall.
She loves to walk in the ſtill Moon-ſhine Night;
And in a thick dark *Grove*, ſhe takes delight.
In *Hollow Caves*, *Thatch'd Houſes*, and *Low Cells*,
She loves to live, and there alone ſhe dwells.
Her *Ears* are ſtopt with *Thoughts*, her *Eyes* pur-blind;
For all ſhe hears, or ſees, is in the *Mind*:
But, in her *Mind*, luxuriouſly ſhe lives;
Imagination, ſeveral Pleaſures gives.
Then leave her to her ſelf, alone to dwell;
Let you, and I, in *Mirth* and *Pleaſure* ſwell,
And drink long luſty Draughts from *Bacchus's* Bowl,
Until our *Brains* on Vaporous Waves do rowl:
Lets joy our ſelves in Amorous delights;
There's none ſo happy as the *Carpet-Knights*.

Melan-

Melancholy with ſad and ſober Face, *Melancholy.*
Complexion Pale, but of a comely Grace,
With modeſt Countenance, thus ſoftly ſpake:
May I ſo happy be, your Love to take?
True, I am dull; yet by me you ſhall know
More of your ſelf, and ſo much Wiſer grow:
I ſearch the depth and bottom of Mankind;
Open the Eye of Ignorance, that's blind:
I travel far, and view the World about;
I walk with *Reaſon*'s Staff, to find *Truth* out.
All Dangers to avoid, I watch with Care,
And do 'gainſt Evils, that may come, prepare.
I hang not on Inconſtant *Fortune*'s Wheel;
Nor yet, with unreſolving Doubts do reel.
I ſhake not with the Terrors of Vain Fears;
Nor is my Mind fill'd with unuſeful Cares.
I do not ſpend my time like Idle *Mirth*,
Which only Happy is, juſt at her Birth:
And ſeldom lives ſo long, as to be Old;
But if ſhe doth, can no Affections hold:
For, in ſhort time, ſhe troubleſome doth grow,
Though, at the firſt, ſhe makes a pretty ſhow.
She loves to make a Noiſe, and keep a Rout;
And, with Diſlike, moſt commonly goes out.
Mirth, good for nothing is, like Weeds doth grow,
Or ſuch Plants as cauſe *Madneſs*, *Reaſon*'s Foe.
Her Face, with laughter, crumples on a heap,
Which makes great Wrinkles, & plows Furrows deep.

Her *Eyes* do water, and her Skin turns red;
Her *Mouth* doth gape; *Teeth* bare, like one that's dead.
Her *Sides* do ſtretch, as ſet upon a Laſt:
Her *Stomack*'s heaving up, as if ſhe'ld Caſt.
Her *Veins* do ſwell, her *Joynts* ſeem as unſet;
Her *Pores* are open, whence ſtreams out a Sweat.
She Fulſome is, and gluts the *Senſes* all;
Offers her Self, and comes before a Call:
Seeks Company, and hates to be alone;
Though on Unſent-for Gueſts, affronts are thrown.
Her Houſe is built upon the Golden Sands,
Yet no Foundation has, whereon it ſtands.
A Palace 'tis, and of a great Reſort;
It makes a Noiſe, and gives a loud Report:
Yet, underneath the Roof, Diſaſters lye,
Beat down the Houſe, and many kill'd thereby.
I dwell in Groves, that Gilt are with the Sun;
Sit on the Banks, by which clear Waters run.
In Summers hot, down in a Shade I lye;
My Muſick is, the Buzzing of a Flye:
Which Flyes, do in the Sun-beams dance all day,
And harmleſly do paſs their time away.
I walk in Meadows, where grows freſh green Graſs;
In Fields, where Corn is high, I often paſs:
Walk up the Hills, where, round, I Proſpects ſee;
Some bruſhy VVoods, and ſome all Champains be:
Returning back, I in freſh Paſtures go,
To hear how Sheep do Bleat, and Cows do Low:

They

They gently feed, and do no Evil know,
Have no Deſigns each other wrong to do.
In Winter cold, when Nipping Froſts come on,
Then I do live in a ſmall Houſe alone,
Which being Cloſe and Little, makes it warm,
No Wind, or Weather cold, can do it harm.
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a Soul that's pure, and clear from Sin;
And there I dwell in quiet and ſtill Peace,
Not fill'd with Cares, how Riches to encreaſe.
I wiſh, nor ſeek for vain and fruitleſs Pleaſures;
No Riches are, but what the Mind intreaſures.
Thus am I ſolitary, live alone;
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known.
And, though my Face b' ill-favour'd at firſt ſight,
After Acquaintance, it will give delight.
For, I am like a ſhade; who ſits in me,
He ſhall not wet, nor yet Sun-burned be.
I keep off bluſtering Storms, from doing hurt;
When *Mirth* is often ſmutch'd with Duſt and Dirt.
Refuſe me not, for I ſhall conſtant be;
Maintain your *Credit*, and your *Dignity*.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Joy *and* Diſcretion.

GIve me ſome *Muſick*, that my Spirits may *Joy.*
Dance a fair *Galliard*, whilſt *Delight* doth play:
Let every Voice ſing out, both loud and ſhrill;
And every Tongue run too, what way it will.

For, *Fear* is gone away, with her Pale Face;
And *Pain* is baniſh'd out of every place.

Diſcre. O *Joy*! take *Moderation* by the hand,
Or elſe you'l be ſo drunk, as hardly ſtand.
Your *Tongue* doth run ſo faſt, no time can keep;
High as a Mountain, many *Words* you heap.
Your *Thoughts*, in Multitudes, the *Brain* do throng,
That *Reaſon* is caſt down, and muſt go wrong.

Joy. O wiſe *Diſcretion*! do not angry grow:
Great Dangerous Fears, alas! you do not know.
Fear being paſt, the Spirits ſoon are ſlack't:
For *Fear's* a ſtring, binds hard; but when once crack't,
Spirits get Liberty, and run about;
Which, being ſtopt, do ſuddenly burſt out:
And, to recover what they had before,
When once unti'd, take Liberty the more.
Like Water that is Pen't, when't Paſſage finds,
Breaks out in Fury, like the *Northern* Winds.
What gathers on a Heap, ſo ſtrong doth grow,
That, when 'tis looſe, it doth far ſwifter go.
But, Dear *Diſcretion*, do not with me ſcold;
Whilſt you do feel great *Fears*, your *Tongue* pray hold.
For, *Joy* cannot contain it ſelf in reſt;
It never leaves, until it be expreſt.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Wit *and* Beauty.

MIxt *Roſe* and *Lilly*, why are you ſo proud, *Wit.*
Since *Fair* is not in all Minds like allow'd?
Some do like *Black*, ſome *Brown*, and ſome like *White*;
Some *Eyes* in all *Complexions* take delight.
Nor doth one *Beauty* in the World ſtill reign;
For *Beauty* is created in the *Brain.*
But, ſay there were a *Body* perfect made,
Complexion pure, by *Nature*'s Pencil laid;
A *Countenance*, where all ſweet Spirits meet;
A *Hair* that's thick, and long, curl'd to the Feet:
Yet, were it like a Statue made of Stone,
The *Eye* would weary grow to look upon:
Had it no *Wit*, the Mind ſtill to delight,
It ſoon would weary be, as well as *Sight.*
For, *Wit* is freſh and new, doth ſport and play;
And runs about the *Humour* every way.
With all the *Paſſions*, *Wit* can well agree;
Wit tempers them, and makes them pleas'd to be.
Ingenious 'tis, doth new Inventions find,
To eaſe the *Body*, and divert the Mind.

When I appear, I ſtrike the *Optick Nerve*; *Beauty.*
I wound the *Heart*, and make the *Paſſions* ſerve.
Souls are my *Pris'ners*, yet do love me well:
My Company is *Heav'n*, my Abſence *Hell.*
Each Knee doth bow to me, as to a Shrine;
And all the World accounts me as *Divine.*

Wit. *Beauty*, you cannot long Devotion keep;
The Mind grows weary, Senſes fall aſleep:
As thoſe which in the Houſe of God do go,
Are very Zealous in a Pray'r or two;
But, if they muſt an Hour-long kneel to pray,
Their Zeal grows cold, nor know they what they ſay:
So *Admirations* are, they do not laſt;
After Nine days, the greateſt Wonder's paſt.
The *Mind*, as th' *Senſes* all, delights in change;
They nothing love, but what is *new* and *ſtrange*.
But ſubtil *Wit*, can pleaſe both *long*, and *well*:
For, to the *Ear*, *Wit* a new Tale can tell.
And, for the *Taſt*, doth dreſs Meat ſeveral ways.
To th' *Eye*, it can new Forms and Faſhions raiſe.
And for the *Touch*, Wit ſpins both Silk and Wool,
Invents new ways, to keep *Touch* warm, and cool.
For *Scent*, *Wit* Mixtures and Compounds doth make,
That ſtill the *Noſe*, a freſh new *Smell* may take.
I, by Diſcourſe, can repreſent the *Mind*
With ſeveral Objects, though the *Eyes* be blind.
I'th' *Brain* I can create *Idea's*, and
Thoſe make to th' *Mind* ſeem real, though but feign'd.
The *Mind*'s a Shop, where ſorts of Toys I ſell;
With fine Conceits, I fit all Humours well.
I can the Work of *Nature* imitate,
And, in the *Brain*, each ſeveral Shape create.
I Conquer all, am Maſter of the Field,
And make fair *Beauty*, in *Love*'s Warrs to yield.

A

A Dialogue *between* Love *and* Hate.

BOth *Love* and *Hate*, fell in a great Diſpute;
And hard it was, each other to confute:
Which did moſt *Good*, or did moſt *Evil* ſhun:
At laſt, with frowning Brows, *Hate* thus begun.
I flye, ſaid ſhe, from wicked and baſe Acts, *Hate.*
And tear all unjuſt Bonds, and ill Contracts.
I do abhor all Murther, Warr, and Strife,
Inhuman Actions, and Diſorder'd Life;
Ungrateful and Unthankful Minds, that ſhun
All thoſe from whom they have receiv'd a Boon:
From harſh and rude Diſcords, my Ears I ſtop;
And, what is Bad, I from the Good do lop.
I, Perjur'd Lovers, brand with foul Diſgrace;
And from ill Objects, do I hide my Face.
Things that are Bad, I hate; or what ſeems ſo:
But, *Love* is contrary to this I know.
Love loves Ambition, as the Mind's hot Fire;
Would ruine Worlds, only to riſe up higher.
You love to pleaſe your Appetite and Will;
To glut your *Guſto*, you delight in ſtill.
You love to flatter, and be flatter'd too;
And, for your Luſt, poor Virgins would undo.
You love the Ruine of your Foes to ſee;
And of your Friends, if they but proſperous be.
You nothing love beſides your Self, though ill;
And with Vain-glorious Wind, your Brain do fill.

You

You love no ways, but where your Bias tends;
And love the gods only for your own Ends.

Luc. But, *Love*, in Words as ſweet as *Nature* is,
Said, *Hate* was falſe, and always did amiſs:
For ſhe did Canker-fret, the Soul deſtroy;
Diſturb the Pleaſure wherein Life takes Joy.
Ruin the World with *Warrs*, which *Peace* would make;
Torment the *Head* and *Heart*, Revenge to take.
She never reſts, till ſhe deſcends to Hell;
For ſhe amongſt the Devils loves to dwell.
But I ſaid *Love*, unite, and Concords make;
All Muſick was invented for my ſake.
I Men, by Laws, in Commonwealths do join;
And, 'gainſt a Common Foe, do them combine.
To th' Sick, Lame, Weak, and Aged, I'm a Friend;
I Watch, Guard, Keep, and do them ſafe defend.
For *Honour*'s ſake, I do high Courage raiſe,
And bring to *Beauty*'s Shrine, Off'rings of Praiſe.
Compaſſion's Bowels, I the World throughout
Do carry, and diſtribute all about.
I to the gods ſhew Rev'rence, Bow, and Pray;
And in their Heav'nly Manſions bear great ſway.
Thus *Love* and *Hate*, in ſome things equal be;
Yet, in Diſputes, they always diſagree.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Learning *and* Ignorance.

THou buſie *Foreſter*, that ſeek'ſt about *Learning.*
The VVorld, to find the Heart of *Learning* out:
Or *Perſeus*-like, foul Monſters thou doſt kill,
Rude *Ignorance*, which nothing doſt, but Ill.
Proud *Learning*, thou that ſtands on tip-toes high, *Ignorance.*
Yet canſt not reach to know the Deity;
Nor where the Cauſe of any one thing lies,
But fill'ſt Man full of Care and Miſeries.
Learning inflames the Thoughts to take great pains,
Doth nought but make an *Alms-tub* of the Brains.
Learning doth ſeek about, new things to find; *Learning.*
In that Purſuit doth recreate the Mind:
It is a *Perſpective*, *Nature* to ſpy,
Can all her Curioſities deſcry.
Learning's a uſeleſs Pain, unleſs it have *Ignorance.*
Some ways or means to keep us from the Grave.
For, what is all the VVorld, if underſtood,
If we it do not uſe, nor taſt its good?
Learning may come to know the uſe of things,
Yet not receive the Good which from them ſprings.
For, Life is ſhort, and *Learning* long: ere we
May come to uſe what's learned, dead we be.
O *Ignorance*, thou Beaſt! which lazy lieſt,
And only Eat'ſt and Sleepeſt, till thou dieſt. *Learning.*

The Leſſon *Nature* taught, is, Moſt delight
To pleaſe the Senſes, and the Appetite.

Ignorance. I *Ignorance*, am ſtill the Heav'n of Bliſs;
For in me lies the trueſt Happineſs.
Give me but *Ignorance*, that harmleſs ſtate,
That Paradiſe that's free from Envious *Hate*.
Learning that Tree was, whereon *Knowledg* grew:
Taſting that Fruit, Man nought but Mis'ry knew.
Had Man, to *Ignorance*, but had more Love,
He happy would have been, as th' Gods above.

Learning. O *Ignorance*! How fooliſh doſt thou talk?
Is't Happineſs, in *Ignorance* to walk?
Can there be Joy in Darkneſs, more than Light?
Or Pleaſure, more in Blindneſs, than in Sight?

A Dialogue *betwixt* Riches *and* Poverty.

Riches. I *Wealth*, can make all Men of each Degree,
To crouch, and flatter, and to follow me:
I many Cities build, high, thick, and large;
And Armies raiſe, againſt each other Charge:
I make them loſe their Lives for my dear ſake;
Though, when they're dead, they no Rewards can take.
I trample *Truth* under my Golden feet;
And tread down *Innocence*, that Flower ſweet.
I gather *Beauty*, when 'tis newly blown;
Reap *Chaſtity*, before 'tis overgrown:
I root out *Virtue*, with a Golden Spade:
I cut off *Juſtice*, with a Golden Blade.

Pride

Pride and *Ambition* are my Vaſſals low,
And on their Heads I tread as I do go:
And, by Mankind, much more ador'd am I,
Although but Earth, than the bright Sun, that's high.
Riches, thou art a Slave, and run'ſt about *Poverty.*
On every Errand; thou com'ſt in, goeſt out;
And Men of Honour ſet on thee no Price,
Their Honeſty, or Virtue, to entice.
Some fooliſh Gameſters, which do love to play
At Cards and Dice, corrupt, perchance, you may:
A Silly Virgin, gather here and there,
That does gay Clothes and Jewels love to wear.
The Poor, which hate their Neighbour brave to ſee,
Perchance may ſeek and love your Company.
And thoſe that ſtrive to pleaſe their Senſes all,
If they want Wealth, and you paſs by, may call.
On Age, 'tis true, you have a great ſtrong Power;
For they embrace you, though they dye next hour.
You ſpeak, poor *Poverty*, meer out of ſpight, *Riches.*
Becauſe there's none, with you, doth take delight.
If you into Man's Company will thruſt,
They call that *Fortune ill*, and *moſt accurſt.*
Men are aſham'd of you, you are ſo mean,
You are ſo ragged, torn, and ſo unclean.
When I come in, much welcome do I find;
Great Joy there is, and Mirth in every Mind:
And every Door is open ſet and wide;
And all within, is buſily employ'd.

There Neighbours all, invited are to ſee;
So proud they are in my dear Company.

Poverty. 'Tis *Prodigality*, you brag ſo on,
Which never lets you reſt, till you are gone:
Calls in for help, to beat you out of Dores,
His dear Companions, *Drunkards*, *Gameſters*, *Whores*.
What though you're Brave and gay in outward ſhow?
Within, you're foul and beaſtly, as you know.
Beſides, *Debauchery* is like a Cink;
And you are Father to that filthy Stink.
True, I am Thread-bare, and am very Lean;
Yet I am Decent, Sweet, and very Clean.
I Healthful am, my Diet being ſpare;
You're full of Gouts, and Pains, and Surfeits fear.
I am Induſtrious, new Arts to find,
To eaſe the Body, and to pleaſe the Mind.
The World, like to a Wilderneſs, would be,
If it were not for the Poors Induſtry:
For, *Poverty* doth ſet a-work the Brains,
And all the Thoughts, to labour and take pains.
The Mind ne're idle ſits, but is employ'd;
Riches breed Sloth, and fill it full of Pride.
Riches, like Swine, in its own Mire doth lye;
Light *Poverty*, like Birds, on high doth flye.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Anger *and* Patience.

Patience.

ANger, why are you Hot and Fiery red?
Or elſe ſo Pale, as if you were quite dead?
Your Spirits are diſturb'd, you Senſes lack; (ſlack;
Your Joynts unſet, Fleſh ſhakes, your Nerves grow
Your Tongue doth move, but ſpeaks no word that's plain,
Or elſe they flow like Torrents caus'd by rain.
Lord! what a Bead-roll of Diſlikes you tell!

Anger.

If you were ſtung with *Wrong*, your Mind would ſwell;
Your Spirits would be ſet on flame with Fire,
Or elſe grow chill with Cold, and back retire.

Patience.

Alas! 'tis but your own Suſpition:
Sometimes you have no Ground to build upon.
Suſpition is deceitful, runs about;
And often, for a *Truth*, takes *Wrong*, no doubt.
If you take *Falſhood* up, ne're ſearch things through;
You do great wrong to *Truth*, and your ſelf too.
Beſides, you Blind and Undiſcerning fly
On every Thing, though *Innocence* be by.

Anger.

O *Patience*! you are ſtrict, and ſeem preciſe,
And Counſels give, as if you were ſo wiſe:
But you are Cruel, and fit times will take
For your Revenge, though you no ſhew do make.
Your Brows unknit, your Heart ſeems not to burn;
Yet, on *Suſpition*, will do a ſhrewd turn.
But I am Sudden, and do all in haſte;
Yet, in ſhort time, my Fury all is paſt.

Though *Anger* be not right, but ſometimes wrong,
The greateſt Miſchief lyes but in the Tongue:
But, you do Miſchief, and your time will find,
To work *Revenge*, though *quiet* in your Mind.

Patience. If I take time, I clearly then can ſee,
To view the *Cauſe*, and ſeek for *Remedy*:
If I *have* wrong, my ſelf I well may right;
But I *do* wrong, if *Innocence* I ſmite.
The Knot of *Anger*, by degrees, unties;
Then falls that Muffler from *Diſcretion*'s Eyes.
My *Thoughts* run clear and ſmooth, as Cryſtal Brooks,
That every Face may ſee which therein looks.
Though I run *low*, yet wiſely do I wind,
And, many times, through Mountains, paſſage find.
When you ſwell high, like to a flowing-Sea;
For Windy-Paſſions, ne're in reſt can be:
Where you are rowl'd in Waves, and toſt about;
Tormented, and can find no paſſage out.

Anger. *Patience*, your Mouth with good Words you do fill,
And preach *Morality*, but you act Ill.
Beſides, you ſeem a Coward, full of Fear;
Or like an Aſs, which doth great Burthens bear.
Let every *Poultron* ſtrike, and give you blows;
And every *Fool*, in ſcorn, to wring your Noſe.
Moſt of the World do think you have no *Senſe*,
Becauſe not Angry, nor do take Offence.
When I am thought right Wiſe, and of great Merit;
Heroick, Valorous, and of great Spirit.

For,

For, every one doth fear me to offend;
And, for to pleaſe me, all their Forces bend:
I flatter'd am, make Fear to run away;
Thus am I Maſter, whereſoe're I ſtay.
Away, you fooliſh *Patience*, give me Rage;
That I, in Warrs, may all the World engage.
O *Anger*, you are Mad! there's none will care *Patience.*
For your great Brags, but ſuch as Cowards are.
Fear doth in Women, and ſmall Children, dwell:
That you more Talk than Fight, Wiſdom knows well.
Beſides, great Courage takes me by the hand,
That, whilſt he fights, I cloſe by him muſt ſtand.
I want no Senſe, Misfortunes to eſpy;
Although I ſilent am, and do not cry.
Ill Accidents, and Grief, I ſtrive to cure
With Courage; what I cannot *help*, *endure*:
Whilſt you do vex your ſelf with grievous Pains,
And nothing but Diſturbance have, for Gains.
Let me adviſe you, *Anger*; take't not Ill,
That I do offer you my *Patience* ſtill:
For, you in Danger live ſtill all your Life;
And Miſchief do, when you are hot in Strife.

A Dialogue *between a* Bountiful Knight, *and a* [a] Caſtle *Ruin'd in Warr.*

[a] *Bolſover Caſtle.*

Knight. ALas, poor *Caſtle*, how great is thy Change
From thy firſt Form! to me thou doſt ſeem ſtrange:
I left thee Comely, and in perfect Health;
Now thou art Wither'd, and decay'd in Wealth.

Caſtle. O Noble Sir! I from your Stock was rais'd;
Flouriſh'd in Plenty, and by all Men prais'd:
For, your moſt Valiant Father did me Build;
Your Brother furniſh'd me, my Neck did Gild.
Towers upon my Head, like Crowns were plac'd;
Walls, like a Girdle, went about my Waſt:
And on this pleaſant Hill, he ſet me high,
To view the Vales below, as they do lye:
Where, like a Garden, is each Field and Cloſe,
Where freſh green Graſs, and yellow Cowſlip grows:
There did I ſee fat Sheep in Paſtures go;
And hear the Cows, whoſe Baggs were full, to Low.
By Warrs I'm now deſtroy'd, all Right's ore-pow'rd;
Beauty and *Innocency* are devour'd.
Before theſe Warrs, I was in my full Prime,
And held the greateſt Beauty in my time.
But, Noble Sir, ſince I did ſee you laſt,
Within me has a Garriſon been plac'd:
Their Guns and Piſtols all about me hung;
And, in deſpight, their Bullets at me flung;

Which

Which, through my Sides, thoſe Paſſages you ſee,
Made, and Deſtroy'd the Walls that Circled me;
And left my Rubbiſh on huge Heaps to lye:
With Duſt I'm choak'd; for want of Water, dry.
For, thoſe ſmall Leaden Pipes, which winding lay
Under the Ground, the Water to convey,
Were all cut off; the Water murmuring,
Run back with grief, to tell it to the Spring.
My Windows broke, the Winds blow in, and make,
That I, with Cold, like Shivering Agues ſhake.
O pity me, dear Sir, releaſe my Band;
Or let me dye by your moſt Noble Hand.

Alas, poor *Caſtle*! I ſmall help can bring;
Yet ſhall my *Heart* ſupply the former *Spring*; *Knight.*
From whence the Water of freſh *Tears* ſhall riſe
To quench thy *drought*; I'le ſpout them from mine *Eyes*.
That Wealth I have, for to releaſe thy Woe,
I'le offer for a Ranſom to thy Foe.
But, to reſtore thy Health, and build thy Wall,
I have not Means enough to do't withall.
Had I the Art, no Pains then I would ſpare;
But all, what's broken down, I would repair.

Moſt Noble Sir, you that me Freedom give; *Caſtle.*
May your great Name in After-ages live:
This your great Bounty, may the Gods requite,
And keep you from ſuch *Enemies*, and *Spight*:
And may great *Fame* your Praiſes ſound aloud;
Gods give me Life to ſhew my Gratitude!

A Dialogue *betwixt* Peace *and* Warr.

Peace. WARR makes the Vulgar Multitude to drink
In at the Ear, the Foul and Muddy ſink
Of Factious Tales, by which they dizzy grow,
That the clear Sight of Truth, they do not know;
But reeling ſtand, know not what way to take;
And when they chuſe, 'tis wrong; ſo *Warr* they make.

Warr. Thou flatt'ring and moſt unjuſt Peace, which draws
The *Vulgar*, by thy *Rhet'rick*, to hard Laws:
Which makes them ſilly, and content to be,
To take up Voluntary Slavery.
Thou mak'ſt great Inequalities beſide;
Some bear like Aſſes, ſome on Horſe-back ride.

Peace. O *Warr*, thou Cruel Enemy to Life!
Unquiet Neighbour, breeding always Strife.
Tyrant thou art, to Reſt wilt give no time;
And bleſſed *Peace* thou puniſh'ſt as a Crime.
Factions thou mak'ſt in every Publick Weal:
From Bonds of Friendſhip, tak'ſt off Wax and Seal.
All Natural Affections are by thee
Maſſacred; none eſcapes thy Cruelty:
The Root of all Religion, thou pull'ſt up;
Doſt every Branch of Ceremony lop:
Civil Society, to Manners baſe,
Thou turn'ſt; no Laws nor Cuſtoms can get place.
Each Mind, within it ſelf, cannot agree,
But all do ſtrive for Superiority.

In

In the whole World, thou doſt Diſturbance make;
To ſave themſelves, none know what ways to take.
O *Peace*, thou idle Drone, which lov'ſt to dwell, *Warr.*
If it but keep thee ſafe, in a poor Cell:
Thy Life thou ſleep'ſt away, Thoughts lazy lye:
Sloth buries *Fame*, makes all great Actions dye.
I am the Bed of Reſt, and Couch of Eaſe; *Peace.*
My Converſation doth all Creatures pleaſe:
The Parent I'm of *Learning*, and of *Arts*;
Religion's Nurſe, and Comfort to all Hearts.
I am the *Guardian Virtue* ſafe do keep;
Under my Roof ſhe may ſecurely ſleep.
I am adorn'd with Paſtimes, and with Sports;
Each ſeveral Creature ſtill to me reſorts.
A School am I, where all Men may grow Wiſe: *Warr.*
For Prudent Wiſdom, in Experience lies.
A Theatre, where Noble Minds do ſtand:
A Mint of Honour, Coyn'd for Valour's Hand.
I am a Throne, which is for Valour fit;
And a great Court, where Royal *Fame* may ſit:
A Field, in which Ambition much doth run:
Courage ſtill ſeeks me; Cowards do me ſhun.

Moral Diſcourſes.

A Diſcourſe *of* Love, *the* Parent *of* Paſſions.

NO Mind can think, nor Underſtanding know
To what a Height and Vaſtneſs, *Love* can grow.
Love, as a *God*, all *Paſſions* doth create,
Beſides it ſelf, and thoſe determinate:
To *Love* bows down, and prays devoutly, *Fear*.
Sadneſs and *Grief*, *Love*'s heavy Burthens bear.
Anger makes *Rage*; and *Envy*, *Spleen*, and *Spight*,
Like Thunder roar, and in *Love*'s Quarrels fight.
Th' Informing Spye of *Love*, is *Jealouſie*;
And *Doubt* its Guide, to ſearch where th' Foes do lye.
Pity, *Love*'s Child, whoſe Eyes with Tears do flow;
On every Object, Miſery doth ſhow.
Hate is *Love*'s Champion, which oppoſeth all
Love's Enemies; their *Ruine* and their *Fall*.

A Diſcourſe *of* Love Neglected, *and* Burnt *up with* Grief.

LOVE is the Cauſe, and *Hate* is the Effect
Which is produc'd, when *Love* doth find neglect:
For, *Love*'s like Fire, which doth on Fuel burn;
And *Grief*, as Coals, which quench'd, to blackneſs turn:
Whence Pale and Melancholy Aſhes grow,
Which every Wind, though weak, about doth blow:
For, Life and Strength, from thence is gone, and paſt,
With th' *Species*, which did cauſe the Form to laſt:
Which Form, as it was firſt, comes ne're again:
Thus *Love* in *Melancholy, aduſt* is Slain.

A Diſcourſe *of* Man's Pride, *or ſeeming* Prerogative.

WHat Creature's in this World beſides *Mankind*,
That can ſuch Arts and new Inventions find?
Or has ſuch Fancies as to ſimilize;
Or can ſo Rule and Govern, as the Wiſe?
Or, that can by his Wit, his Mind indite;
Can Numbers ſet, and ſubtil Letters write?
VVhat Creature elſe, but *Man*, can ſpeak true Senſe,
At diſtance give and take Intelligence?
VVhat Creature elſe by Reaſon can abate
All Paſſions, can raiſe *Doubts*, *Hopes*, *Love*, and *Hate*?

And, can ſo many Countenances ſhow
VVhich are the Ground by which Affections grow?
They're ſeveral Dreſſes, which the Mind puts on;
Some ſerve as Veils, which over it are thrown.
VVhat Creature is't, that has ſuch piercing Eyes,
That mingles Souls, and in faſt Friendſhip tyes?
VVhat Creature elſe, but *Man*, has ſuch Delights;
So Various, and ſuch Strong, Odd Appetites?
Man can Diſtil, and is a *Chymiſt* rare;
Divides and Sep'rates *Water*, *Fire*, and *Air*.
He can Divide, and doth Aſunder take
All *Nature*'s VVorks, what ever ſhe doth make.
Can take the breadth, depth, length, and height of things,
And know the virtue of each Plant that ſprings.
Make Creatures all ſubmit unto his will,
And live by *Fame*, though *Death* his Body kill.
VVhat elſe, but *Man*, can *Nature* imitate,
VVith th' Pen and Pencil, can new VVorlds create?
There's none like *Man*; for like the Gods is he:
Then let the *World* his Slave and Vaſſal be.

Of Fooliſh Ambition.

TEN thouſand Pounds a Year, will make me live;
Fortune then muſt a Kingdom to me give:
I'le Conquer all, like *Alexander* Great;
And, like to *Cæſar*, my Oppoſers beat.
Give me a *Fame*, that with the *World* may laſt;
Let all Tongues tell of my Great Actions paſt.

Let

Let every Child that learns to ſpeak, my Name
Repeat, to keep the memory of my *Fame:*
And then, Great *Fortune*, give to me thy Power,
To ruine Man, and raiſe him in an hour.
Let me command the *Fates*, and ſpin their Thread;
And *Death* to ſtay his Sithe when I forbid:
And *Deſtiny*, give me your Chains to tye;
Effects from *Cauſes*, to produce thereby.
And let me, like the Gods, be high alone,
That nothing may but by my Will be done.

Of Humility.

WHen with Returning-thoughts I do behold
My ſelf, I find all Creatures of that Mold:
And for the *Mind*, which ſome ſay, is like Gods;
I do not find, 'twixt *Man* and *Beaſt*, ſuch odds;
Only the Shape of Man is fit for uſe,
Which makes him ſeem much wiſer than a *Gooſe*:
For had a *Gooſe*, which ſeems of ſimple Kind,
A Shape to form and fit things to her mind,
To make ſuch Creatures as would her obey;
Could hunt and ſhoot thoſe that would 'ſcape away:
As wiſe ſhe'ld ſeem as Man, be as much fear'd;
And, when the *Gooſe* comes near, the *Man* be ſcar'd.
Who knows, but *Beaſts* may Wiſer than *Men* be?
We no ſuch Errors or Miſtakes can ſee:
Like quiet Men, they do enjoy their reſt;
To Eat and Drink in Peace, they think it beſt.

Their

Their Food is all they ſeek, the reſt think vain,
If they not to Eternity remain.
Deſpiſe not *Beaſts*, nor yet be proud of Art,
But *Nature* thank, for forming ſo, each Part.
And ſince all Knowledg, by your Form, you gain;
Then let not *Pride* above your *Reaſon* reign.
When you find Motion in your Brain works beſt;
Then ſlight not Beaſts, for being in them depreſt:
Nor boaſt of *Speech*, 'cauſe *Reaſon* it can ſhow;
For, *Beaſts* have *Reaſon* too, for ought we know.
Shape doth inform the Mind of what we find;
Which, being taught, *Man*'s wiſer than *Beaſt-Kind*.

Of Riches, *or* Covetouſneſs.

WHat will not *Riches* in abundance do,
And make the Mind of Man ſubmit unto?
They Bribe out Virtue from her Strongeſt Hold,
And make the Coward Valorous and Bold.
They corrupt Chaſtity, melt Thoughts of Ice;
And Baſhful Modeſty they do entice.
They make the Humble, Proud; and Meek, to Swell;
Deſtroy all Loyalty, make Hearts rebel.
They do unty the Knots of Friendſhip faſt;
All Natural Affections, forth they caſt.
They kill the Innocent, do Hearts divide;
Buy Conſcience out, and every Cauſe decide.
They make, that Man doth venture Life and Health:
So much deſir'd, and dear to him is Wealth.

They

They buy out Heav'n, and do caſt Souls to Hell:
For Man, to get this Droſs, his God will ſell.

Of Poverty.

MY Dwelling is a low Thatcht Houſe, my Cell
Not big enough for *Pride*'s great Heart to dwell.
My Rooms are not of Stately Cedars built:
No Marble Chimney-Piece, no Wainſcot Gilt.
No Statues Cut, or Carv'd, or Caſt in Braſs;
Which, had they Life, would *Nature*'s Art ſurpaſs.
No Painted Pictures, which *Apelles* drew:
There's nothing elſe but Lime and Hair to view.
No Agath-Table with a Tortoiſe-Frame;
Nor Stools ſtuft with Birds Feathers, Wild, or Tame:
But a Stump of an old decayed Tree;
And Stools, that have three Leggs, and half Lame be.
Cut with a Hatchet from ſome broken Boughs:
And this is all which *Poverty* allows.
Yet is it free from Cares, no Thieves doth fear;
The Door is open, all are welcome there.
Not like the *Rich*, who Gueſts do entertain
With Cruelty, when Birds and Beaſts are ſlain.
Who Oyl their Bodies with their melted Greaſe;
And, by their Fleſh, their Bodies fat encreaſe.
We need no Cook, nor Skill, to dreſs our Meat:
For, *Nature* dreſſes moſt of what we eat:
As, *Roots* and *Herbs*, not ſuch as Art doth ſow,
But which in Fields do naturally grow.

Our Wooden Cups, we from the Spring do fill,
Which is the Wine-preſs of Great *Nature* ſtill.
Rich men, when they for to delight their Taſt,
Suck out the Juyce from th' Earth, her Strength they waſt:
For, bearing oft, ſhe'l grow ſo Lean and Bare,
That like a *Sceleton* ſhe will appear.
Into their Drink, the ſubtil Spirits they,
From Barley and the Full-ripe Grape convey:
Thus by their Luxury their Life they waſte,
And their Delight is ſtill to pleaſe their Taſte.
This heats the Mind with an ambitious Fire;
None Happy is but in a Low deſire;
Their Longings do run out, and fix no where:
For, what they have, or can have, nought they care;
But long for what they have not; this th' admire:
Oft ſick for want; ſo reſtleſs is Deſire.
When we from Labours come, we quiet ſleep;
No reſtleſs Thoughts, our Senſe awake doth keep:
All's ſtill and ſilent, in our Houſe and Mind;
Our Thoughts are cheerful, and our Hearts are kind:
And *Life*, although't in Motion ſtill does dwell;
Yet, *Reſt* in *Life*, a Poor man loveth well.

Of

Of Tranquillity.

THat Mind, which would in Peace and Quiet be,
Muſt caſt off Cares, and fooliſh Vanity.
With right Honeſt Deſires, an Houſe't muſt build
Upon the Ground of *Honour*; which being Ceel'd
With *Conſtant Reſolutions*, will laſt long,
If it on Pillars ſtands of *Juſtice* ſtrong:
Let nothing dwell there, but *Thoughts* truly holy;
Turn out dull *Ignorance*, and rude, raſh *Folly*.
There will the Mind enjoy it ſelf in pleaſure:
For, to it ſelf, it is the greateſt Treaſure.
But they are Poor, whoſe Mind is diſcontent;
What Joy they have, it is but to them lent.
The *World* is like unto a troubled Sea;
Life like a Barque made of a Rotten Tree;
Where every Wave endangers it to ſplit;
And drown'd it is, if 'gainſt a Rock it hit.
But, if this Barque be made with *Temp'rance* ſtrong,
It mounts the Waves, and travels far and long.
If *Prudence* it doth as a Pilot guide,
It 'ſcapes all Rocks, and goes with Wind and Tide.
There *Love*, the *Merchant*, trafficks up to Heav'n;
And, for his *Prayers*, *Mercies* him hath given;
Conſcience, as *Factor*, ſets the Price of things:
Tranquillity, as *Buyer*, Money brings.

Of the Shortneſs of Man's Life, and his Fooliſh Ambition.

WAlking in Gardens ſweet, each Flow'r when I
Mark'd how't did *ſpring, bud, blow, wither,* & *dye*:
I contemplating was, of Man's ſhort ſtay;
Since, like thoſe Flow'rs, I ſaw him paſs away.
Yet builds he Houſes thick, and ſtrong, and high,
As if he ſhould live to Eternity:
Hoards up a Maſſe of VVealth, yet cannot fill
His empty Mind, but covet he will ſtill.
To gain and keep, ſuch Falſhood Men do uſe,
'Gainſt Right and Truth, no baſe ways they refuſe.
I would not blame them, could they Death out-keep,
Or eaſe their Pains, or cauſe a quiet Sleep:
Or purchaſe Heav'n, there like the Gods to live;
And to the Sun, Moon, Starrs, could Orders give:
Command the VVinds to blow, Seas to obey,
And level all their VVaves; cauſe VVinds to ſtay.
But they no Power have, unleſs to dye;
And Care, in Life, is a great Miſery.
This Care's but for a VVord, an empty Sound,
In which is neither Soul nor Subſtance found.
Yet, as their Heir, they make it to inherit,
And all they have, they leave unto this Spirit.
To get this Child of *Fame*, and this bare VVord,
They fear no Dangers, neither Fire nor Sword.

All

All horrid Pains and Deaths they will endure,
Or any thing, can it but *Fame* procure.
O Man! O Man! What high Ambition grows
Within his Brain! and yet, how low he goes!
To be contented only with a Sound,
Where neither Life nor Body can be found!

A Moral Diſcourſe *of* Man *and* Beaſt.

MAN is a Creature by himſelf alone;
For in him join all Qualities as one:
When he is injur'd, and ſuſtains a Wrong,
He ſeems a *Lyon*, Furious, Fierce, and Strong.
He's Greedy, Covetous, like *Wolves* and *Bears*;
Right he devours, and *Truth* in pieces tears.
Or, like as Crafty *Foxes*, lye in wait
To catch young Novice-*Kids* by their Deceit.
So *ſubtil Knaves* do watch, Errors to make,
That they, thereby, Advantages may take;
Not for Examples, them to rectifie;
But, that much Miſchief they can make thereby.
Others, like Crouching *Spaniels*, cloſe will Set,
Creeping about, the *Patridg* to In-net.
Some Humble ſeem, and lowly bend the Knee
To Men of Power and Authority:
Not out of love to Honour and Renown;
But to enſnare, and ſo to pull them down.
For, as a *Maſtiff* flyes at every Throat,
So *Spight* will flye at all that are of Note;

With *ſlanderous Words*, as Teeth, *good deeds* they tear;
No Power, Strength, nor Greatneſs do they ſpare:
And ſo Miſchievous they're, love not to ſee
Any to live without an Infamy.
Moſt do, like Ravenous Beaſts, in Blood delight;
And, only to do Miſchief, love to fight.
But, ſome are like to *Horſes*, ſtrong, and free;
Will *Gallop* over *Wrong* and *Injury*.
For, as they fear no Foe, nor Enemies dread,
But fight in Battels, till they fall down dead;
Their Heart, with noble Rage, ſo hot will grow,
That, from their Noſtrils, Clouds of Smoak do blow;
And, with their Hoofs, they'l ſtrike the ground, & bite,
For anger, that they cannot go to fight.
Their Eyes, like Flints, will ſhoot out Sparks of Fire;
They'l Neigh out loud, when Combats they deſire.
So Valiant Men, their Foe aloud will call,
To try their Strength, and grapple Arms withall:
And, in their Eyes, ſuch Courage doth appear,
As if God *Mars* did rule that Hemiſphere.
Some, like to ſlow dull Aſſes, full of fear,
Contented are heavy Burdens to bear:
And every Clown doth beat his *Back* and *Side*,
Becauſe he's ſlow, and faſter he could ride.
Then will he bray out loud, but dare not bite;
Why ſo, cauſe he no Courage has to fight.
Baſe Minds will yeeld their Heads under the Yoak,
Offer their *Backs* to every Tyrant's ſtroak.

Like

Like Fools they'l grumble, but yet dare not ſpeak,
Nor ſtrive for Liberty, their Bonds to break:
So dull will thoſe that live in Slav'ry, grow;
Dejected Spirits, make the *Body* ſlow.
Others, as *Swine*, lye grovelling in the Mire;
Have no Heroick Thoughts to riſe up higher:
And from their birth, do never ſport nor play;
But eat and drink; and, grunting, run away:
And Cruel are, as of a *Boariſh Brood*,
Of Grumbling Natures, never doing good.
So *Gluttons*, *Sluggards*, care for nought but eaſe,
In Converſations, ſeek no man to pleaſe.
Ambition they do ſlight, to make them live;
Nor have they *Generoſity* to give:
*B*ut are ſo Churliſh, that if any pray
To help their Wants, they'l Curſing go away.
So Cruel, and ſo far from Death to ſave,
As they'l take Life away, that others have.
Some, as the fearful *Hart*, or frighted *Hare*,
Shun every Noiſe, and their own Shadows fear:
So *Cowards*, which when ſent in Warrs to fight,
Think not to *beat*, but how to make their *flight*.
The *Trumpet*, when to Charge the Foe it calls,
Then with that Sound, the Heart of th' Coward falls.
Others, as harmleſs *Sheep*, in Peace do live;
Contented are, no Injury will give;
*B*ut on the tender Graſs, do gently feed,
And neither Spight, nor Rankled Malice breed:

Which

VVhich never in the ways of Miſchief ſtood,
To ſet their Teeth in Fleſh, or drink up *B*lood:
*B*ut grieve to walk alone, and pine away;
Grow fat in Flocks, and with each other play:
VVhich do the Naked clothe with their ſoft VVool;
The *Ews* do feed the hungry Stomacks full:
So *gentle Natures*, and *ſweet Diſpoſitions*,
Contented live, and ſhun Fooliſh Ambitions:
Full of Compaſſion, pitying the Diſtreſt;
And, with their *Bounty*, helping the Oppreſt.
They ſwell not with the Pride of Self-conceit;
Nor, for their Neighbour's Life, do lye in wait:
Nor *Innocence*, by their Extortions, tare;
Nor fill the VVidows Heart with Grief or Care:
Nor any *Bribes* do take with Cov'tous Hands;
Nor ſet they back the Mark of th' Owner's Lands:
*B*ut gratefully all Courteſies requite,
Free from all Envy, Malice, Spleen, and Spight.
In all their Converſations meek and mild;
VVithout Laſcivious VVords, or Actions VVild.
And thoſe are Fathers to a Commonwealth,
VVhere *Juſtice* is alive, and *Truth* in health.
Others, as *Apes*, do imitate the reſt;
And, when they Miſchief do, ſeem but to jeſt.
So are *Buffoons*, which ſeem, for Mirth, to ſport;
VVhoſe Liberty makes Factions in a Court.
Thoſe that delight in Fools, muſt, in good part,
Take what they ſay, although their VVords are ſmart.

And

And, many times, they Rankled thoughts beget
In Hearts of *Princes*, and much Envy ſet,
By praiſing *Rivals*; or elſe do reveal
Thoſe Faults they ſhould with privacy conceal.
For when a *Fool*, unpleaſing Truth doth tell;
Or, be it Falſe, if but like Truth it ſmell;
It gets ſuch hold, ev'n in a Wiſe man's Brain,
That hardly it will ever out again.
Some are like *Worms*; upon which, others tread:
And ſome, like Ven'mous *Vipers*, do ſting dead:
For, like as ſubtil Serpents wind about,
To compaſs their Deſigns, crawl in and out;
And never leave until ſome Neſt they find,
Suck out the Eggs, and leave the Shells behind:
So *Flatterers*, with Praiſes, wind about
A Noble Mind, to get a *Secret* out:
And *Flattery*, through every Ear will glide
Down to the Heart, and there ſome time abide;
And in the Breaſt, with feigned Friendſhip lye,
Till, to the Death, it ſtings it cruelly.
Thus, ſome like *Beaſts*, and ſome like *Worms*, are ſuch:
But ſome, do *Flying-birds* reſemble much.
Some, like a *ſoaring-Eagle*, mount up high;
Wings of *Ambition*, bear them to the Sky:
And ſome, like *Hawks*, flye round to catch their Prey:
Some, like to *Puttocks*, bear the Chick away.
Some are like *Ravens*, which on Carrion feed;
Feeding on *Spight*; which *Spight* doth *Slanders* breed.

And, like as *Peacocks* proud, their Tails do ſhow;
So ſome, that Followers have, will haughty grow.
Some Melancholy *Owls*, that hate the Light;
And, like as *Batts*, flye in the Shades of Night:
So Envious men, their Neighbours hate to ſee,
When as they ſhine in great Proſperity:
Keep home in Diſcontent, Repine at all,
Until ſome Miſchief on the Good do fall.
Others, like cheerful *Larks*, ſing as they fly;
So they are merry, and have no Envy.
And ſome, like *Nightingales*, do ſweetly ſing,
As Meſſengers, when they good News do bring.
Thus *Men*, *Beaſts*, *Birds*, in Humours much agree;
Though, in them all, ſeveral Proprieties be.
'Tis proper for a lively *Horſe* to *Neigh*;
And for a ſlow, dull, fooliſh *Aſs*, to *Bray*:
For *Dogs* to *bark*, *Bulls roar*, *Wolves howl*, *Pigs ſqueak*;
For *Men* to *frown*, to *weep*, to *laugh*, to *ſpeak*.
Proper for *Flyes* to *buzz*, *Birds ſing* and *chatter*;
Only for *Men*, to *promiſe*, *ſwear*, and *flatter*.
Thus can Man's Shape, their Properties expreſs;
Yet they have ſome, which all his Skill ſurpaſs:
For, Men want Wings to flye up to the Sky;
Nor can they, like the *Fiſh*, in Waters lye.
No Man, like *Roes*, can run ſo ſwift and long;
Nor are they like to *Horſe* or *Lyons* ſtrong:
Nor have they Scent like *Dogs*, a *Hare* to find;
Nor Sight like *Swine*, to ſee the ſubtil Wind.

Thus

Thus ſeveral Creatures, by their ſeveral Senſe,
Have better far, than Man, Intelligence.
And ſeveral Creatures, ſeveral Arts know well;
But Man, in gen'ral, doth them far excel.
For *Nature*, Arts, as well to Man did give,
As other Qualities to Beaſts, to live.
And from Man's Brains, ſuch fine Inventions flow,
As in his Head, all other Heads do grow.
What Creature builds, like Man, a ſtately Tower,
And makes ſuch things, as Time cannot devour?
What Creature makes ſuch Engins, as Man's Hand,
To Traffick, and to uſe at Sea and Land?
To kill or ſpoil, or elſe alive to take;
Deſtroying all that other Creatures make.
This makes Man ſeem, of all the World, a King,
Becauſe he Power hath of every thing.
He'l teach *Birds* Words; in Meaſure, *Beaſts* to go;
Makes Paſſions in the Mind to ebb and flow:
And, though he cannot flye, as *Birds*, with Wings;
Yet can he take the heighth and breadth of things:
He knows the Courſe and Number of the Starrs,
When *Birds* and *Beaſts*, are no *Aſtrologers*.
And, though he cannot ſwim like Fiſh, he'l make
Angles and *Nets*, thoſe Fiſh withall to take:
And with his Ships, the World he'l circle round:
What *Beaſt* or *Bird*, that doth ſo, is yet found?
He'l fell down Woods, with *Axes* ſharp he'l ſtrike;
Whole Herds of *Beaſts* can never do the like.

What *Beaſt* can plead, to ſave another's Life;
Or, by his Eloquence, can end a ſtrife?
Or Counſels give, how Dangers may be ſhun;
Or tell the cauſe of the Eclipſed Sun?
He'l turn the Current of the Waters clear,
And make that they do like new Seas appear.
Where Fiſh do only in old Waters glide,
He'l cut new Rivers out on any ſide.
He'l Mountains make, which Clouds almoſt do touch;
Smalls Hills of *Moles* or *Ants*, ſcarce do ſo much.
What Creature, like to Man, can *Reaſon* ſhow;
VVhich makes him ſure, that he thereby doth know?
*A*nd who, but Man, makes uſe of every thing?
For *Goodneſs*, out of *Poyſon*, he can bring.
'Tis only Man that's fill'd with ſtrong deſire;
*A*nd, by his Rhetorick, ſets the Soul on fire.
Beaſts no *Ambition* have to get a *Fame*;
Nor build they Tombs t' Eternalize their Name.
They never VVarr, *Honour* and *Fame* to get;
But, to ſecure themſelves, their Meat to eat.
In ſhort, *Men* like to Gods, for ever ſhall
Live: but *Beaſts*, like themſelves, to Duſt muſt fall.

Of

Of the Ant.

MArk but the little *Ant* how ſhe doth run,
In what a buſie Motion ſhe goes on;
As if ſhe order'd all the World's Affairs:
When 'tis but only one ſmall Straw ſhe bears.
And when a Flye doth on the Ground lye dead,
Lord, how they ſtir! how full is every Head!
Some it a-long with Feet and Mouths do trail;
And ſome thruſt on with Shoulder, and with Tail;
And if a Stranger-*Ant* comes on that way,
She helps them ſtraight; ne're asketh, if ſhe may:
Nor ſtays to have Rewards; but is well pleas'd
T' have Labour for her Pains, ſo they be eas'd.
They live as the *Lacedemonians* did;
For, all is Common, nothing is forbid:
No private Feaſt, but altogether meet;
And wholſome Food, though plain, in Publick eat.
They have no Envy, all Ambition's down;
There is neither Superior, nor Clown:
No Palaces for Pride, erect they will;
Their Houſe is common, called, The *Ant's Hill.*
All help to build and keep it in Repair;
No ſpecial Workmen, but all Lab'rers are.
No Market's kept, no Meat have they to ſell;
But what each eats, all welcome are, and well.
No Jealouſie; each takes his Neighbour's Wife,
Without offence, which never breedeth ſtrife.

They fight no Duels, nor do give the Lye;
Their greateſt Honour is to Live, not Dye:
For they, to keep up Life, through Dangers venture,
To get Proviſions in againſt the Winter:
But, many loſe their Life, as chance doth fall;
None is perpetual, Death devoureth all.

A Moral Diſcourſe *of* Corn.

THE yellow-bearded *Corn* bows down each Head,
Like *Gluttons*, when their Stomack's over-fed:
Or, like as thoſe whoſe Wealth makes heavy Cares,
So doth the Full-ripe Corn hang down their Ears:
For, *Plenty* makes Oppreſſion, gives ſmall Eaſe;
And *Superfluity* is a Diſeaſe.
Yet, all that *Nature* makes, doth ſtill aſpire,
Forward to get, never doth back retire,
Until the Sithe of Death doth lay them low
Upon the Earth, from whence they firſt did grow.
Then who would hoard up *Wealth*, and take ſuch pains,
Since nothing but the Earth, has all the Gains?
No Riches are, but what i'th' Mind is found;
They are but Poor, who ſeek them under ground:
For *Time*, that feeds on Life, makes all things fall;
Is never ſatisfi'd, but eats up all.
Then let the Minds of Men, in Peace take reſt,
And count a *Moderation*, ſtill the beſt:
And grumble not, nor covet *Nature*'s Store;
For thoſe that are content, can ne're be poor.

But

But bleſs the Gods, ſubmit to their Decree:
Think all things beſt; what they are pleas'd, muſt be:
He that doth grumbl' at what he cannot mend,
Is one that takes a thing at the wrong end.

Of the Knowledg *of* Beaſts.

WHO knoweth, but that Beaſts as they do lye
In Meadows low, or elſe on Mountains high;
May Contemplations have upon the Sun,
And how his Daily, Yearly Circles run?
Whether the Sun about the Earth doth rove,
Or elſe the Earth on its own Poles doth move?
And in the Night, when twinkling Starrs they ſee,
Like Man, imagine them all Suns to be.
And may the Starrs and Planets number well;
And, could they ſpeak as Men, their Motions tell;
And how each Planet in its Orb doth move,
Againſt all Man's *Aſtrologie* may prove:
For, they may know the Starrs, and their *Aſpects*;
What Influence they caſt, and their Effects.

Of

Of Fiſh.

WHO knows but *Fiſh*, which in the Sea do live,
Can a good Reaſon of its Saltneſs give?
And how it Ebbs and Flows, perchance they can
Shew Reaſons more than ever yet could Man.

Of Birds.

WHO knows but *Birds*, which under th' *Azure*-(Skies
Do flye, know whence the bluſtring Winds do (riſe:
And what a *Thunder* is, which no man knows.
And what a *Blazing-Starr*, or where it goes;
Whether it be a Chip faln from the Sun,
And vaniſh when its *Aliment* is done:
Or a Sulphureous Vapour, drawn up high;
And when the Sulphur's ſpent, the Flame doth dye.
Or, whether't be a Jelly ſet on Fire,
And waſting, like a Candle, doth expire.
Or, whether't be a Starr, whole and entire,
The *Birds*, perhaps, might tell, could we enquire.

Earths

Earths Complaint.

O *Nature*! *Nature*! hearken to my Cry;
I'm wounded ſore, but yet I cannot dye:
My Children which I from my Womb did bear,
Do dig my Sides, and all my Bowels tear:
They plow deep Furrows in my very Face;
From Torment, I have neither Time nor Place.
No other Element is ſo abus'd,
Or, by Mankind, ſo cruelly is us'd:
Man cannot reach the *Skies* to Plow and Sow;
Nor can they ſett, or make the Starrs to grow:
But, they are ſtill, as *Nature* did them plant;
Neither Maturity nor Growth they want:
They never dye; nor do they yeeld their place
To younger Starrs, but ſtill run their own Race.
The Sun doth never groan, young Suns to bear;
For, he himſelf is his own Son and Heir.
He, in the Center, ſits juſt like a King;
Round him, the Planets are, as in a Ring.
The largeſt Orbs over his Head, turn ſlow;
And underneath, the ſwifteſt Planets go.
All ſeveral Planets, ſeveral Meaſures take;
And, with their Motions, do ſweet Muſick make.
Thus all the Planets round about him move,
And he returns them Light, for their kind Love.

A Diſcourſe *of a* Knave.

A Proſperous *Knave*, that Miſchief ſtill doth Plot,
Swells big with Pride, ſince he has Power got:
His *Conſcience*, like a Purſe, open, and wide;
Falſe Hands do caſt in Bribes on every ſide:
And as his Guts are ſtuft with Excrement;
So is his Head with Thoughts of ill Intent:
No pity ſhews to men oppreſt with Grief;
But yet is apt to pity much a Thief.
He thinks them Fools, that Wickedneſs do ſhun;
Eſteems them Wiſe, that Evil ways do run.
The Noble he doth ſcorn, if they be Poor:
The Rich, though ne're ſo Baſe, he doth adore.
He always ſmiles, as if he Peace ſtill meant;
When all the while, his Heart to Evil's bent.
Hee'l Friendſhip ſhew, and large Profeſſions make,
Where he doth think, Advantages to take.
Thus doth a Gloſſing Knave, the World abuſe;
To work his End, the Devil his Friend hee'l chuſe.

Of a Fool.

I Do hate *Fools*, for they my Brains do crack;
And when they ſpeak, my *Patience*'s on the Rack.
Their Actions all from *Reaſon* quite do run;
Their Ends prove Bad, 'cauſe Ill they firſt begun.

They

They flye from Wiſdom, do her Counſels fear,
As if ſome Ruine near their Heads there were.
They ſeek the Shadow, let the Subſtance go;
And what is Good, or Beſt, they do not know:
Yet ſtiff in their Opinions are always,
Although you do them bray, as *Solomon* ſays.
As in a Spider's Web, a little Flye;
So Fools wrapt up in Webs of Errors, lye.
And as the Spider, Flyes with Poyſon fills;
So Miſchief, after Errors, *Fools* oft kills.

Of Melancholy.

A Sad and Solemn Verſe doth pleaſe the Mind;
With Chains of Paſſions, doth the Spirits bind.
As Pencil'd Pictures drawn, preſent the Night,
Whoſe darker Shadows give the Eye delight:
A Melancholy Object draws the Eye,
And always hath a ſeeming Majeſty:
By its Converting-qualities, there grows
A perfect Likeneſs, when it ſelf it ſhows.
Then let the World in Mourning ſit and weep,
Since only Sadneſs we are apt to keep.
In leight and toyiſh things, we ſeek for change;
The Mind grows weary, and about doth range:
What Serious is, there Conſtancy will dwell;
Which ſhews, that *Sadneſs*, *Mirth* doth far excel.
Why ſhould men grieve, when they think on their (Grave,
Since they no Settlement in Mirth can have?

The Grave, though ſad, in quiet ſtill they keep;
Without Diſturbing-dreams, they lye aſleep:
No rambling Thoughts do vex their reſtleſs Brains;
No Labour hard doth dry and ſcorch their Veins:
No Care to ſearch for that they cannot find,
Which is an Appetite in every Mind.
Then wiſh, good Man, to dye in quiet Peace,
Since Death, in Miſery, is a Releaſe.

A Diſcourſe *of the* Devil's Power.

WOmen, and *Fools*, fear in the dark to be,
Leſt they the *Devil* in ſome Shape ſhould ſee:
As if, like ſilly *Owls*, he took delight
To ſleep all Day, and go abroad at Night;
Beat Pots and Pans, and Candles do blow out;
And all the Night do keep a Revel-rout.
Do make the Sow to grunt, the Piggs to ſqueak;
The Doggs to bark, Cats mew, as if they ſpeak.
Alas, poor *Devil*! his Pow'r is but ſmall,
Only to make a Catt or Dogg to bawl:
To make, with Pewter, Tin, and Braſs, a noiſe;
To ſtew, with fearful Sweat, poor Girls and Boys.
Why ſhould we fear him, ſince he doth no harm?
For, we may bind him faſt within a Charm.
Then, What a Devil ails a Woman old,
To play ſuch Tricks, whereby her Soul is ſold?
Can he deſtroy Mankind, or new Worlds make;
Or alter States for an Old Woman's ſake?

Can

Can he the Day be-night, or ſtop the Sun,
Or make the Planets from their Courſe to run?
And yet, me-thinks, 'tis odd, and very ſtrange,
That ſince the *Devil* cannot Bodies change,
He ſhould have Power over Souls, to draw
Them from their God, and from his Holy Law;
Perſwading *Conſcience* to do more Ill,
Than the ſweet Grace of God to rule the Will:
To cut off *Faith*, by which our Souls ſhould climb
On High, and leave all Folly, and all Crime;
Deſtroying Honeſty, Diſgracing Truth,
When he can neither make Old Age, nor Youth.
He cannot add, nor make a Minute ſhort;
And yet, keep many Souls from Heaven's Court:
It ſeems his Power ſhall for ever laſt,
Becauſe 'tis over Souls, which never waſt.
And thus hath *GOD*, the *Devil* Power lent,
To puniſh Man, unleſs he doth repent.

THE CLASP.

GIVE me a Free and Noble Style, that goes
In an Uncurbed Strain, though Wild it ſhows:
For, though it runs about it cares not where;
It ſhews more Courage, than it doth of Fear.
Give me a Style that *Nature* frames, not *Art*;
For *Art* doth ſeem to take the *Pedant*'s part:
And that ſeems Noble, which is Eaſie, Free,
And not bound up with o're-nice *Pedantry*.

The Hunting *of the* Hare.

BEtwixt Two Ridges of Plow'd Land, ſate *Wat*;
Whoſe Body preſs'd to th' Earth, lay cloſe & ſquat:
His Noſe upon his two Fore-feet did lye;
With his gray Eyes he glared Obliquely.
His Head he always ſet againſt the Wind:
His Tail, when turn'd, his Hair blew up behind,
And made him to get Cold; but he being Wiſe,
Doth keep his Coat ſtill down; ſo warm he lyes.

Thus

Thus reſts he all the Day, till th' Sun doth Set;
Then up he riſeth, his Relief to get:
And walks about, until the Sun doth Riſe;
Then, coming back, in's former Poſture lies.
At laſt, poor *Wat* was found, as he there lay,
By *Huntſmen*, which came with their Doggs that way:
Whom ſeeing, he got up, and faſt did run,
Hoping, ſome ways, the cruel Doggs to ſhun:
But they, by Nature, had ſo quick a Scent,
That, by their Noſe, they trac'd what way he went;
And, with their deep wide Mouthes, ſet forth a Cry,
Which anſwer'd was, by Echo in the Sky.
Then *Wat* was ſtruck with Terror, and with Fear;
Seeing each Shadow, thought the Doggs were there:
And running out ſome diſtance from their Cry,
To hide himſelf, his Thoughts he did employ:
Under a Clod of Earth, in Sand-Pit wide,
Poor *Wat* ſat cloſe, hoping himſelf to hide.
There long he had not been, but ſtraight in's Ears,
The winding-Horns, and crying-Dogs he hears:
Then ſtarting up with fear, he leap'd, and ſuch
Swift ſpeed he made, the Ground he ſcarce did touch;
Into a great thick Wood, ſtraightways he got,
And underneath a broken Bough he ſat;
Where every Leaf, that with the Wind did ſhake,
Brought him ſuch terror, that his Heart did ake.
That place he left, to Champain Plains he went,
Winding about, for to deceive their Scent:

And

And while they ſnuffling were to find his Track;
Poor *Wat*, being weary, his ſwift pace did ſlack:
On his two hinder Leggs, for eaſe, he ſat;
His Fore-feet rubb'd his Face from Duſt and Sweat:
Licking his Feet, he wip'd his Ears ſo clean,
That none could tell that *Wat* had hunted been.
But, caſting round about his fair gray Eyes,
The Hounds, in full Career, he near him 'ſpies:
To *Wat* it was ſo terrible a Sight,
Fear gave him Wings, and made his Body leight:
Though he was tir'd before, by running long;
Yet now, his Breath he never felt more ſtrong:
Like thoſe that dying are, think Health returns,
When 'tis but a faint Blaſt which Life out-burns:
For, Spirits ſeek to guard the Heart about,
Striving with Death; but Death doth quench them out.
The Hounds ſo faſt came on, and with ſuch cry,
That he no Hopes had left, nor Help could ſpy.
With that, the Winds did pity poor *Wat's* caſe;
And with their Breath, the Scent blew from that place.
Then ev'ry Noſe was buſily employ'd,
And every Noſtril was ſet open wide;
And every Head did ſeek a ſeveral way,
To find the Graſs or Track where the Scent lay:
For, *Witty Induſtry is never ſlack*;
'Tis like to Witchcraft, and brings loſt things back.
But, though the Wind had ty'd the Scent up cloſe,
A buſie Dogg thruſt in his ſnuffling Noſe,

And

And drew it out, with that did foremoſt run;
Then Horns blew loud, the reſt to follow on:
The great ſlow Hounds, their Throats did ſet a *Baſe*;
The fleet ſwift Hounds, as *Tenors*, next in place.
The little *Beagles* did a *Treble* ſing;
And, through the Air, their Voices round did ring;
Which made ſuch Conſort as they ran along,
That, had they ſpoken Words, 't had been a Song.
The Horns kept time, the Men did ſhout for joy,
And ſeem'd moſt Valiant, poor *Wat* to deſtroy;
Spurring their Horſes to a full Career;
Swom Rivers deep, leap'd Ditches without fear:
Endanger'd Life and Limbs, ſo faſt they'l ride,
Only to ſee how patiently *Wat* dy'd.
At laſt, the Doggs ſo near his Heels did get,
That their ſharp Teeth they in his Breech did ſet:
Then, tumbling down, he fell; with weeping Eyes
Gave up his Ghoſt: and thus poor *Wat* he dyes.
Men, hooping loud, ſuch Acclamations made,
As if the Devil they impriſoned had;
When they did but a ſhiftleſs Creature kill;
To Hunt, there needs no Valiant Soldier's Skill.
But Men do think, that Exerciſe and Toil,
To keep their Health, is beſt, which makes moſt ſpoil;
Thinking that Food and Nouriſhment ſo good,
Which doth proceed from others Fleſh and Blood:
When they do *Lyons*, *Wolves*, *Bears*, *Tygers*, ſee,
Kill ſilly *Sheep*, they ſay, they cruel be:

But, for themſelves, all Creatures think too few
For Luxury; wiſh God would make more New:
As if God did make Creatures for Man's Meat;
And gave them Life and Senſe, for Man to Eat:
Or elſe, for Sport or Recreation's ſake,
For to deſtroy thoſe Lives that God did make;
Making their Stomacks Graves, which full they fill
With Murther'd Bodies, which in ſport they kill.
Yet Man doth think himſelf ſo Gentle, Mild;
When, of all Creatures, he's moſt Cruel, Wild:
Nay, ſo Proud, that he only thinks to live;
That God, a God-like Nature him did give:
And, that all Creatures for his ſake alone
Were made, for him to Tyrannize upon.

The Hunting *of a* Stagg.

THere was a *Stagg* did in the Foreſt lye, (up high:
Whoſe *Neck* was long, whoſe *Horns* were branch'd
His *Haunch* was broad, *Sides* large, and *Back* was long:
His *Leggs* were Nervous, and his *Joynts* were ſtrong;
His *Hair* lay ſleek and ſmooth; he was ſo fair,
None in the Foreſt might with him compare.
In Summer's Heat, he in Cool Brakes him lay;
Which, being high, did keep the Sun away.
In Evenings cool, and Dewy Mornings, he
Would early riſe, and all the Foreſt ſee.
Then was he walking to ſome Cryſtal Brook,
Not for to drink, but on his Horns to look;

Taking

Taking ſuch pleaſure in his ſtately Crown,
His Pride forgot that *Doggs* might pull him down:
From thence he to a ſhady Wood did go,
Where ſtraighteſt *Pines*, and talleſt *Cedars* grow;
Olives upright, embrac'd by th' loving *Vines*;
Birches, which bow their Heads to [a] Golden Mines.
Small *Aſpen* ſtalk, which ſhakes like *Agues* cold,
That, from perpetual Motion, never hold.
The ſturdy *Oak*, which on the Seas doth ride;
Firr, which tall Maſts doth make, where Sails are ti'de.
The weeping *Maple*, and the *Poplar* green,
Whoſe Cooling-buds, in Salves, have healing been.
The fatning *Cheſnut*, and the *Haſle* ſmall;
The ſmooth-rind *Beech*, which groweth large and tall.
The loving *Myrtle*, fit for Amorous-kind;
The yeelding-*Willow*, for Inconſtant Mind.
The *Cypreſs* ſad, which makes the Funeral-Herſe;
And *Sicamors*, where Lovers write their Verſe.
And *Juniper*, which gives a pleaſant Smell;
With many more, which were too long to tell,
Which, from their Sappy Roots, ſprout branches ſmall;
Some call it *Underwood*, that's never tall:
There walking through, the *Stagg* was hinder'd much:
The bending Twigs, his Horns did often touch.
While he on tender Leaves, and *Buds*, did browſe;
His Eyes were troubled with the broken *Boughs*:
Then ſtraight he ſought this Labyrinth t' unwind,
Though hard it was, his firſt way out to find.

[a] *Golden Mines* are found out by the *Birches* bowing.

Unto this Wood, a Riſing-Hill was near;
The ſweet *Wild-Thyme*, and *Marjoram*, grew there;
And *Winter-Savʼry*, which was never Set;
Of which, the *Stagg* took great delight to eat:
But, looking down into the Valleys low,
He ſaw there Graſs and Cowſlips thick did grow:
And Springs, which digg'd themſelves a paſſage out,
Much like as Serpents, wind each Field about:
Riſing in Winter high, they'ld overflow
The flowʼry Banks; but make the Soil to grow:
And as he went, thinking therein to feed,
He 'ſpied a Field, which ſowʼd was with VVheat-ſeed:
The Blades were grown a handful high, and more;
VVhich ſight, to taſt, did ſoon invite him oʼre.
In haſt he went; fed full, then down did lye;
The Owner coming there, did him eſpye:
Straight callʼd his Doggs to Hunt him from that place;
At laſt it provʼd to be a Foreſt-chaſe:
The Chaſe grew hot, the *Stagg* a-pace did run;
The Doggs purſuʼd, more men for Sport came on.
At laſt a Troop of Men, Horſe, Doggs, did meet,
VVhich made the *Hart* to try his nimble Feet:
Full ſwift he was, his Horns he bore up high;
The Men did Shout, the Doggs ran Yelping by:
And Bugle-Horns, with ſeveral Notes did blow;
Huntſmen, to croſs the *Stagg*, did ſide-ways go:
The Horſes beat their Hoofs againſt dry Ground,
Raiſing ſuch Clouds of Duſt, their ways ſcarce found:

Their

Their Sides ran down with Sweat, as if they were
New come from VVat'ring, ſo dropt every Hair:
The Dogs their *Tongues* out of their Mouths hung long;
Their *Sides* did like a Feveriſh Pulſe, beat ſtrong:
Their *Short-Ribs* heav'd up high, and then fell low;
As *Bellows*, draw in VVind, that they may blow:
Men Tawny grew, the Sun their Skins did turn;
Their Mouths were dry, their Bowels felt to burn:
The *Stagg* ſo hot as glowing Coals may be;
Yet ſwiftly ran when he the Doggs did ſee.
Coming at length unto a River's ſide,
VVhoſe Current flow'd as with a Falling-Tide;
There he leap'd in, thinking ſome while to ſtay
To waſh his Sides, his burning Heat t' allay,
In hope the Doggs could not in VVater ſwim;
But was deceiv'd, for they did follow him
Like Fiſhes, which do ſwim in VVaters deep,
He duck'd; but out, alas! his Horns did peep:
The Doggs were cover'd over Head and Ear;
Nothing did of them, but their Noſe, appear.
The *Stagg*, and River, like a Race did ſhow;
He ſtriving ſtill the River to out-go;
VVhilſt Men and Horſes down the Banks did run,
Encouraging the Doggs to follow on;
VVhere, in the VVater, like a Looking-glaſs,
He, by Reflection, ſaw their Shadows paſs:
Fear did his Breath cut ſhort, his Limbs did ſhrink,
Like thoſe which th' Cramp makes to th' bottom ſink.

Thus, out of Breath, no longer could he ſtay,
But leap'd on Land, and ſwiftly run away: (*lives:*
(*For, Change brings Eaſe; eaſe, Strength; in Strength, Hope*
Hope joys the Heart; and Joy, leight Heels ſtill gives.)
His Feet did like a Feather'd Arrow fly;
Or, like a Winged Bird, that mounts the Sky.
The Doggs, like Ships that ſail with Wind and Tide
Do cut the Air, and Waters deep, divide:
Or, like as greedy Merchants, which for Gain,
Venture their Life, and Traffick on the Main.
The Hunters, like to *B*oys, which without fear,
To ſee a Sight, will hazzard Life, that's dear:
For they are ſad, when Miſchief takes no place,
And out of countenance, as with diſgrace:
*B*ut, when they ſee a Ruine, and a Fall,
They come with joy, as if they'd conquer'd all.
And thus did their Three ſeveral Paſſions meet:
Firſt, the *Deſire* to Catch, the *Doggs* made fleet:
Then *Fear*, the *Stagg* made run, his Life to ſave;
Whilſt *Men*, for *Love* of Miſchief, digg'd his Grave.
The angry *Duſt* flew in each Face about,
As if't would, with Revenge, their Eyes put out:
Yet they all faſt went on, with a huge Cry;
The *Stagg* no hope had left, nor help did 'ſpy:
His Heart ſo heavy grew with Grief and Care,
That his ſmall Feet, his *B*ody ſcarce could bear.
Yet loath to dye, or yeeld to Foes, was he;
And, to the laſt, would ſtrive for Victory.

'Twas

'Twas not for want of Courage, he did run;
But, that an Army was 'gainſt him alone:
Had he the Valour had of *Ceſar* ſtout,
Yet yeeld he muſt to them, or dye, no doubt.
Turning his Head, as if he dar'd their Spight,
Prepar'd himſelf againſt them all to fight.
Single he was, his Horns were all his helps,
To guard him from a Multitude of Whelps:
Beſides, a Company of Men were there,
If Dogs ſhould fail, to ſtrike him every where:
But, to the laſt, his Fortune hee'ld try out;
Then Men and Dogs, did circle him about:
Some bit, ſome bark'd, all ply'd him at the Bay;
Where, with his Horns, he toſſed ſome away:
But *Fate* his Thread had ſpun, he down did fall,
Shedding ſome Tears at his own Funeral.

A Deſcription *of an* Iſland.

THere was an *Iſland* Rich, by *Nature*'s Grace;
In all the World, it was the Sweeteſt place:
Surrounded with the Seas, whoſe Waves not miſs'd
To do her Homage, and her Feet they kiſs'd:
Each Wave did ſeem, by turn, to bow down low;
And proud, to touch her, when as they did flow.
Armies of Waves, in Troops, High-Tides brought on,
Whoſe Wat'ry Arms did gliſter as the Sun;
And, on their Backs, burthens of Ships did bear,
Placing them, in her Havens, with great Care:

Not

Not Mercenary; for no Pay they'ld have,
But as her Guard did watch, to keep her ſafe:
And, in a Ring, they Circled her about,
Strong as a Wall, to keep her Foes without.
The Winds did ſerve her, and on Clouds did ride,
Blowing their Trumpets loud on every ſide;
Serving as Scouts, they ſearch'd in every Lane,
And gallop'd in the Foreſts, Fields, and Plain.
While ſhe did pleaſe the Gods, ſhe did live ſafe,
And they all kind of Pleaſures to her gave:
For, all this Place was Fertile, Rich, and Fair;
Both Woods, and Hills, and Dales, in Proſpects were.
Birds pleaſure took, and with delight did ſing;
In praiſes of this *Iſle*, the Woods did ring:
Trees thriv'd with Joy, for ſhe their Roots well fed;
And, tall with Pride, their tops did over-ſpread:
Danc'd with the Winds, when they did ſing and blow;
Play'd like a wanton *Kid*, or a ſwift *Roe*:
Their ſeveral Branches, ſeveral Birds did bear,
Which hop'd, and skip'd, and always merry were.
Their Leaves did wave, and ruſhing make a Noiſe;
And, many ways, ſtriv'd to expreſs their Joys.
All Flowers there, look'd freſh and gay with Mirth,
Whilſt they were danc'd upon the Lap of Earth.
Th' *Iſle* their Mother was; they, her *Children* ſweet,
Born from her Loins, got by *Apollo* great;
Who dreſs'd and prun'd them often with great care,
And waſh'd their Leaves with Dew, to make them fair:

Which

Which being done, he wip'd thoſe Drops away
With Webs of *Heat*[a], which he weaves every day:
Paint[b] them with ſeveral Colours intermixt;
Veil'd them with Shadows, every Leaf betwixt:
Their Heads he dreſs'd, their Hairy Leaves ſpread out;
Wreath'd round their Crowns, his *Golden Beams* about.
For he this *Iſle* eſteem'd above the reſt;
Of all his Wives he had, he lov'd her beſt.
Daily he did preſent her with ſome Gift;
Twelve Ells of *Light*, to make her[c] *Smocks*, for Shift;
Which every time he came, he put on fair,
That Lovely ſhe, and Handſome might appear.
And when he from her went, the World to ſee,
He left his Siſter her, for Company;
Whoſe Name is *Cynthia*, though *Pale*, yet *Clear*;
Which makes her always in Dark Clouds appear.
Beſides, he left his *Starrs* to wait on her,
Leſt ſhe ſhould grieve too much, when he's not there;
And from his Bounty cloth'd them all with Light,
VVhich makes them twinkle in a froſty Night.
He never brought Hot Beams, to do her harm;
Nor let her take a Cold, but lap'd her warm.
He Mantles Rich, of equal Heat o'reſpread,
And cover'd her with Colour Crimſon Red.
He gave another, o're her Head to lye,
The Colour is a pure bright *Azure Skie*;
And with ſoft Air, did line them all within,
Like *Furrs* in VVinter; in Summer, *Satin* thin.

a Sun-beams.
b There would be no *Colours*, if no *Light*
c Thoſe *Smocks* are the *Days*.

With Silver Clouds, he Frindged them about;
And Spangled Meteors, gliſt'ring, hung without.
Thus gave he Change, leſt he ſhould weary grow,
Or think them Old, and ſo away them throw.
Nature adorn'd this *Iſland* all throughout
With Landskips, Riv'lets, Proſpects, round about.
Hills over-top'd the Dales, which level were,
And cover'd all with Cattel, feeding there.
Graſs grew up even to the Belly high,
Where Beaſts, that chew their Cud, lay pleaſantly,
Whisking their Tails about, the Flies to beat;
Or elſe, to cool them from the ſultry Heat.
Nature, her Love to th' Gods willing to ſhow,
Sent Plenty in, like *Nile*'s great Overflow;
And temperate Seaſons gave, and equal Lights;
Warm Sun-ſhine days, and Dewy Moon-ſhine nights:
And in this pleaſant *Iſland*, Peace did dwell;
No noiſe of Warr, or ſad Tale could it tell.

The

The Ruine *of this* Iſland.

THis *Iſland* liv'd in Peace full many a day,
So long as ſhe unto the Gods did pray:
But, ſhe grew proud with Plenty, and with eaſe;
Ador'd her ſelf, and did the Gods diſpleaſe:
She flung their Altars down, and in their ſtead
Set up her own, and would be worſhipped.
The Gods grew angry, and commanded *Fate*
To Alter, and to Ruine quite the State:
For, they had chang'd their Mind of late, they ſaid,
And did repent, unthankful Man th' had made.
Fates wondred much, to hear what ſaid the Gods,
That they, and Mortal men, were at great odds,
And found them apt to change; thought it did ſhow
As if the Gods did not poor Men fore-know:
For why, ſaid they, if Men do Evil grow;
The Gods, fore-ſeeing all, Men's Hearts did know
Long, long before they did Man firſt create:
If ſo, What need they change or alter *Fate*?
'Twas in their Pow'r, to make them Good or Ill;
Wherefore, Men cannot do juſt what they will.
Then, Why do Gods complain againſt them ſo,
Since Men are made, by them, ſuch ways to go?
If *Evil*, power hath *Gods* to oppoſe;
Two equal Deities, it plainly ſhows:
The one Pow'r cannot keep Obedience long,
If Diſobedient Pow'r be as ſtrong:

And, being ignorant how Men will prove,
Know not how ſtrong, or long, will laſt their Love.
But, May't not be the courſe of God's Decree,
To love Obedience, whereſoe're it be?
They, from the firſt, a Changing-Power create;
And, for that Work, make *Deſtiny* and *Fate*:
It is the Mind of Man, that's apt to range;
The Minds of Gods, ſubject are not to change.
Then did the *Fates* unto the *Planets* go,
And told them, they Malignity muſt throw
Into this *Iſland*: for, the Gods would take
Revenge on them, who did their Laws forſake.
With that, the *Planets* drew, like with a Screw,
Bad Vapours from the Earth; and then did view,
What place to ſqueeze that Poyſon on, which all
The Venom had got from the World's great Ball.
Then through Men's Veins, like Molten Lead it came;
And did, like Oyl, their Spirits all inflame:
Where Malice boyl'd with Rancour, Spleen, & Spight;
In Warr and Fraud, Injuſtice took delight:
Thinking which way their Luſts they might fulfill,
Committed Thefts, Rapes, Murthers, at their will:
Parents and Children, did Unnat'ral grow;
And every Friend was turn'd a Cruel Foe:
Nay, Innocency no Protection had;
Religious men were thought to be ſtark mad.
In *Witches*, *Wizzards*, they did put their truſt;
Extortions, Bribes, were thought to be moſt juſt.

Like

Like *Titan*'s Race, all did in Tumults riſe,
And, 'gainſt the Heavens, utter Blaſphemies.
The Gods, in Rage, unbound the Winds, to blow-
In a ſtrange Nation, formerly their Foe,
Where they themſelves did plant; the Natives all
Were by them kill'd: for th'Gods had ſworn their fall.
Compaſſion wept, and *Vertue* wrung her hands,
To ſee that *Right* was baniſh'd from their Lands.
Thus *Winds*, and *Seas*, the *Planets*, *Fates*, and all,
Conſpir'd to work her Ruine, and her Fall.
But, thoſe that keep the Laws of God on high,
Shall live in Peace, i'th' Grave reſt quietly:
And ever after, like the Gods ſhall be,
Enjoy all Pleaſure, know no Miſery.

The Third Part.

TO POETS.

THere is no *Spirit* frights me ſo much, as *Poets Satyrs*, and their *Fayrie Wits*; which are ſo *Subtil*, *Airy*, and *Nimble*, that they paſs through very ſmall *Creviſes* and *Crannies* of *Errors* and *Miſtakes*; and dance upon every *Line*, and round every *Fancy*; which when they find to be Dull and Sleepy, they Pinch them *black* and *blew* with *Robin-Hood*'s Jeſts. But, I hope you will ſpare me: for, the *Hearth* is ſwept clean; and a *Baſon* of *Water*, with a *Clean Towel*, ſet by; and the *Aſhes* rak'd up. Wherefore, let my *Book* ſleep quietly, and the *Watch-light* burn *clearly*, and not *blew* and *blinkingly*;

ingly; nor the *Pots* and *Pans* be diſturbed: but let it be ſtill from your Noiſe, that the *Effeminate Cat* may not *Mew*, nor the *Maſculine Currs Bark* and *Howl* forth *Railings*, to diſturb my *Harmleſs Book*'s *Reſt*. But, if you will judg my *Book* ſeverely, I doubt I ſhall be caſt to the *Barr* of *Folly*, and there be forced to hold up my *Hand* of *Indiſcretion*, and confeſs *Ignorance*, to my *Enemies* diſlike: for, I have no *Eloquent Orator* to plead for me, to perſwade a *Severe Judg*; nor *Flattery*, to bribe a *corrupt* one; which makes me afraid, I ſhall loſe my *Sute* of *Praiſe*. Yet, I have *Truth* to ſpeak in my behalf, for ſome Favour; which ſays, firſt, That *Women* writing ſeldom, makes it ſeem *ſtrange* and *unuſual*. You will ſay, What is *Unuſual*, ſeems *Fantaſtical*; and what is *Fantaſtical*, ſeems *Odd*; and what is *Odd*, ſeems *Ridiculous*. But, as *Truth* tells you, *All is not Gold that gliſters*: ſo ſhe tells you, All is not *Poor*, that hath not *Golden Clothes* on; nor *Mad*, which is out of *Faſhion*: and if it be out of *Faſhion*, becauſe *Women* do not generally write; yet, before you *laugh* at me, let your *Reaſon* view ſtrictly, whether the *Faſhion* be not *Uſeful*, *Graceful*, *Eaſie*, *Comely*, and *Modeſt*. And if it be any of theſe, ſpare your *Smiles* of *Scorn*, for thoſe that are *Wanton*, *Careleſs*, *Rude*, and *Unbecoming*: for, though theſe *Garments* be *Plain*, and *Unuſual*; yet, they are *Clean* and *Decent*. Next, *Truth* tells you, That *Women* have ſeldom or never (eſpecially in theſe later Ages) writ-

written *Books* of *Poetry*, unleſs it were in their *Dreſſings*, which can be no longer read, than *Beauty* laſts. Wherefore, it has ſeem'd hitherto, as if *Nature* had compounded *Men's Brains* with more of the *Sharp Atoms*, which makes the *Hot* and *Dry Element*; and *Women's*, with more of the *Round Atoms*; which Figure makes the *Cold* and *Moiſt Element*. And though *Water* is a uſeful *Element*; yet, *Fire* is the *Nobler*, being of an *Aſpiring Quality*. But it is rather a *Diſhonor*, than a *Fault* in *Nature*, that her *Inferior Works* move towards *Perfection*; though the beſt of her *Works* can never be ſo *Perfect* as *Her Self*: yet ſhe is pleaſed when they imitate *Her*; and to imitate her, I hope you will be pleaſed, I imitate *You*. 'Tis true, my *Verſes* came not out of *Jupiter's Head*; wherefore, they cannot prove a *Pallas*: yet, they are like Chaſt *Penelope's* Works; for, I wrote them in my *Husband's Abſence*, to delude *Melancholy Thoughts*, and avoid *Idle Time*. The laſt thing *Truth* tells you, is, That my *Verſes* were gathered too ſoon; wherefore, they cannot be of a *Mature Growth*: for, the *Sun* of *Time* was only at that height, as to draw them forth, but gave not *Heat* enough to *ripen* them, which makes me fear they will taſt *harſh* and *unpleaſant*: but, if they were ſtrew'd with ſome *Sugar* of *Praiſe*, and Bak'd in the *Oven* of *Applauſe*, they might paſs at a *General Feaſt*: for, though they do not reliſh with *Nice* and *Delicate Pallats*; yet the *Vulgar* may digeſt them: for, they

care not what the *Meat* is, if the *Cruſt* be *good*, or indeed *thick*: for, they judg according to the *quantity*, not the *quality*, or *rarity*: but, they are oft perſwaded by the Senſes of others, more than their own. Wherefore, if it be not worthy of *Commendations*, pray be *ſilent*, and caſt not out *ſevere Cenſures*; and I ſhall give *Thanks* for what is *Eaten*.

TO

TO THE READER.

I *Deſire all thoſe which read this Part of my Book, to conſider, That it is thick of* Fancies; *and therefore requires the more* Study: *but, if they underſtand them not, I deſire they would do as thoſe which have a troubled Conſcience, and cannot reſolve themſelves of ſome Doubts; and therefore are required by the* Church, *to go to a* Miniſter *to have them explain'd; and not to interpret them according to their own Imaginations: So I entreat thoſe that cannot find out the* Conceit *of my* Fancies, *to ask a* Poet *where the* Conceit *lyes, before they* cenſure; *and not to accuſe my* Book *for* Nonſenſe; *condemning it with a* falſe Conſtruction, *through an* Ignorant Zeal *of* Malice. *But, I deſire them not to miſtake, and ask a* Rhimer *inſtead of a* Poet, *leſt I be condemned as a* Traytor *to* Senſe, *through the* blindneſs *of the* Judge's Underſtanding. *And if the Judg be Learned in the* Laws *of* Poetry *and* Honeſty, *and is free from* Bribes *of* Envy; *I*

ſhall not need to fear, but that the Truth *will be found out, and its* Innocence freed *at the* Barr *of* Cenſure, *and be ſent home with the* Acquaintance *of* Applauſe. *Yet I pray do not think I am ſo* preſumptuous, *as to compare* my ſelf *to the* Church; *I only compare* Truth *to the* Church; *and* Truth *may be compared from the* loweſt *Subject, to the* higheſt. *At laſt, I muſt entreat you, to read this Part of my* Book *very ſlowly, and to obſerve very ſtrictly every Word you read; becauſe in moſt of theſe* Poems, *every* Word *is a* Fancy: *Wherefore, if you loſe by* not marking; *or skip, by* too haſty reading, *you will intangle the* Senſe *of the whole* Poem.

OF

OF POETS, And their THEFT.

AS *Birds*, to Hatch their *Young ones*, ſit i' th' *Spring*;
So do ſome Ages, *Broods* of *Poets* bring,
Which to the World, in *Verſe*, do ſweetly ſing.
And as their Notes, not *Art*, but *Nature* taught,
So *Fancies* in the Brain, by *Nature* wrought,
Are *beſt:* what *Imitation* makes, is *naught.*
For, though theſe ſing as well, as well may be,
And make their *Notes* of what they learn, agree:
Yet, he that Teaches, has the *Maſterie*;
And ought to have the *Crown* of *Praiſe*, and *Fame*,
In the long *Roll* of *Time*, to write his Name;
But, thoſe that ſteal from him, are much too blame.

There's none ſhould places have in *Fame*'s high Court,
But thoſe that firſt do win *Invention*'s Fort:
Not *Meſſengers*, which only make Report.
To *Meſſengers*, Rewards of Thanks are due
For their great Pains, telling their Meſſage true;
But not the Honour of *Invention* new.
Many there are, that Suits will make to wear
Of ſeveral Patches, ſtoln both here and there,
That, to the World, they Gallants might appear.
And the poor *Vulgar*, which but little know,
Do reverence all that makes a gliſt'ring ſhow;
Examine not, how it comes to be ſo.
Then do they call their Friends, and all their Kin;
And *Factions* make, the Ignorant to win;
With whoſe help, they to *Fame*'s high Court crowd in.

Upon the ſame Subject.

SOME will a Line or two from *Horace* take,
And pick his *Fancies*, which their own they make
And ſome of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, ſweet,
Will ſteal, and make them in their Books to meet;
Yet make them not in their right Shapes appear;
But, like as Spirits, in dark Shades to err:
Thus as Magicians Spirit-troublers they're,
And may the Name of Poet-Juglers bear,
Which th' Ignorant by Sorcery delude,
Shewing falſe Glaſſes to the Multitude,

And

And with a ſmall and undiſcerned Hair,
Do pull great *Truth* out of her place ſhe were.
Theſe ſhould, by th' *Poets* Laws, be Hang'd; and ſo
Into the Hell of *Condemnation* go

Wherein Poetry *chiefly conſiſts.*

MOST of our *Modern Writers* now a-daies,
Conſider not the *Fancy*, but the *Phraſe*:
As if *fine Words*, were *Wit*; or one ſhould ſay,
A Woman's *Handſome*, if her Clothes be *Gay*:
Regarding not, what *Beauty*'s in the Face;
Nor what *Proportion* doth the Body grace:
As, when her *Shooes* be high, to ſay, ſhe's *Tall*;
And, when ſhe is *ſtraight-lac'd*, to ſay, ſhe's *Small.*
When *painted*, or her Hair is *curl'd* with Art,
Though of it ſelf but *plain*, and her Skin *ſwart*:
We cannot ſay, That from her Thanks are due
To *Nature*; nor thoſe Arts in Her we view;
Unleſs ſhe them invented, and ſo taught
The World to ſet forth that, which is ſtark naught.
But, *Fancy* is the *Eye*, gives *Life* to all:
Words, the *Complexion*, as a whited Wall.
Fancy the *Form* is, *Fleſh*, *Blood*, *Skin*, and *Bone*:
Words are but *Shadows*; Subſtance they have none.
But, *Number* is the *Motion*, gives the *Grace*,
And is the *Count'nance* of a *well-form'd Face.*

FAN-

FANCIES.

The ſeveral Keys of Nature, *which unlock the ſeveral Boxes of her Cabinet.*

A *Bunch* of *Keys* did hang by *Nature*'s ſide;
Which *She* to open her, [a] *five* Boxes tri'de:
The firſt was *Wit*, which Key unlock'd the *Ear*,
Open'd the *Brain*, to ſee what things were there.
The *next* was *Beauty*'s *Key*, unlock'd the *Eyes*,
Open'd the *Heart*, to ſee what therein lyes.
The *third* was *Appetite*, which quick did go,
Opening the *Stomack*, to put *Meat* into.
The *Key* of *Scent* unlock'd the *Brain*, though hard;
For, of a *Stink*, the *Noſe* is much afear'd.
The *Key* of *Pain* did open *Touch*, but ſlow;
For, *Nature*'s loath any *Diſeaſe* to ſhow.

[a] The *five Boxes*, are the *five Senſes*; and the *Cabinet*, is the *Brain*.

Na-

Nature's *Cabinet.*

IN *Nature's Cabinet*, the *Brain*, you'l find
Many a *Toy*, which doth delight the *Mind*:
Several *Colour'd Ribbons* of [a] *Fancies* new,
To tye in *Hats*, or *Hair*, of *Lovers* true.
Imagination's Maſques, where nothing's ſhown
But th' *Eyes* of *Knowledg*, all the reſt unknown:
Fanns of *Opinion*, which do waft the *Wind*,
According as the *Heat* is in the *Mind.*
Gloves of *Remembrance*, to draw off and on; (gon.
For *Thoughts* i'th' *Brain*, are ſometimes there, then
Veils of *Forgetfulneſs*, the *Thoughts* do hide;
Which when turn'd up, then is their *Face* eſpy'd.
Pendants of *Underſtanding*, heavy, there
Are found; but do not hang in every Ear.
Patches of *Ignorance*, to ſtick upon
The *Face* of *Fools.* This *Cabinet* is ſhown.

[a] Love's *Verſes.*

Nature's *Dreſs.*

THE *Sun* Crowns *Nature's Head*, with *Beams* ſo
The *Starrs* do hang as *Jewels* in her *Hair.* (fair,
Her *Garment's* made of pure bright watchet *Skie*,
Which, round her Waſt, the *Zodiack* doth tie.
The *Polar Circles*, *Bracelets* for each *Wriſt*:
The *Planets* round about her *Neck* do twiſt.

The *Gold* and *Silver-Mines*, *Shooes* for her Feet:
And for her *Garters*, are the *Flowers* ſweet.
Her *Stockings* are of *Graſs* that's freſh and green:
The *Rain-Bow* is like *Colour'd Ribbons* ſeen.
The *Powder* for her *Hair*, is *Milk-white Snow*;
And, when ſhe comes, her *Locks* the *Winds* do blow.
Light, a thin *Veil*, doth hang upon her *Face*;
Through which, her Creatures ſee in every place.

Nature's *Cook*.

DEATH is the *Cook* of *Nature*; and we find,
Creatures dreſt ſeveral ways to pleaſe her Mind.
Some, *Death* doth *Roaſt* with *Fevers* burning hot:
And ſome he *Boils*, with *Dropſies*, in a Pot.
Some are Conſum'd, for *Jelly*, by degrees:
And ſome, with *Ulcers*, *Gravy* out to ſqueeze.
Some, as with *Herbs*, he ſtuffs with *Gouts* and *Pains*:
Others, for *tender Meat*, he *hangs in Chains*.
Some, in the *Sea*, he *Pickles* up, to keep:
Others he, as *Sous'd Brawn*, in *Wine* doth *ſteep*.
Some, *Fleſh* and *Bones*, he with the *Pox* chops ſmall;
And doth a *French Fricaſſee* make withall.
Some on *Grid-ir'ns* of *Calentures*, are broil'd;
And ſome are trodden down, and ſo quite ſpoil'd.
But, ſome are *Bak'd*, when *Smuther'd* they do dye:
Some *Meat* he doth by *Hectick Fevers Frye*.
In *Sweat*, ſometimes, he *Stews* with ſavoury Smell:
An *Hodg-podg* of *Diſeaſes*, he likes well.

Some

Some *Brains* he dreſſeth with *Apoplexy*,
Or *Sawce* of *Megrims*, ſwimming plenteouſly:
And *Tongues* he dries with *Smoak* from *Stomacks* ill;
Which, as the *Second Courſe*, he ſends up ſtill.
Throats he doth *Cut*, *Blood-Puddings* for to make;
And puts them in the *Guts*, which *Cholicks* rack.
Some *Hunted* are, by Him, for *Deer*, that's Red:
And ſome, as *Stall-fed Oxen*, *Knock'd o'th' Head.*
Some, *Sindg'd* and *Scall'd* for *Bacon*, ſeem moſt rare;
When with *Salt Rhume* and *Phlegm* they *Powder'd* are.

Nature's *Oven.*

THE *Brain* is like an *Oven*, Hot and Dry,
Which *bakes* all ſorts of *Fancies* low and high:
The *Thoughts* are *Wood*, which *Motion* ſets on fire;
The *Tongue*, a *Peel*; the *Hand* which draws, *Deſire.*
By *thinking* much, the *Brain* too hot will grow,
And burn them up; if *Cold*, *Fancies* are *Dough.*

A Poſſet *for* Nature's Breakfaſt.

LIFE ſcums the *Cream* of *Beauty*, with *Time's Spoon*,
And draws the *Claret-Wine* of *Bluſhes*, ſoon:
Then boils it in a *Skillet* clean, of *Youth*;
And thicks it well with crumbled *Bread* of *Truth*:
Sets it upon the *Fire* of *Life*, which does
Burn clearer much, when *Health* her *Bellows* blows.

Then takes the *Eggs* of *Fair* and *Baſhful Eyes*,
And puts them in a Countenance that's Wiſe;
Cuts in a *Lemmon* of the *ſharpeſt Wit*;
Diſcretion, as a *Knife*, is us'd for it.
A Handful of *Chaſt Thoughts*, double refin'd;
Six Spoonfuls of a *Nobl'* and *Gentle Mind*:
A Grain of *Mirth*, to giv't a little taſt;
Then takes it off, for fear the Subſtance waſt,
And puts it in a *Baſon* of *good Health*;
And with this *Meat*, doth *Nature* pleaſe her ſelf.

An Olio *dreſt for* Nature's *Dinner.*

LIFE takes a young and tender *Lover's Heart*,
That hunted was, and ſtruck by *Cupid's* Dart;
Sets it upon the *Fire* of *Love*, and blows
That *Fire* with *Sighs*, by which the *Flame* high grows:
And boils it with the *Water* of freſh *Tears*;
Flings in a Bunch of *Hope*, *Deſires*, and *Fears*:
More *Sprigs* of *Paſſions* throws into the *Pot*;
Then takes it off, when it is Seething-hot,
And puts it in a clean *Diſh* of *Delight*,
That Scowred was, from *Envy*, and from *Spight*.
Then doth ſhe preſs and ſqueeze in *Juyce* of *Youth*;
And caſts therein, ſome *Sugar* of *ſweet Truth*.
Sharp Melancholy, gives a quickning taſt;
And *Temperance* doth cauſe it long to laſt.
Then ſhe, with *Smiles*, doth garniſh it, and dreſs;
And ſerves it up, a Fair and Beauteous Meſs.

But,

But, *Nature*'s apt to Surfeit of this Meat;
Which makes, that ſhe doth ſeldom of it eat.

A Bisk *for* Nature's *Table.*

A *Fore-head* which is high, broad, ſmooth, and ſleek;
A large great *Eye*, that's black, and very quick:
A *Brow*, which Arch'd, or like a Bow is bent:
A *Roſie Cheek*, and in the midſt a Dent:
Two *Cherry Lips*, whereon the Dew lies wet:
A *Noſe* between the *Eyes*, that's even ſet.
A *Chin* that's neither ſhort, nor very long:
A ſharp and quick, and ready pleaſing *Tongue.*
A *Breath* of Musk and Amber; *Breaſts* which Silk
In *ſoftneſs* do reſemble; in *whiteneſs*, Milk.
A *Body* plump, white, of an even growth;
That's active, lively, quick, and void of Sloth.
A *Heart* that's firm and ſound; a *Liver* good:
A *Speech* that's plain, and eas'ly underſtood.
A *Hand* that's fat and ſmooth, and very white;
Whoſe inſide, moiſt and red, like Rubies bright.
A brawny *Arm*; a *Wriſt* that's round and ſmall:
And *Fingers* long; and *Joynts* not big withall.
A *Stomack* ſtrong, and eaſie to digeſt:
A Swan-like *Neck*, and an out-bearing *Cheſt.*
All theſe, when mixt with Pleaſure and Delight;
And ſtrew'd upon, with *Eyes* moſt quick of Sight;
Are put into a Diſh of *Admiration*,
And ſo ſerv'd up with Praiſes of a *Nation.*

An Hodg-podg *for* Nature's *Table.*

A Wanton *Eye*, that ſeeks but to allure:
Diſſembling *Countenance*, that looks demure.
A griping *Hand*, that holds what's none of his:
A jealous *Mind*, which thinks all is amiſs.
A purple *Face*, where Mattery-Pimples ſtood:
A ſlandering *Tongue*, that ſtill diſpraiſeth Good.
A frowning *Brow*, with Rage and *A*nger bent;
A Good, proceeding from an ill Intent.
Large *Promiſes*, which for *Performance* ſtaid:
*A*nd profer'd *Gifts*, which no *acceptance* had.
*A*ffected *Words*, which ſignifie no thing;
*A*nd feigned *Laughter*, which no Mirth doth bring.
Thoughts idle, fooliſh, unuſeful, and vain,
Which are created in a Lover's Brain.
Such *A*ntick Poſtures, where no Grace in is;
Well-meaning *Minds*, which always do amiſs.
A Voice that's Hoarſe, where Notes cannot agree;
*A*nd Squinting *Eyes*, that no true Shape can ſee.
Wrinkles, which time hath ſet in every *Face*:
Vain-glory brave, that falls in full Diſgrace.
A Self-conceited Pride, without a cauſe:
A Painful, Deſperate *Act*, without applauſe.
Verſes, wherein's no *Fancy*, *Senſe*, nor *Rhime*:
Ambition falls, when higheſt *Hopes* do climb.
*A*ll theſe, *Life*, i' th' Pot of *Diſlike*, boyls faſt;
*A*nd ſtirs them with the Ladle of *Diſtaſt*.

She

She makes, therein, the Fat of Gluttons flow;
And Roots of ſeveral Vices throws into:
With ſeveral Herbs, as aged *Thyme* that's dry;
Heart-burning *Parſly*, *Funeral Roſemary*:
Then pours it out into Repentant Diſhes;
And ſends it up by Shadows of vain Wiſhes.

A Heart *Dreſs'd.*

LIFE takes a *Heart*, and *Paſſions* puts therein;
And covers it with a Diſſembling Skin:
Takes *Anger*, which like *Pepper* keen, doth bite;
And *Vinegar* that's ſharp, and made of *Spight.*
Ginger of *Revenge*, grated, in is flung;
To which ſhe adds, a Lying Cloven *Tongue*:
A lazy flake of *Mace*, which lyes down flat;
Some *Salt* of *Slander*, ſhe doth put to that.
Then ſerves it up with Sawce of *Jealouſie*,
In Diſhes of moſt careful *Induſtry.*

Head *and* Brain, *Dreſs'd.*

A Brain, wherein no Dulneſs doth appear;
From groſs Opinions waſh'd, with *Reaſons* clear.
A Judgment hard and ſound, grated therein:
Quick-wit ſqueez'd into it, with *Fancies* thin.
A Bunch of *Scent*, *Sounds*, *Colours*, ty'd up faſt
With Threads of *Motion*, and ſtrong *Nerves*, to laſt.

Stew'd

Stew'd with long *Time*; in *Memory* cloſe ſhut:
Spirits, inſtead of Wine, into it put:
And then pour'd forth into a Diſh of *Touch*;
'Tis good and wholſome Meat, although not much.

A Tart.

Iſe took ſome *Flow'r* of *white Complexions* made;
Churn'd Nouriſhment, as *Butter*, ſhe did add,
And knead it well: then on a Board it plac'd,
And rowl'd it oft, until a Pye was rais'd.
Then did ſhe take ſome *Lips*, like Cherries red;
And Sloe-black *Eyes*, from a fair Virgin's Head:
And Strawb'ry *Teats* from th'banks of each white Breſt;
And *Fingers-ends*, like Juyce from Raſpes preſt.
Theſe ſhe put in the *Pye*, and did it bake
Within a *Heart*, which ſhe ſtraight hot did make:
Then drew it out with *Reaſon's Peel*, to ſend
It up. This Meat did *Nature* much commend.

Nature's *Diſſert.*

SWeet *Marmalade* of *Kiſſes* newly gather'd:
Preſerved Children, which were never Father'd.
Sugar of Beauty, which away melts ſoon;
March-pane of Youth, and Childiſh *Macaroon.*
Sugar-Plumb Words, which fall ſweet from the Lips;
And *Wafer*-Promiſes, mouldring like Chips.

Biskets

Biskets of *Love*, which crumble all away;
Gelly of *Fear*, which ſhak'd, and quivering lay.
Then was a freſh *Green-ſickneſs Cheeſe* brought in;
And tempting Fruit, like that which *Eve* made Sin:
With *Cream* of *Honour*, which was thick and good;
Firm *Nuts* of *ſincere Friendſhip*, by it ſtood.
Grapes of *Delight*, dull Spirits to revive;
Whoſe Juyce, 'tis ſaid, doth *Nature* keep alive.
All this *Diſſert*, did *Nature* might'ly pleaſe;
She Eat and Drank, then went to reſt in Eaſe.

Nature's *Officers*.

Eternity, as Uſher, goes before;
And *Deſtiny*, as Porter, keeps the Door
Of the Great World; who lets Life out and in.
The *Fates*, her Maids, the Thread of Life do ſpin;
Change Orders all, with Induſtry and Care.
Motion, her Foot-boy, runneth every where.
Time, as her Page, doth carry up her Train;
But, in his Service, he doth little gain
The *Days* are the Surveyors, which do view
All *Nature's* Works, that are both Old and New.
The *Seaſons Four*, by turns, their Circuits take;
Like Judges ſit, and Diſtributions make.
The *Months*, as Pen-Clerks, write down every thing;
Make Deeds of Gifts, and Bonds of all that ſpring.
Life's Office is to Pay, and give out all
To her Receiver, *Death*, when he doth call.

Nature's *Houſe.*

THE *Ground* on which this *Houſe* is built ſo ſtrong,
Is *Honeſty*, that hates to do a wrong.
Foundations deep were laid, and very ſure,
By Love, which to all times doth firm endure.
The *Walls*, ſtrong Friendſhip; Hearts, for *Brick*, lay
And Conſtancy, as *Mortar*, made them ſtick. (thick;
Free-ſtones of Obligations, Pillars raiſe,
To bear High-roofed Thanks, Cieled with Praiſe.
Windows of Knowledg, let in Light of Truth;
Curtains of Joy, are drawn by pleaſant Youth.
Chimneys, of th' Touch-ſtone of Affection made,
Wherein is Beauty, as Love's Fuel, laid.
The *Hearth* is Innocent, and Marble white;
On which *Love's Fire* burns clear, & flames moſt bright.
The *Doors* are Cares, Misfortunes out to keep,
Leſt Poverty, that's Cold, might thorow creep.
Beſides, there *Rooms* of ſeveral Paſſions ſtand,
Some on the Right, and ſome on th' other Hand.
This *Houſe*'s out-ſide's *Tyl'd* with Noble Deeds;
With high Ambition cover'd, as with Leads.
Turrets of Fame are built on every ſide;
And in this Palace, *Nature* takes great Pride.
It is beſt furniſh'd of all *Nature*'s Courts;
For it is hung with Virtues of all ſorts:
With *Moral Vertues*, and with thoſe of *Art*:
The laſt, from *Acts*; the firſt, come from the *Heart.*

Nature's

Nature's *Cellar*.

THE *Head* is like a Barrel, which will break
If th' Liquor be too ſtrong; but if't be weak,
It will the Riper grow by lying long:
For, kept from Vent, the Spirits grow more ſtrong.
So *Wit*, which *Nature* Tuns up in the Brain,
Never leaves working, if it cloſe remain.
'Twill through Diſcretion burſt, and run about,
Unleſs a Pen and Ink do tap it out.
But, if the Wit be ſmall, then let it lye;
For, broach'd too ſoon, the Spirits quickly dye.

Nature's *Wines*.

MAlago-*Wits*, which Pens do broach or pierce,
If ſtrong, run ſtraight into Heroick Verſe.
Sharp *Claret-Satyr*, ſearching, runs about
The Veins of Vice, before it paſſes out;
And makes the Blood of Vertue, freſh to ſpring,
In Noble Minds; fair Truths Complexions bring.
But all high *Fancy* is in *Brandy-Wits* [a];
A Fiery Heat, in Underſtanding ſits.

[a] *Strong-waters.*

Nature's *Wardrope*.

IN *Nature's Wardrope*, there hangs up great ſtore
Of ſeveral *Garments*, ſome are Rich, ſome Poor.
Some made of *Beauty's* Stuff, with Smiles well *Lac'd*;
With lovely Favour is the outſide *Fac'd*.
Some freſh and new, by Sickneſſes were rent,
Not taking any care them to prevent:
But, Phyſick and good Diet, had again
Sow'd up the *Slits*, that none did yet remain.
Some, worn ſo bare with Age, that none could ſee
What *Stuff* 't had been, or what it yet might be.
Others were ſo ill-ſhap'd, their *Stuff* ſo coarſe,
As none would wear, unleſs it were by force.
And ſeveral *Mantles*, *Nature* made, were there,
To keep her Creatures warm from the Cold Air:
As, *Sables*, *Martins*, and *Black-Fox* good ſtore;
Ermins, and fierce *Wild-Cats*, and many more.
Moſt of her Creatures ſhe hath clad in *Furr*,
Which need no Fire at all, if they but ſtirr.
And ſome in *Wool* ſhe clads, as well as *Hair*;
And ſome in *Scales*: others do *Feathers* wear.
But *Man*, his *Skin* ſhe made ſo Smooth and Fair,
Feathers he doth not need, *Scales*, *Wool*, nor *Hair*.
The outſide of all things, *Nature* keeps there,
For ſeveral Creatures, which ſhe makes them wear.
Death pulls them off, *Life* puts them on; but *Nature*
Takes care to fit each *Garment* for each Creature.

'Tis

'Tis true, there are but Two ſorts, and no more,
Of [a] *Stuffs*, whereof are *Garments* made in ſtore.
But yet, theſe of ſuch ſeveral Faſhions are,
That ſeldom any Two, alike appear.
And *Nature* ſeveral Trimmings for them makes;
And ſeveral Colours, for each Trimming, takes.

[a] *Fleſh* and *Fiſh*.

The Soul's *Garment*.

GReat *Nature* clothes the *Soul*, which is but thin,
GVVith *Fleſhy Garments*, which the *Fates* do ſpin;
And, when theſe *Garments* are grown Old and Bare,
VVith Sickneſs torn, Death takes them off with Care;
Doth fold them in Peace, and quiet Reſt,
And lays them ſafe within an Earthly Cheſt;
Then ſcours them well, and makes them ſweet and clean,
Fit for the Soul to wear thoſe Clothes again.

Nature's *Grange*.

GRounds of *great Loſs*, with *Sorrows*, were deep (plow'd,
GVVherein the fertil Seed of *Care* was ſow'd.
Horſes of *Hopes*, did draw the *Cart* of *Pains*,
VVith *Expectations* fill'd, to th' *Barn* of *Brains*.
Cows of *Content*, did give the *Milk* of *Eaſe*;
Curds preſt with *Love*, did make a *Friendſhip Cheeſe*.
Cream of *Delight*, put into *Pleaſure's Churn*,
In a ſhort time, to *Butt'r* of *Joy* did turn.

Sweet Whey of Tears, from Laughing-Eyes did flow:
Thus all her Huſwifry did *Nature* ſhow.
Eggs of Revenge were laid, by ſome deſign:
Chickens of Miſchief hatch'd by Words Divine.
Life's Nouriſhment, the *Poultry* fat doth cram,
And ſo all Creatures elſe, both Wild and Tame.
The *Fates* doth *Nature* make to Sit and Spin,
And *Deſtiny* lays out, and brings *Flax* in.
In this her Huſwifry, doth *Nature* take
Such great delight, the Cloath of Life to make;
That, every Garment ſhe her ſelf cuts out,
Giving them to her Creatures all about:
Where ſome wear them ſo long, till they be torn;
And ſome do caſt them off, before half worn.
Thus buſie *Nature* doth her Self employ
On every Creature ſmall, until they dye.
And when one dyes, that Work is at an end;
Then to a new, ſhe doth her Study bend.

Nature's *Wheel.*

THE Tongue's a *Wheel*, to Spin Words from the Mind;
A *Thread* of Senſe, by th' Underſtanding's twin'd:
The Lips a *Loom*, theſe Words of Senſe to weave
Into Diſcourſe, which to the Ears they leave.
This Cloath i'th' *Cheſt* of Mem'ry up is ſhut,
Till into *Shirts* of Judgments it be cut.

Na-

Nature's *Garden.*

THE *Brain*'s a *Garden* full of ſweet delight,
Wherein the Sun of Knowledg ſhineth bright:
Where Fancy flows, and runs in bubbling ſtreams;
Where Flowers grow upon the Banks of dreams:
Whereon the Dew of Sleepy Eyes doth fall,
Bathing each Leaf, and every Flower ſmall.
Where various Thoughts, as ſeveral Flowers grow;
Where Innocence doth like white Lillies ſhow.
Fancies, as painted *Tulip*'s Colours fixt,
By *Nature*'s Pencil neatly intermixt.
Some, as ſweet *Roſes*, which are newly blown:
Others, as tender *Buds*, not yet full grown.
Some, as ſmall *Violets*, much Sweetneſs bring.
Thus, many Fancies from the Brain ſtill ſpring.
Wit is like *Butterflyes*, which Love do make;
And, on each ſeveral Flower, pleaſure take:
Which dance about each Leaf in pleaſant ſort,
And paſs their time away in Amorous Sport:
Like *Cupid*'s Young, their painted Wings diſplay,
And with *Apollo*'s Golden Beams do play.
Induſtrious Pains, like *Bees*, ſuck out the Sweet,
Gath'ring Wax of Invention with their Feet;
Then, on the Wings of *Fame*, flye to their Hive,
Which from the Wint'r of Death, keeps them alive.
There Birds of *Poetry*, ſweet Notes ſtill ſing,
Which through the World, as through the Air, do ring;

And

And on the Branches of Delight they ſit,
Pruning their Wings, which are with Study wet:
Then to the *Cedars* of high Honour fly;
Yet reſt not there, but mount up to the Sky.

Nature's *Muſical Inſtruments.*

THE *Heart*, unto a *Harp*, compare I may:
Paſſions, to *Strings*; on which the Mind doth play.
'Tis *Harmony*, when they juſt Time do keep:
With Notes of Peace, they bring the Soul to ſleep.
The *Head*, unto an *Organ*, I compare:
The thoughts, as ſeveral *Pipes*, make Muſick there.
Imagination's *Bellows* drawn, do blow
Windy Opinions, which the Thoughts make go.
The little *Virg'nal Jacks*, which skip about,
Are ſeveral Fancies that run in and out.
The *Tongue*'s a *Lute*, ſtrung with the ſtrings of breath:
The *Words*, as *Fingers* play, the *Pegs* are *Teeth*.
Theſe moving all, a ſweet ſoft Muſick make;
Wiſe Sentences, the Ground of Muſick take.
Witty leight *Airs*, are pleaſant to the Ear;
Strains of Deſcription, all delight to hear.
In *Similizing-Quavers*, lyes great Art;
Flour'ſhes of Eloquence, are a ſweet part.
Stops of Reproof, are uſed with great Skill;
Flatt'ring *Diviſion* doth the Mind pleaſe ſtill.
The Thoughts are ſeveral *Tunes*, which they do play:
And thus the Mind doth paſs its time away.

Na-

Nature's *Muſick*.

NO *Muſick*'s better than the VVinds do make,
If all their ſeveral Notes, right places take.
The Full, the Half, the Quarter-Note, they ſet:
The *Tenor*, *Baſe*, and *Treble*, there are met.
The *Northern Wind*, a ſtrong big *Baſe* doth ſing:
The *Eaſt* is ſweet, like a ſmall *Treble-ſtring*.
The *South* and *Weſt*, the *Tenor*'s Pars do take:
And ſo, all joyn'd, a fine ſweet Conſort make.
All that this *Muſick* meets, it moves to Dance,
If Bodies yeelding be, with Compliance.
The *Clouds* do Dance in Circle, hand in hand;
And, in the midſt, the *Worldly Ball* doth ſtand.
The *Seas* do Dance with Ships upon their back;
VVhere, Cap'ring high, they many times do wrack:
As Men, which venture on the Ropes to Dance,
Oft tumble down, if they too high advance
Duſt doth, like Countrey-Clowns, no meaſure keep;
But rudely runs together on a heap.
Trees Grave and Civil, firſt bow down their Head
Towards the Earth; then every Leaf out-ſpread:
And every Twig, each other will ſalute;
Embracing oft, they kiſs each other's Root.
And ſo all *Plants* beſides, and *Flowers* gay,
VVill ſweetly Dance, when as the *Winds* do Play:
But, when they're out of Tune, they *Diſcord* make;
Diſorder all, nothing its place can take;

Until *Apollo* with his Beams doth play,
Who places all again in the right way.

A Picture *hung in* Nature's *Houſe.*

A *Painter*, who would draw the Firmament,
Did, with a round plump Face, the ſame preſent.
His *Pencils* were the Beams ſhot from fair Eyes,
Where ſome of them he in Red Bluſhes dyes;
Which, as the Morning, when the Heaven's clear,
Shew juſt ſo Red, before the Sun appear.
The *Veins* he draws for a *Blew Azure Skie*:
And for the *Sun*, a great and fair *Gray Eye.*
The *Rain-bow*, like a *Brow*, he Pencils out,
Which Circles half a weeping Eye about:
From Pale Complexions, taking a *White*,
Mixt with a Count'nance ſad, he ſhades the Night.
Thus Heav'n he doth with ſuch a Face preſent,
That is adorn'd with Beauty excellent.

Nature's *Exerciſe and Paſtime.*

GReat *Nature* doth by Variations live;
For ſhe to none a Conſtant Courſe doth give:
We find, in Change, ſhe ſwiftly runs about,
To keep her Health, and get long Life (no doubt)
And we, for *Nature*, are the only Food;
Her Meat's our Fleſh; and her ſtrong Wine, our Blood.

The

The *Trees*, and *Herbs*, *Fruits*, *Roots*, and *Flowers* ſweet,
Are but her Sallads, or ſuch Cooling Meat.
The *Sea*'s her Bath, to waſh and cleanſe her in,
When weary ſhe hath on a Journey been.
The *Sun*'s her Fire, which ſerves her many ways;
His Light, her Looking-glaſs, and Beauty's Praiſe.
The *Winds*, her Horſes, pace as ſhe doth pleaſe;
The *Clouds*, her Chariot, where ſhe ſits with eaſe.
The *Earth*'s her Ball, which ſhe oft trundles round;
She, in this Exerciſe, much good hath found.
Night is her Bed, her reſt therein to take:
Silence doth watch, leſt Noiſe might her awake.
The *Spheres*, her Muſick; and the *Milkie-way*
Is, where ſhe dances, whilſt thoſe *Spheres* do play.

Nature's *City*.

NAture did of great Rocks and Mountains, build
A *City*, with all ſorts of Creatures fill'd:
The *Citizens* are *Worms*, which ſtir not far,
But ſit within their Shops, and ſell their Ware.
The *Moles*, as *Magiſtrates*, do Mine about
Each one's Eſtate, to find their Riches out:
And, with Extortions, do high Houſes make,
Called *Mole-hills*, wherein they pleaſure take.
The lazy *Dormouſe*, in her Houſe doth keep
The Gentry, which doth Eat, and Drink and Sleep;
Unleſs it be to hunt about for Nuts,
Wherein the Sport is ſtill, to fill their Guts.

The *Peaſant-Ants*, with their Induſtrious Feet,
Proviſions get, made by hard Labour's ſweat.
They Dig, they Draw, they Plow, and reap with care;
And what they get, they to their Barns do bear.
But, after all their Husbandry and Pains,
Extortion comes, and eats up all their Gains.
All ſorts of *Buggs*, as ſeveral Merchants, do
In all things Trade, and each place Travel to.
But *Vapours*, they are *Artiſans* with Skill,
And make ſtrong Winds, to ſend which way they will.
They do round Balls of *Wild-fire*, make to run,
Which ſpreads about, when that round Form's undon.
This is the City which great *Nature* makes;
And in this City ſhe great Pleaſure takes.

Nature's *Market*.

IN *Nature's Market*, you may all things find,
Of ſeveral ſorts, in every ſeveral Kind.
Carts of *Sickneſs*, bring Pains and Weakneſs in;
Of *Surfeits*, many *Baskets* full are ſeen.
Fruits of *Green-ſickneſs* there are to be ſold;
And *Cholick-Herbs*, which are both Hot and Cold.
Of *Lemmons* of *ſharp Pain*, there is great ſtore:
Sow'r Orange-Sores, and many many more.

Nature's *Fields and Meadows.*

THere were two *Hearts*, an Hundred Acres wide,
Hedg'd round about, and Ditch'd on every ſide.
The one was very Rich and Fertil Ground;
The other Barren, where ſmall Good was found.
In *Paſtures*, *Graſs* of *Virtue* grew up high,
Where *Noble Thoughts* did feed continually.
Some grew like *Horſes*, nimble, ſtrong, and large,
Fit for the Manage, or in Warr to charge.
Others, like *Kine*, did give the Milk of Wit,
And Cream of Wiſdom, for Grave Counſels fit.
The *Sheep* of *Patience* had Wool thick and long
Upon their Backs and Sides, to keep out wrong.
Meadows of *Grace*, where *Hay* of *Faith* did grow;
Which *Hay*, the *Sithes* of *Reaſon* down did Mow.
Devotion ſtackt it up on *Hay-Cocks* high,
Leſt in the *Wint'r* of *Death*, the *Soul* ſhould dye.
The *Barren Ground*, nothing but *Weeds* did bear;
No *Fruit*, no *Corn*, no *Seed* that's good, grew there:
But, ſow'r *Rye* of Ill Nature, up did ſpring,
Which doth the *Cholick* of *Diſpleaſure* bring:
And Cruel *Hemp-ſeed*, Hanging-Ropes to make;
And Treacherous *Lin-ſeed*, little Birds to take.
Theſe, and ſuch many other Seeds grew there,
As Cole-black *Brank*, and Melancholy *Tare*.
Nay, ſome Parts ſo Inſipid were, and Dry,
That neither *Furze* nor *Ling* would grow, but dye.

The *Rich Ground*, by good Education Plow'd,
Deep Furrows of Diſcretion, had allow'd:
And then, of ſeveral ſorts, Seeds thrown into
Crops of *good Actions*, in full *Ears* made grow:
The *Wheat* of *Charity*, a fruitful Seed,
Making the *Bread* of *Life*, the Poor to feed.
Barley, whoſe Spirits ſtrong, do Courage make;
For he that drinks them, no affront will take.
Peaſe Hoſpitable, which firm Friendſhip breed;
And grateful *Oats*, reſtoring a good Deed.
This *Corn*, by *Fame*'s ſharp Sithe, is Reap'd and Cut,
And into large great *Barns* of *Honour* put;
Where *Truth* doth *Threſh* it out from groſs Abuſe;
And *Honeſty* doth *Grind* it fit for uſe.

Nature's *Horſes*.

THE Airy Clouds do ſwiftly run a *Race*,
Each other following, as in a Chaſe:
Like *Horſes*, ſome are Sprightful, Nimbl', and Fleet;
Others ſwell'd big with wat'ry ſpavin'd Feet.
Some lag behind, as tir'd in the Mid-way;
And ſome, like Reſty Jades, ſtock-ſtill will ſtay.
They all of ſeveral Shapes and Colours be,
Of ſeveral Tempers; ſeldom well agree.
And, as thoſe *Horſes* which are highly fed,
Do proudly Snort, their Eyes look fiery red:
So Clouds exhal'd, and by the Sun fed, do
Fierce, with *Salt-peter*, and with *Sulphur* grow;

Fire

Fire out flaſh, when they on each other light,
And with thoſe Flames, the World with Terror fright;
Meeting each other, they Encounters make,
And do, with ſtrong Aſſaults, each other break:
Falling upon each other's Head and Back,
Never do part, till they with Thunder crack:
Then pouring down ſome Show'rs of Rain, they do
Strong guſts of Wind, with their long breath, out-blow.
Boreas doth whip them up, and makes them run,
Till all their Breath is ſpent, and Spirits gone.
Apollo breaks and backs them, fit to ride,
Bridling with his hot Beams, their Strength to guide.
He gives them Heats, until they foam and ſweat;
And wipes them dry, leſt they a Cold ſhould get:
Leads them into the Middle-Region Stable, (Able.
Where are all ſorts, Dull, Quick, Weak, Strong, and
But, when they looſe do get, having no fears,
Then fall they all together by the Ears.

Nature's *Ships*.

BIrds, from the Cedars tall, do take a Flight,
On ſtretched Wings, to bear their Bodies leight.
As *Ships* do ſail over the Ocean wide,
So do they ſail, and through the Air do glide.
Their *Bodies* are the *Keel*; *Feet*, *Cabl'*, and *Rope*;
The *Head*, the *Steers-man*, which doth guide the Poop:
Their *Wings*, as *Sails*, with Wind are ſtretch'd out wide;
But, it is hard to flye againſt the Tide:

For,

For, when the Clouds do flow [a] againſt their Breaſt,
They weary grow, and on a Bough [b] do reſt.

a *Clouds* in *Air* do move as *Water* doth in the *Sea*, and *flow* and *ebb*, according to *dry* and *moiſt* Weather.
b A *Bough* is their *Haven*.

Nature's *Traffick*.

THE *Mind*'s a Merchant, Trafficking about
The *Brain*, as th' Ocean, t' find Opinions out.
Remembrance is the *Ware-houſe*, where are laid
Goods, by *Imagination's Ships* convey'd:
Which every Tradeſman of Belief ſtill buys,
Gaining by *Truth*, but loſing all by *Lyes*.
Thoughts, as the *Journey-men*, and *Prentice-Boys*,
Do help to ſort the *Wares*, and ſell the *Toys*.

Nature's *Proſpect*.

ONce at *Imagination*'s VVindows I
Standing, a *Proſpect* in the Mind did ſpy:
The *Eye* of *Ignorance* I ſhut up cloſe;
Leſt th' *Eye* of *Knowledg* ſhould this *Proſpect* loſe:
Drawing a Circle round of fine Conceit;
Speeches Extravagant, contracting ſtraight.
The more I view'd, my Eye the farther went,
Till *Underſtanding's Sight*, was almoſt ſpent.
An *Iſle* of *Thoughts*, within a *Church* I view'd,
Fill'd full of Fancies leight, to me it ſhew'd.
Pillars of *Judgment* thick, ſtood on a Row;
And, in this Iſle, *Motion* walk'd to and fro.

Fear

Fear, *Love*, *Humility*, kneel'd down to pray:
Deſires did beg of all that paſs'd that way.
Poor *Doubts* did ſhake, as if they had ſome harm;
Yet Mantles of *Good Hope* did keep them warm.
But generous *Faith* ſeem'd bountiful and free;
She gave to all that ask'd her Charity.
All ſorts of *Sects*, in Pulpits ſeem'd to Preach;
Fables, for *Truth*, no doubt, did many Teach.
But I heard not what their Opinions were:
For, Proſpect's in the *Eye*, none in the *Ear*.

Nature's *Landskip*.

I Standing on a Hill of *Fancies* high,
And viewing round with *Curioſitie's* Eye,
Under my Thoughts, ſaw ſeveral *Landskips* lye.
In *Champains* of Delight, I ſaw did feed,
Pleaſures, as *Weathers* fat, and *Ews* to breed:
And *Cows* of Probability, which went
In *Hope's* green Paſtures, gave Milk of Content.
Some *Fields*, though Plow'd with Care, unſow'd did lye,
VVanting the fruitful *Seed* of Induſtry.
In other *Fields*, full Crops of Joys there grow'd,
VVhere ſome of them, *Fruition* down had Mow'd.
Some, by ill accidents, were Blaſted found:
Some Blown with Sorrow down, lay on the Ground.
Then I Incloſures view'd, which cloſe did lye;
Hearts Hedg'd about with Thoughts of Secrecy.

Meadows of Youth, did pleaſant ſhew, and green;
Innocency, as *Cowſlips*, grew therein.
Some ready, with Old Age, to cut for *Hay*:
Some, *Hay* cock'd high, for Death to take away.
Clear *Rivulets* of Health, ran here and there;
No ſign of Sickneſs in them did appear:
No *Stones* or *Gravel* ſtopt their paſſage free:
No *Weeds* of Pain, or ſlimy Gouts could ſee.
Woods did preſent my view on the left ſide;
With *Trees* of high Ambition, and great Pride.
There *Shades* of Envy were made of Dark Spight,
Which did Eclipſe the *Fame* of *Honour*'s Light.
Faults ſtood ſo cloſe, that but few Beams of Praiſe
Could enter; and *Spight* ſtopt up all the ways.
But, *Leaves* of pratling Tongues, I did eſpy,
Which ſometimes *Truth*, for the moſt part tell a *Lye*.
Then I a *Garden* did of *Beauty* view,
Where ſweet Complexion's *Roſe* and *Lilly* grew:
And on the *Banks* of Breaſts moſt perfect there
Did *Violets* of Azure-Veins appear.
Lips of freſh *Gilly-flowers* grew up high,
Which oft the Sun did kiſs, as he paſs'd by.
Hands of *Narciſſus* ſhew'd moſt perfect white;
Whoſe Palms, fine *Tulips* were, ſtreak'd with Delight.
Cloſe by this *Gard'n*, a lovely *Orchard* ſtood,
Wherein was *Fruit* of *Pleaſure*, rare and good:
All Colour'd Eyes, grew there, as *Bullice* gray;
And *Damſons* black, which do taſt beſt, ſome ſay.

Others

Others there were of the pure bleweſt *Grape*;
And *Pear-Plumb* Faces of an Oval ſhape:
And Cheeks of *Apricocks*, made red with heat;
And *Cherry*-Lips, which moſt delight to eat.
But, having view'd this *Landskip* round about,
And left this *Fancy*'s Hill, *Wit*'s Sight went out.

Thoughts *ſimilized.*

THoughts, as a Pen, do write upon the Brain:
The *Letters* w^ch^ *wiſe Thoughts* do write, are plain.
The *Fooliſh*, ſcribbl' and ſcrabble, make many a Blot;
VV^ch^ makes them ſometimes ſpeak they know not what.
Some *Thoughts*, like Pencils draw, to pleaſe the Sight;
And *Fancies*, mixt as Colours, give delight.
The ſadder *Thoughts*, are for the *Shadows* plac'd;
By which the *leighter Fancies* are more grac'd.
Like as through dark and wat'ry Clouds, more bright
The Sun breaks forth with his Reſplendent Light:
Or, like as Night's black Mantle, where each Star
Doth clearer ſeem, ſo *leighter Fancies* are.
And, like as *Rain-bows* various Colours ſhow;
So, round the Brain, *Fantaſtick Fancies* grow.

The Actions of the Mind *ſimilized.*

Imaginations high, like Cedars, ſhow;
Where Leaves of *New Inventions* thick do grow;
Which *Thoughts*, as gentle *Winds*, do blow about;
And *Contemplation* makes thoſe *Leaves* to ſprout:
And *Pleaſures*, with Delight, as *Birds*, do ſing
On every *Bough*, to think what *Fame* they bring.

Of Navigation.

THE *Sea*'s like Deſarts, that are wide and long,
Where *Ships*, as *Horſes*, run, whoſe breath is ſtrong.
The *Stern-man* holds the Rains, thereby to guide
The Sturdy *Steed*, on *Foamy Seas* to ride.
The *Wind*'s his *Whip*, to make it forward run;
And, on each ſide, for *Stirrops*, ſerves a *Gun*.
The *Sails*, as *Saddles*, ſpread upon the Back:
The *Ropes*, as *Girts*, which in a Storm will crack.
The *Pump*, the *Breech*, where Excrements come out:
The *Needle*, as the *Eye*, guides it about.

The

The Sea *ſimilized to* Meadows *and* Paſtures: *the* Mariners, *to* Shepherds: *the* Maſt, *to a* May-Pole: *the* Fiſh, *to* Beaſts.

THE *Waves*, like *Ridges* of *Plow'd-Land*, are high;
Whereat the *Ship* oft[a] ſtumbling, down doth lye.
But, in a *Calm*, the *Sea*'s, like *Meadows*, ſeen
Level; its Saltneſs makes it look as Green.
When *Ships* thereon, a ſlow ſoft pace do walk;
Then *Mariners*, as *Shepherds*, Sing and Talk:
Some Whiſtle, and ſome on their Pipes do Play;
And thus, with Mirth, they paſs their time away.
And every *Maſt* is like a *May-Pole* high,
Round which they Dance, though not ſo merrily
As *Shepherds* do, when they their *Laſſes* bring
Garlands, to *May-Poles* ty'd with a Silk ſtring.
Inſtead of *Garlands*, they hang on their Maſt
Huge *Sails* and *Ropes*, to tye theſe *Garlands* faſt.
Inſtead of *Laſſes*, they do Dance with *Death*;
And for their *Muſick*, they have *Boreas* Breath.
Inſtead of *Wine* and *Waſſals*, drink Salt Tears;
And for their Meat, they feed on nought but Fears.
For *Flocks* of *Sheep*, great *Sholes* of *Herrings* ſwim;
The *Whales*, as *Ravenous Wolves*, do feed on them.
As Sportful *Kids* skip over Hillocks green;
So Dancing *Dolphins*, on the Waves are ſeen.
The *Porpoyſe*, like their watchful *Dog* eſpies,
And gives them warning when great Winds will riſe.

[a] Here the *Ship* is compared to a *Horſe*.

Inſtead of Barking, he his Head doth ſhow
Above the Waters, when they roughly flow:
And, like as Men, in time of ſhowring Rain
And Wind, do not in open Fields remain;
But quickly run for ſhelter to a Tree:
So *Ships* at Anchor lye upon the Sea.

A Storm upon the Seas, *compared to a* Rebellion.

THus the rough *Seas*, which boiſtrous *Winds* enrage,
Aſſault a *Ship*, and in fierce Warr engage:
Juſt like rude Multitudes, with Factions ſwell,
Caus'd by a Rankled Spleen, and ſo rebel
Againſt their Governour, thronging about
With hideous Noiſe, to throw his Power out:
And if their Power gets the upper hand,
Do make him ſink, and then in Triumph ſtand,
Foaming at Mouth, as if great Deeds th' had done;
When they were Multitudes, and he but One:
So Waves about a Ship do Foam and Fret,
And each doth ſtrive which ſhall the better get.
But *Wiſdom*, like skill'd *Mariners*, through wide
And gaping Jaws of Death, the Ship doth guide;
And brings it to a Haven ſafe, or home:
And thus it did through many Dangers come.

Man's

Man's Head *ſimilized to the* Globe *of the* World.

THE *Head* of Man, is like the *World*, made round;
And all the *Elements* are in it found.
The *Brain's* the Earth, from whence all Plants do ſpring;
And from the Womb it doth all Creatures bring.
Fore-head and *Noſe* are Hills which do riſe high,
And over-top the Dales that Level lye;
The *Hair* like *Trees*, which much in length do grow,
And like their Leaves which Wind wave to and fro;
Wit, like to ſeveral Creatures, wild doth run
On ſeveral Subjects, which each other ſhun;
The *Blood*, as Seas, doth through the Veins run round,
The *Sweat* as Springs, by which freſh Water's found;
As Winds, which from the Hollow Caves do blow,
So through the *Mouth* the winded Breath doth go;
The *Eyes* are like the Sun, and do give Light,
When Senſes are aſleep it is dark Night;
When after Sleep half Open are the *Eyes*,
'Tis dawning Light, when firſt the Sun doth riſe;
When they do Drowſie grow, then Sets the Sun:
And when the *Lids* are ſhut, it is quite gone;
When Heavy they're and Dull, like Miſt it ſeems,
Or a dark Cloud which hides the Sun's bright Beams,
Which ſhews, that there ſome Shower of Tears will fall
And moiſten th' Cheeks, as flowry Banks withall;

As

As twinkling *Starrs* ſhew in dark Clouds moſt clear;
So *Fancies* quick, do in the *Brain* appear.
Imaginations, like the *Orbs*, move round,
VVhereof ſome quick, others are ſlower found.
But ſolid Thoughts, like the *Twelve Signs* do prove,
And round the *Zodiack* of VViſdom move:
VVhere they as conſtantly in VViſdom run,
As in the *Line Ecliptick*, doth the Sun.
I to th' *Ecliptick Line*, the *Head* compare;
Illuſtrious *Wit*, unto the *Sun*'s bright Sphere.
The *Brain* I liken to the ſolid *Earth*,
From whence all VViſdom hath its Life and Birth.
And as the *Earth*, ſo is the *Head*'s round Ball;
For it is Crown'd with [a] *Orbs* Celeſtial.
And thus the *Head*, and *World*, as one agree:
For, *Nature* made the *Head*, a *World* to be.

[a] The *Five Senſes.*

The Head *of* Man *compared to a* Hive *of* Bees.

THE *Head* of *Man*, juſt like a *Hive* is made;
The *Brain* is like a *Comb* exactly laid:
VVhere every *Thought*, juſt like a *Bee*, doth dwell,
Each by it ſelf, within a parted Cell.
The *Soul* doth Govern all, as doth the *King*;
Employs each *Thought* upon each ſeveral thing.
And, like as *Bees*, ſwarm in the hotteſt weather,
Hanging in great and round Heaps all together;

As

As if they kept wiſe Counſels for their Lives;
For, when they flye away, they ſeek new *Hives*:
So *Men*, when they have any great Deſign,
Their Thoughts do gather, and in Heaps combine.
But, when they are reſolv'd, each one takes flight,
And ſtriveth which firſt on *Deſire* ſhall light.
And thus Thoughts meet, and flye about, till they,
For their Subſiſtence, can find out a way.
But Doubting Thoughts, like *Drones*, live on the reſt
Of Hoping Thoughts, which *Honey* bring to Neſt.
For like as *Bees*, by their Stings Induſtry,
Get *Honey*, which the ſtingleſs *Drones* live by:
So *Men*, without *Ambition*'s Stings, do live
Upon th' Induſtrious Stock their Fathers give.
And ſome do ſteal another *Poet's Wit*,
And dreſs it up in their own Language fit.
But *Fancy* into every *Garden* flyes,
And ſucks the *Flowers* ſweet, from *Lips* and *Eyes*.
Sometimes it lights on thoſe that are not Fair;
Like *Bees*, on *Herbs* that dry and wither'd are.
As pureſt *Honey*, on ſweet *Flowers* lies;
So fineſt *Fancies*, from young *Beauties* riſe.

The Prey of Thoughts.

IF *Thoughts* be the Mind's Creatures, as ſome ſay;
Then, like the reſt, they on each other prey.
Ambitious *Thoughts*, like to a *Hawk* flye high;
In Circles of Deſires, mount to the Sky:
And when a *Covy* of young *Hopes*, up ſprings,
They ſtrive to catch them with their ſwifteſt Wings.
Thus, as the *Hawk* on *Patridges* doth eat,
So Hopeful *Thoughts* are for *Ambition*'s Meat.
Thoughts of Self-love, do ſwim in Self-conceit;
Imaginary *Thoughts*, on Praiſes Bait:
Which Baits, the *Thoughts* of Pride do catch and eat,
Thinking it high and moſt delicious Meat.
Thoughts of Revenge, are like to Lyons ſtrong,
Which whet the *Appetite* with *Thoughts* of Wrong.
With Subtil *Thoughts*, they couch and leap for prey:
But Bloody *Thoughts* carry the Fleſh away.
The Spightful *Thoughts*, like Cats, which *Mice* do catch
At each corner of Imperfection's Watch.
When Spight perceives Detracting *Thoughts* do ſpeak,
It ſtraight leaps on, no other Meat doth ſeek.
Suſpicious *Thoughts*, like Hounds, do hunt about,
To find and eat the Hare of Timorous Doubt.
Obſerving *Thoughts* do ſmell which way to trace;
And Hateful *Thoughts* do follow cloſe the Chaſe.
But *Thoughts* of Patience, like to Dormice, live;
Eat little, Sleep them Nouriſhment doth give.

And

And when they feed, they *Thoughts* of *Sorrows* crack;
Which Nuts being hard, their Teeth againſt them knack.
The *Grateful Thoughts*, on *Thoughts* of *Thanks*, do feed;
And, by their Induſtry, like *Ants*, they ſpeed.
But *Thoughts* of *Love*, do live on ſeveral Meat
Of *Hopes* and *Fears*, and *Jealouſies* they eat:
For, like as *Bees* to ſeveral Flowers go,
Honey to ſuck; ſo *Thoughts* of *Lovers* do.

Fancies *ſimilized to* Gnats.

SOme *Fancies*, like ſmall *Gnats*, buz in the Brain,
And by the Hand of *Worldly Cares*, are ſlain:
But they do ſting ſo ſore, the *Poet's Head*,
His *Mind* is bliſter'd, and his *Thoughts* turn red.
Nought can take out this burning Heat, and Pain,
But *Pen* and *Ink*, to write on Paper plain.
Then take the *Oyl* of *Fame*, annoint the Mind,
And this to be a perfect Cure, you'l find.

Of a Spider's *Web.*

THE *Spider*'s Huſwifry, no *Webs* doth ſpin
To make her *Cloath*, but *Ropes* to hang *Flyes* in.
Her *Bowels* are the *Shop*, where *Flax* is found;
Her *Body* is the *Wheel* that goeth round.
Her *Diſtaff*, where ſhe ſticks the *Thread*, 's a *Wall*:
Her *Feet*, the *Fingers* are, ſhe pulls withall.

She's buſie at all times, not idle lyes;
An Houſe ſhe builds with Nets, to catch the *Flyes*:
Though it be not ſo ſtrong as Brick and Stone;
Yet ſtrong enough to bear leight Bodies on.
Within this Houſe, the Female *Spider* lyes,
The whilſt the Male doth hunt abroad for *Flyes*;
Ne're leaving till he *Flyes* gets in, which are
Intangled ſoon within his ſubtil Snare.
Like Treacherous *Hoſts*, which do much welcom make
Their Gueſts, yet watch how they their Lives may take.

A Compariſon between Gold, *and the* Sun.

I Am the pureſt of all *Nature's* Works;
No Droſs, nor ſluggiſh Moiſture, in me lurks.
I am within the Bowels of the Earth;
None knows of what, or whence I took my Birth.
And, as the *Sun*, I ſhine in Glory bright;
Only I want his Beams to make a Light.
And as the *Sun* is chief of *Planets* high;
So, on the Earth, the chiefeſt thing am I.
And as the *Sun* rules there as Lord and King;
So, on the Earth, I govern every thing.
And, as the *Sun* doth run about the World;
So I about, from Man to Man, am hurl'd.

Poets

Poets have moſt pleaſure in this Life.

NAture moſt Pleaſure doth to *Poets* give,
If Pleaſure in Variety doth live.
Each Senſe of theirs, by *Fancy* new, is fed;
Which *Fancy* in a Torrent *Brain* is bred:
Contrary 'tis to all that's born on Earth;
For *Fancy* is delighted moſt at's Birth.
What elſe is born, with Pain's accompani'd,
Has neither Beauty, Strength, nor Growth beſide.
But, *Fancies* need no time to make them grow;
The *Brain*'s like Gods, from whence all things do flow.

A *Garden* they've, which *Paradiſe* we call;
Forbidden Fruits, which tempt young Lovers all,
Grow on a Tree, which in the midſt doth ſtand,
Beauty on one, *Deſire* on th' other hand.
The *Devil*'s *Self-conceit*, who craftily
Doth take the *Serpent's* Shape of *Flattery*,
For to deceive the *Female Sex* thereby,
Which made is only of *Inconſtancy*.
The *Male*, high *Credence*, to the *Female Sex*
Yeelds fondly any thing which they do ask.
Two Rivers round this Garden run about,
The one is *Confidence*, the other *Doubt*.
And every Bank is ſet with *Fancy*'s Flowers;
Wit rains upon them fine refreſhing Showers.

Truth is the Lord and Owner of this place;
But *Ignorance*, this *Garden* out will raze.
Then from this place they to a Foreſt go,
VVhere many *Cedars* of high Knowledg grow.
Oaks of *ſtrong Judgment*, *Haſle-Wit*, which Tree
Bears *Nuts* full of *Conceits*, when crackt they be.
And ſmooth-tongu'd *Beech*, kind-hearted *Willows* bows
And yeelds to all that Honeſty allows.
There *Birds* of *Eloquence* do ſit and ſing,
Build *Neſts* of *Logick*, *Reaſons* forth to bring.
Some *Birds* of *Sophiſtry*, till Hatch'd, there lye;
VVing'd with falſe Principles, away they fly.
And here the *Poet Hawks*, *Hunts*, *Runs a Race*,
Until he weary grows; then leaves this place,
And goes a *Fiſhing* to a River's ſide,
VVhoſe *Water* clear, doth flow with *Fancy*'s Tide.
Angles with *Wit*, to catch the *Fiſh* of *Fame*,
To feed his *Mem'ry*, and preſerve his *Name*.
Ships of *Ambition* he builds, ſwift and ſtrong;
Sails of *Imaginations*, drive 'em along:
VVith *Winds* of ſeveral *Praiſes*, they fill'd full,
Swim on the *Salt Brain*'s *Sea*, round the *World*'s *Scull*.
The *Thoughts* are *Mariners*; which, that they may
'Scape *Ship-wracks* of *Diſlike*, work Night and Day.
Some *Ships* are caſt upon the *Sands* of *Spight*;
And *Rocks* of *Malice*, ſometimes, ſplit them quite.
But *Merchant-Poets*, whoſe *Ship-Maſter*'s Mind,
Do Compaſs take, ſome unknown Land to find.

The

The Head *of a* Man, *compared to a* Church.

THE *Head* of *Man*'s a *Church*, where *Reaſon*
Directs the Life, and every Thought it teaches:
Perſwades the Mind to live in Peace and Quiet,
And not in fruitleſs Contemplation's Riot:
For why, ſays *Reaſon*, you ſhall damned be
From all Content, for Curioſity;
To ſeek about for what you cannot find,
VVill be a Torment to a reſtleſs Mind.

The Mine *of* VVit.

TIS ſtrange, Men think ſo Vain, and ſeem ſo Sage,
And act ſo Fooliſh in this later Age:
Their *Brains* are always working ſome deſign;
VVhich Plots they dig, as *Miners* in a *Mine*.
Fancies are *Min'rals*; and the *Mine*, the *Head*:
Some *Gold*, ſome *Silver*, *Iron*, *Tin*, ſome *Lead*.
The *Furnace* which 'tis melted in, is great;
And *Motion* quick, doth give a glowing heat.
The *Mouth*'s the *Gutter*, where *Oars* run along:
The *Hammer*, which the Barrs do beat, the *Tongue*.
The *Ear*'s the *Forge*, to ſhape and form it out;
And ſeveral *Merchants* ſend it all about.
And as the *Metal*'s worth, the Price is ſet;
Scholars, which are the *Buyers*, moſt do get.

On

On *Gold* and *Silver*, which are *Fancies* fine,
Are *Poets* ſtamp'd, as Maſters of that *Coin*.
Hard *Iron* of ſtrong Judgment's fit for uſe,
In *Peace*, or *Warr*, to joyn up *Errors* looſe.
Though *Lead* is dull, yet of it there is made
Uſe by *Tranſlators*, which in *Language* Trade.
Tin is but weak, and of ſmall ſtrength we ſee;
Yet, joyn'd with *Silver Wits*, 't makes *Alchymy*:
For, Men *half-witted*, with *ſtrong Wits* joyn'd, grow
To be of uſe, and make a gliſtring ſhow.

The Concluſion *of this* Part.

GIVE me a *Wit*, whoſe *Fancy*'s not confin'd;
That buildeth on it ſelf, with no *Brain* join'd:
Not like two *Oxen*, yoak'd, and forc'd to draw;
Or like two *Witneſſes* t' one Deed in Law:
But, like the *Sun*, that needs no help to riſe;
Or like a *Bird* i' th' Air, which freely flies:
For, good *Wits* run like Parallels in length,
Need no Triang'lar Points to give them ſtrength.
Or like the *Sea*, which runneth round without,
And graſps the *Earth* with twining Arms about.
Thus True-born *VVits*, to others, Strength may give;
Yet by their Own, and not by Others live.

Thoſe

Thoſe *Verſes* ſtill to me do ſeem the beſt,
Where *Lines* run ſmooth, and *Wit*'s with eaſe expreſt:
Where *Fancies* flow, as gentle Waters glide;
And Flow'ry Banks of *Rhet'rick* on each ſide;
Which, with delight, the *Readers* do invite
To read again, wiſhing they could ſo write.
For *Verſes* ſhould, like to a Beauteous Face,
Both in the *Eye*, and in the *Heart* take place:
That *Readers* may, like *Lovers*, wiſh to be
Always in their dear *Miſtreſs* Company.

THE CLASP.

Phantaſm's Maſque.

THE Scene is Poetry.

The Stage is the Brain, whereon it is acted.

Firſt is preſented a Dumb Shew, as a young Lady in a Ship, ſwimming over the Scene, in various Weather. Afterwards this Ship comes back again, having a Commander of Warr as its Owner: in Various Weather, it being in great Diſtreſs, Jupiter *relieves it.*

Then appears Six Maſquers in ſeveral Dreſſes; as dreſt by Love, Valour, Honour, Youth, Age, Vanity: Vanity *ſignifies the World; and* Age, *Mortality.*

Then there are preſented in a Shew, the Nine Muſes, who Dance a Meaſure in Four and twenty[a] *Figures; and Nine Muſical Inſtruments, made of Gooſe-quills, playing ſeveral Tunes as they Dance.*

[a] Which are the Twenty four Letters of the *Alphabet.*

Then the *Chorus* ſpeaks.

The Bride and Bridegroom going to the Temple, Fancy *ſpeaks the* Prologue *to* Judgment, *as King:* Vanity *ſpeaks an* Epilogue *to the* Thoughts, *which are Spectators:* Honour *ſpeaks another.*

Fancy's

Fancy's Prologue *to* Judgment.

GReat King! we here preſent a *Maſque* at Night
To *Judgment*'s view, and for the *Mind*'s delight.
If it be Good, ſet Lights of *Praiſe* about:
If it be Bad, then put thoſe Torches out.

The Voyage of a Ship; *under which, the Fortune of a* Young Lady *is expreſt.*

A *Ship* of *Youth*, into th' *World's Sea* was ſent;
Ballanc'd with *Self-conceit*, and *Pride*, it went.
Large *Sails* there hung, of *high Ambition*,
To a tall *Maſt* of *Good Opinion*:
And on the *Waves* of *Plenty*, it did ride,
With *Winds* of *Praiſe*, and *Beauty's flowing Tide*:
Unto the *Land* of *Riches*, it was bound,
To ſee if *Golden Fame* might there be found.
And thus it ſwam in a ſweet *Calm* of *Peace*;
No boiſterous *Storm* of *Warr* did on it ſeize.
But when *Nineteen Degrees* it had but paſt,
Its Sight the *Land* of *Happineſs* had loſt:
For then, *Rebellious Clouds* all black did grow,
And Showrs of *Blood*, into theſe *Seas* did throw.
The *Vapours* of *ſad Sighs*, full thick did riſe,
From grief of *Hearts* which in the Bottom lies:
Fears, like unto the *Northern Winds*, blew high;
And *Starrs* of *Hopes*, were clouded in the *Skie*.

Down went the *Sun* of all *Proſperity*,
And reel'd i'th' troubled *Seas* of *Miſery*.
On *Sorrow's Billows*, high this *Ship* was toſt;
The *Card* of *Mirth*, and *Mark* of *Joy*, was loſt.
The *Point* of *Comfort*, could not be found out;
Her Sides did beat upon the *Sands* of *Doubt*.
Prudence was *Pilot*, and with much ado,
A *Haven* of Great *France* ſhe got into.
Glad was this *Ship*, of its ſafe *Harbour* there,
And then did ſwim up the River of *Loire*:
For on this River, it no *Tempeſt* fear'd,
But directly its courſe to *Paris* ſteer'd;
Where it ſome time intended to remain,
To mend this Torn and Tatter'd *Bark* again.
New *Sails* ſhe made, and all her *Tacklings* fit;
Trim'd her ſelf fine and gay, reſpect to get.
At laſt, a Noble *Lord* this *Ship* did buy,
Who was reſolv'd with it to live and dye.

Another Voyage *of the ſame* Ship.

THen this ſame *Ship* another *Voyage* went,
Ballanc'd it was with *Spice* of *ſweet Content*:
The *Maſt* was *Merit*, *Sails* of *Love* ty'd thereon;
Which *Sails*, by *Vertue's Zephyrus*, were blown.
On the great *Sea* of *Honour*, did it go;
Fame was the *Land* which it did Traffick to.
At laſt a *Storm* of *Poverty* did riſe,
And *Showers* of *Miſeries* fell from the *Skies*;

And

And *Thund'ring Creditors*, a Noiſe did make,
With *Threatning Bills*, as if the *ſhip* they'ld break:
Forc'd it towards the *Northern Pole*, where Cold
And Icy-wants, did of this *ſhip* take hold:
Until the *Sun* of *Charity* did melt
Thoſe *Icy-wants*, then *Liberty* it felt.
The *Oars* of *Honeſt Induſtry*, did Row;
And gentle *Gales* of *Friendſhip*, made it go.
But, when the *Storms* of *Dangers* all were paſt,
Upon the *Coaſt* of *Flanders* it was caſt.
But this *ſhip* was ſo totter'd, torn, and rent,
That none but Gods, its Ruine could prevent.

A Lady *Dreſs'd by* Love.

HER *Hair*, with *Lovers* Hopes, curl'd in long rings:
Her *Braids* hard plaited with his Proteſtings:
But often, with her *Lover*'s Damps of Doubts,
And windy Fears, theſe Curled Rings went out.
Strings round her *Neck*, of threaded Tears ſhe wore,
Which drop'd from th' *Lover*'s Eyes, his Image bore.
His Sighs, as *Pendants*, did hang at each Ear,
Which did much troubl' her, when they heavy were.
Her *Gown* was made of Admiration,
Embroideries of Praiſes plac'd thereon.
Ribbons hung, of Love-Verſes, here and there,
According as the ſeveral Fancies were.
With ſome ſhe ty'd her *Looking-glaſs* of Pride,
And *Fan* of Good Opinion, by her ſide.

Sometimes *Love* pleaſure took, a *Veil* to place
Of Glances, which did cover all her Face.

A Soldier *Armed by* Mars.

HIS *Head-piece* was of Prudence; where his Eye
Of Judgment, Dangers and Miſtakes did ſpy.
His *Breaſt-plate*, made of Courage, did keep out
Bullets of Fear, and Blows of timorous Doubt.
The *Gantlets* on his Hands, were active Skill,
Wherewith he held a *Pole-axe* of Good-will.
His *Sword* was ſtrong, and a ſtiff-metal Blade;
For it was all of pure bright *Honour* made.
A Scarf, which *Fortune* gave, his Waſt did tye,
Embroider'd thick with Scarrs of Purple Dye.
A Plume of Valour, on his *Head-piece* wav'd:
A Cloak of Merit, all his Body ſav'd.
His *Spurrs* Rowel'd with Hope, did pierce the ſide
Of ſtrong *Ambition*, whereon he did ride.
Thus was he arm'd, and for Great *Fame* did fight;
She was his Miſtreſs, he her Champion-Knight.

A Lady *Dreſs'd by* Youth.

HER *Hair* had Curls of Pleaſure and Delight,
Through which her *skin* did caſt a glim'ring light.
As Lace, her baſhful *Eye-lids* downwards hung;
A Modeſt[a] Count'nance o're her Face was flung.

[a] As a *Veil.*

Bluſhes

Bluſhes, as *Coral Beads* ſhe ſtrung, to wear
About her Neck, and *Pendants* for each Ear.
Her *Gown* was by Proportion cut and made,
With Veins embroider'd, with Complexion laid.
Light Words, with *Ribbons* of Chaſt Thoughts, ſhe ties;
And looſe Behaviour, which through Error flies.
Rich *Jewels* of bright Honour ſhe did wear,
By Noble Actions placed every where.
Thus dreſt, to *Fame*'s great Court ſtraightways ſhe (went,
There Danc'd a Ball with *Youth*, *Love*, *Mirth*, *Content*.

A Woman *Dreſs'd by* Age.

A Milk-white *Hair-lace*, wound up all her Hairs;
And a Deaf *Coif* did cover both her Ears.
A *ſober Look*, about her Face ſhe tyes,
And a *dim Sight* doth cover half her Eyes.
About her Neck, a *Kercher* of coarſe Skin,
Which *Time* had crumpled, and worn Creaſes in.
Her *Gown* was turn'd to Melancholy Black,
Which looſe did hang upon her Sides and Back.
Her *Stockings*, *Cramps* had knit, Red Worſted *Gout*;
And Pains, as *Garters*, ty'd her Legs about.
A pair of Palſie-*Gloves*, her Hands did cover,
With Weakneſs ſtitch'd, and Numbneſs trim'd all over.
Her *Shooes* were Corns, and hard Skin ſew'd together;
Hard Skin was Soles, and Corns the upper Leather.
A *Mantle* of Diſeaſes, laps her round;
And thus ſhe's dreſt, till Death her lays i' th' Ground.

Cho-

Chorus.

THus *Love*, and *Warr*, and *Age*, and *Youth* did meet
In *Scenes* of *Poetry*, and *Numbers* ſweet.
Warr took out *Love*, and *Age* did take out *Youth*,
And all did Dance upon the *Stage* of *Truth*.

The Bride's *Dreſs.*

A Crown of *Jewels* on her Head was put,
And every *Jewel* like a *Planet* cut:
The *Diamond*, *Carbuncle*, and *Saphyr*,
Ruby, *Topaz*, and *Emerald* was there.
Her *Face* was like the Sun, which ſhined bright;
And all thoſe *Jewels*, from her *Face* took Light.
A *Chain* of *Gold* was Link'd by *Deſtiny*;
VVhere, in each Link, a *Good Effect* did lye.
And as the *Zodiack* round the VVorld doth bind;
So did this *Chain* about her Body wind.
Silver Cloath, for her *Gown*, the *Fates* did ſpin;
And every Thread was twiſted hard therein.
Her *Hair* in Curls hung looſe, by *Cupid* blown;
Between which Curls, her *Shoulders* white were ſhown.
Youth ſtrew'd Green Ruſhes to the Temple Gate;
In *Beauty's* Chariot ſhe rid in great State.
VVith great *Applauſe*, her *Charioteer* drove on;
Eyes of *Delight*, as *Lackies*, by did run.

Then

Then to the *Altar*, this fair Bride was led,
By *bluſhing Modeſty*, in *Crimſon Red*;
And *Innocency*, dreſs'd in *Lilly-white*;
Hymen did bear the *Torch*, which burned bright.
Her *Train* was carried by the *Graces* Three,
As *Lovely Hope*, *Good Faith*, and *Charity*.

The Bridegroom's *Dreſs.*

THE *Bridegroom* was all Dreſs'd by *Honours* fine,
And was attended by the *Muſes Nine*:
Vertue ſtrew'd *Flow'rs* of *Diſpoſitions* ſweet,
In Honeſt ways, to walk on Gentle Feet.
A *Crown* of *Loyalty* was on his Head;
Both *Fortitude* and *Juſtice*, did him lead.
Over this *Crown*, a *Lawrel Fame* was ſet,
Which *Fortune* often ſtriv'd away to get.
And many *Bells* of ſeveral *Cenſures*, rung;
And all the *Streets* were with *Inquiry* hung.
He in a *Chariot* of *Good Deeds* did ride;
And many *Thankful Hearts* run by his ſide.
Thus *Bride*, and *Bridegroom*, to the *Temple* went,
Though *Envy* ſtrove, the *Marriage* to prevent.
Hymen did joyn their *Hands*, and their *Hearts* ty'd,
Not to diſſolve, until their *Bodies* dy'd.
The *Gods* did joyn their *Souls* in *Wedlock-Bands*:
In *Heaven's Record*, their Love for ever ſtands.

A Maſquer, *Dreſs'd by* Vanity.

THE *Perfum'd Powder*, in's long Curls of *Hair*,
Were like *Lime-Twigs*, to catch a *Maid* that's Fair.
His *Gliſt'ring Sute*, whoſe Seams, by *Pride*, were Lac'd,
Was made a *Bawd*, for to corrupt the *Chaſt*.
A *Cut-work Band*, which *Vanity* had wrought;
The Price by which his *Miſtreſs's* Love was bought.
Silk-Stockings, *Garters*, *Roſes* all of Gold,
Were *Bribes*, by which his *Miſtreſs's* Love did hold.
The ſeveral Colour'd *Ribbons* he did wear,
Were *Pages*, which to her did *Letters* bear.
Feathers, like *Sails*, did wave with every Wind;
Yet, by theſe *Sails*, he finds his *Miſtreſs* kind.
His *Flatt'ring Tongue*, perſwades a *Simple Maid*,
That all is *Truth*, when all is *Falſe* he ſaid.

Vanity's Epilogue *to the* Thoughts.

Nobleſt, You ſee how finely I am Dreſt;
Yet all is Counterfeit, that's here expreſt.
Vanity cheats you all, and doth take Pride,
For to allure you from fair *Virtue's* Side.

A Maſquer *Dreſs'd by* Honour *and* Time.

HIS *Hair* did white, like Silver Ribbons ſhow,
Knots of Experience were ty'd into.
His *Head* was cover'd all with *Wiſdom's Hat*;
Good Management, the *Hat-band*, was round that.
His *Garments* Looſe, yet Manly, did appear;
Though *Time* had crumpled them, no Spots were there.
His *Cloak*, made of a Free and Noble Mind,
Within with *Generoſity* was Lin'd.
And *Gloves* of *Bounty*, which his Hands did cover,
Were ſtitch'd with *Love*; with *Free Hearts* trim'd all over.
A *Sword* of *Valour*, hung cloſe by his ſide,
To cut off all baſe Fears, and haughty Pride.
His *Boots* were *Honeſty*, to Walk or Ride;
And *Spurrs* of *Good Deſires*, them firmly ty'd.
And thus both *Time* and *Honour* did their beſt:
Time gave him *Wit*; *Honour*, him finely dreſt.

Honour's *Epilogue.*

NOble Spectators, Pray learn this by me;
All things, by *Time* and *Honour*, perfect be.
Honour doth dreſs the *Mind* with Vertuous Weeds,
And is the Parent to all Noble Deeds.
Time doth the Body Dreſs, with *Youth* and *Age*;
And is Great *Nature's Chamber-Maid*, and *Page*.

If in [a] *Time*'s *Cabinet*, great Spoils you find,
The Fault is *Ignorance*, ſtupid and blind;
And *Careleſs*, which doth tumble all about,
Miſplacing all, and taking wrong things out.
But *Time*'s a Houſwife good, and takes much pain
To order all, as *Nature* did ordain.
On ſeveral Heaps, ſhe ſeveral Ages lays;
And what ſhe takes from *Life*, to *Death* ſhe pays.
But if Diſorder'd *Life* doth run in Debt,
Then *Death* his *Serjeants*, doth Diſeaſes ſet;
VVhich *Time* do cauſe to give a double Pay,
'Cauſe *Life* is ſpent ſo much before *Rent-day*.

[a] *Time*'s *Cabinet*, is *Opportunity*.

THE

The Fourth Part.

To the *Reader*, concerning *Fairies*.

Worthy Readers,

Wonder any ſhould Laugh, or think it Ridiculous to hear of Fairies, *and yet verily believe there are* Spirits; *which* Spirits, *can have no* Deſcription, *becauſe no* Dimenſion. *And ſo of* Witches, *which are ſaid to change themſelves into ſeveral* Forms, *and then to return into their firſt Form again, ordinarily; which is altogether againſt* Nature; *and yet laugh at the Report of* Fairies, *as impoſſible; which are only ſmall Bodies, not ſubject to our Senſe, although they be to our Reaſon: for,* Nature *can as well make Small Bodies, as Great; and Thin Bodies, as well Thick. We may as well think there is no Air, becauſe we do not ſee it; or believe there is no Air in an empty Barrel, or the like; becauſe when we*

put our Hands or Arms into the ſame, we do not feel it. And, Why ſhould not they get through Doors, or Walls, as well as Air doth, if their Bodies were as Thin? And if we can grant, there may be a Subſtance, *although not ſubject to our Senſe: then we muſt grant, that* Subſtance *muſt have ſome* Form; *and if ſome* Form, *Why not of Man, as well as of any thing elſe? And why may not Rational Souls live in a ſmall Body as well as in a Groſs, and in a Thin, as well in a Thick? Shall we ſay,* Dwarfs *have Leſs Souls, becauſe they have Leſs or Thinner Bodies? And if Rational Souls, why not Saving-ſouls? Wherefore, there is no Reaſon in Nature, but that there may not only be ſuch things as* Fairies, *but alſo as dear to God as we.*

UPON

UPON THE

THE AM

OF

LOVE.

O *LOVE*! How thou art tired out with *Rhime*!
Thou art a Tree, whereon all *POETS* Clime:
And from thy *Tender Branches*, every one
Doth take ſome *Fruit*, which *Fancy* feeds upon.
But, now thy *Tree* is left ſo Bare, and Poor,
That they can hardly gather one *Plumb* more.

The

The Brain *compared to the* Elyſium.

THE *Brain* is like the *Elyſian Fields*; for there
All Ghoſts and Spirits, in ſtrong Dreams appear.
In Gloomy Shades, do Sleepy *Lovers* walk;
And *Souls* do entertain themſelves with Talk.
And *Heroes*, their Great Actions do relate,
Telling both their *Good Fortune*, and *Sad Fate*;
What chanc'd to them, when they awake did live:
Their World, the Light, did Great *Apollo* give.
And what, in Life, they could a *Pleaſure* call;
Here, in theſe *Fields*, they paſs their time withall:
Where *Memory*, the *Ferry-man*, with him
Brings Company, which through the *Senſes* ſwim.
The *Boat*, *Imagination*, 's always full;
Which *Charon* roweth in the Region *Scull*:
In which, the Famous River *Styx* doth flow;
Wherein, who's dipt, ſtraight doth forgetful grow:
And this, *Elyſium Poets*, Happy call;
Where, as Great Gods, they do Regiſter all
The Souls of thoſe which they will chuſe for Bliſs;
And their ſweet Number'd *Verſe*, their Paſport is.
And thoſe that ſtrive this Happy Place to have,
Muſt go to Bed, and ſleep as in a Grave.
Yet, What a ſtir do *Poets* make, when they
By their Wit, *Mercury*, thoſe *Souls* convey?
But what, Cannot the God-head, *Wit*, create,
Whoſe *Fancies* are both *Deſtiny* and *Fate*?

Fame

Fame is the *Thread*, which, long or ſhort, they ſpin:
The *World*, as *Flax*, for th' *Diſtaff*, is brought in.
This *Diſtaff* ſpins fine *Canvas* of *Conceit*,
Wherein the *Senſe* is wove ev'n and ſtraight.
But if't in Knots and Snarls entangled be,
The *Thread* of *Fame* doth run unevenly.
Thoſe that care not to live in *Poets Verſe*,
Let them lye dead upon *Oblivion's Hearſe*.

A Deſcription of a Shepherd's, *and a* Shepherdeſſe's *Life.*

THE *Shepherdeſſes*, which great Flocks do keep,
Are dabled high with Dew following their Sheep;
Milking their *Ews*, their Hands doth dirty make;
For they, being wet, Dirt from their Duggs do take.
Through the *Sun's* Heat, their Skin doth yellow grow:
Their Eyes are red, Lips dry, with Winds that blow.
Their *Shepherds* ſit on tops of Mountains high,
And on their Feeding-Sheep do caſt an Eye;
Which to the Mount's ſteep ſides they, hanging, feed
On ſhort Moſs-graſs, not ſuffer'd to bear Seed.
Their Feet are ſmall, but ſtrong each Sinew's ſtring,
Which makes them faſt to Rocks & Mountains cling;
The while the *Shepherd's* Leggs hang dangling down,
He ſets his Breech upon the Hill's high Crown.
Like as a Tanned Hide, ſo is his Skin;
No Melting-Heat, or Numbing-Cold gets in.

And with a Voice that's harſh againſt his Throat,
He ſtrains to ſing, yet knows not any Note.
He, lazy, yawning lies upon his ſide,
Or on his back, and hath his Arms ſpread wide:
Or, Snorting ſleeps, and dreams of *Joan* his Maid,
Or of *Hobgoblins*; wakes, as being afraid.
Motion in his dull Brains doth Plow and Sow;
Not Plant and Set, as Skilful *Gard'ners* do.
Then takes his Knife, half broke, but ground agen,
And whittles Sticks, his Sheep-coat up to Pin;
Or cuts ſome Holes in Straw, to Pipe thereon
Some Amorous Tunes, which pleaſeth his Love *Joan*.
Thus *Ruſtick Clowns* are pleas'd to ſpend their times;
And not, as *Poets* feign, in Verſe and Rhimes:
Making great Kings and Princes, Paſtures keep;
And Beauteous Ladies follow Flocks of Sheep:
And dance 'bout *May-Poles* in a Ruſtick ſort,
When Ladies ſcorn to dance without a Court:
They would their *Lovers* hate, if they ſhould come
With *Leather-Jerkins*, *Breeches* made of *Thrum*;
And *Buskins* made of *Freeze*, that's Coarſe and Strong;
And Clouted Shooes, ty'd with a *Leather Thong*.
Thoſe that are Nicely Bred, *Fine Clothes* ſtill love:
A fair white Hand, doth hate a *Dirty Glove*.

The

The Allegory *of* Shepherds, *is too mean for* Noble Perſons.

TO cover Noble Lovers with the Weeds
Of Ragged *Shepherds*, too low thoughts it breeds.
Like as when Men make Gods to come below,
Takes off all Rev'rence and Reſpect we owe:
Then rather make Ladies fair *Nymphs* to be,
Who're cloth'd with Beauty, bred with Modeſty.
Whoſe Treſſes long, hang on their Shoulders white;
Which, when they move, do give the Gods delight.
Whoſe Quivers, Hearts of Men, which faſt are ty'd;
And Arrows of quick-flying Eyes beſide:
Buskins, which buckled cloſe with Plates of Gold;
With ſtrength, their Legs from baſe ways back do hold;
And make Men *Champion's* Knights, which *Honor* priſe,
Above the tempting of alluring Eyes;
Which ſeek to kill, or at the leaſt to bind
All Evil Paſſions in a wand'ring Mind;
And take thoſe Caſtles, kept by Scandals ſtrong,
That have by Errors been enchanted long.
Rout Monſtrous Vices, which do Vertues eat;
Theſe Lovers worthy are of Praiſes great.
So will high *Fame* aloud thoſe Praiſes ſing;
Cupid thoſe Lovers ſhall to *Hymen* bring.
At *Honour*'s Altar joyn both Hearts and Hands;
The Gods will ſeal their Matrimonial Bands.

The Houſe *of* Shame, *wherein* Diſhonour *Lives.*

Diſhonour in the *Houſe* of *Shame* doth dwell;
The VVay is broad and open, like the Hell:
The *Porter*'s he, whom *Baſeneſs* we do call;
And *Idleneſs* is *Uſher* of the Hall.
The *Houſe* with dark *Forgetfulneſs* is hung,
And round about, *Ingratitude* is flung.
Windows of *Boldneſs*, which out-face the Light:
The *Curtains* are *Diſſembling*, drawn with *Spight.*
Covetouſneſs hath Gilded all the *Roof*:
The *Weather-Cock*, *Inconſtancy*, doth move.
Inſtead of *Pillars*, *Obſtinacy* ſtands,
Carved with *Perjury*, by Cunning Hands.
And *Luſt* on *Beds* of *Luxury* doth lye;
The *Chamberlain*, that waits, is *Jealouſie.*
Gardens of *Riot*, where the *Wanton* walks;
Laſcivious Arbours, where *Obſceneneſs* talks.
The *Store-houſe*'s *Theft*, Ill-gotten Goods lye in:
A ſecret Door's bolted with a Falſe Pin.
The *Bake-houſe* doth Ill Conſciences make;
Falſe Hearts, as *Ovens* hot, them hard to bake.
The *Brew-houſe* yeelds Deſigns of wicked Brains,
VVith Corrupt Meaſures, and Deceitful Grains.
Drunk'neſs the *Cellar*; Stomacks for Barrels go;
Mouths are the Taps, whence *Spue*, for *Drink*, doth flow.

Kitchens

Kitchens of *Slander*, where Good Names are burn'd:
Spits of *Revenge*, on which Ill Deeds are turn'd.
The *Slaughter-houſe* of horrid *Murder*'s built:
A *Knife* of *Cruelty*, by which Blood's ſpilt.
The Matrimonial Bands, *Diſhonour* link
With *Infamy*, which is as black as Ink.

The Temple *of* Honour.

Honour's brave *Temple*'s built both high and wide,
Whoſe Walls are of clear Glaſs on every ſide:
Where Actions of all ſorts, are perfect ſeen;
Where Truth, the *Prieſt*, approves which *worthieſt* been:
Who on the *Altar* of the World, them lays,
And offers them with Sacrificing-Praiſe:
Which Offerings are ſo clean, and without Stain,
As *Honour*'s *God-head* cannot them diſdain.
As, Pious Tears, with Thoughts moſt Chaſt and Pure;
And Patient Minds, Afflictions to endure.
Wiſe Brains, which things bring to a good Effect;
And Helping-Hands, where Bribes are not ſuſpect.
A Tongue, which *Truth* in Eloquence doth dreſs;
And Lips, which worthy Praiſes do expreſs.
Eyes, that pry out, and ſpy Examples Good:
Feet, that in ways of Miſchief never ſtood.
Hair from thoſe Heads, that Shav'd for *Holy Vow*;
Which, as a *Witneſs*, Bleſſing Gods allow.
Breaſts, from which do proceed all Good Deſires,
And lock all Secrets up, if need requires.

And Hearts, from whence clear Springs of Love do riſe;
Where Loyal Courage in the bottom lies.
With Spleens, which never any Malice bore;
And Shoulders, which diſtreſſed Burdens wore.
And Humble Knees, that bow to Ruling-Powers;
And Hands of Bounty, which on Mis'ry ſhowrs.
Kings Crowns, which rule with Juſtice, Love, & Peace;
Whoſe Power ſerves from Slavery to releaſe.
Deep Speculations, which from Muſing grow;
And *Reaſon*'s Proof, and *Time*'s Experience ſhow.
Witty Inventions, which Men Profit bring:
Inſpired Verſe, *Poets* to the *Gods* ſing.
White Innocence, as Virgins Girdles, wear;
Which *Hymen* only from their Waſt doth tear.
And *Hymen*'s Torches, which burn bright and clear,
Shew Jealouſie and Falſhood, ne're come near.
Garlands of Laurel, which keep ever green;
And for the beſt of *Poets*, Crowns have been.
The Olive-branch, which is th' Emblem of Peace,
Is offer'd there, for the World's good Encreaſe.
Mirtle is laid for Lovers that are true;
And for Misfortunes, is the bitter *Rue*.
Sighs, which from deep Compaſſion do flow out;
And Faith, which never knew to make a Doubt.
Theſe offer'd all, with grateful Hearts, in ranks,
Were ſprinkled with the pure Eſſence of Thanks.
Of Pen'tent Tears was th' Holy-water made;
Love's flaming Fire was on the Altar laid.

The Prieſts, which all the Ceremonies there
Did execute, the Four chief Vertues were.
Theſe in Proceſſion, Honour high did raiſe;
And, with their *Anthems*, ſweetly ſung her Praiſe.

FAME.

Fame on her nimble Wings doth Actions bear,
Which flye about, and carry 'em every where.
Some time ſhe over-loaden is with all,
And then ſome down into Oblivion fall.
But, thoſe that will to *Fame's* high Temple go,
Muſt firſt Great *Honour's* Temple quite paſs through.

The Temple of Fame.

THis *Temple* is divided in two parts;
Some open lye, others are hid, as Hearts.
Some Light as Day, others as Dark as Night,
By *Time's* Obſcurity worn out of ſight.
The outward Rooms are glorious to the Eye;
In which, *Fame's* Image placed is on High;
And all the Windows are Triangulars Cut,
Where One Face into Millions is put.
Its Form is Square, and like a Cube doth ſhow,
Which how to doubl', is hard for Men to know.
Echoes therein, do, like as Balls, rebound;
From every corner making a great Sound.

The

The Walls are hung with *Chapters* all of *Gold*;
In Letters great, all actions there are told.
The *Temple-Door* is of *Proſpective-Glaſs*,
Through which a ſmall Beam of our Eye can paſs:
And this makes *Truth* ſo difficult to know,
As a New World in the bright Moon to ſhow.
The Steepl' and Pillars, are of *Gooſe-quills* built,
And Plaiſter'd over with white Paper gilt.
The Painting is with *Ink* as black as *Jet*,
In ſeveral Works and Figures, like a Net.
The Steeple's high, and yet not very light;
But, as an Evening, is 'twixt Day and Night.
Five *Tongues*, like *Bells*, through all the world do ring,
And, to each ſeveral Ear, much News do bring.
Philoſophers, their Tongue ſounds grave and deep:
Th' *Hiſtorian*'s Tongue, no better Sound doth keep.
Th' *Orator*'s Tongue doth make great Noiſe: the Sound
Of *Criticks* harſh, as full of Flaws is found.
The *Poet*'s Tongue is a ſmall Bell, which oft (ſoft.
Doth change, whoſe Motion's quick, ſmooth, ev'n, and
The *Ropes*, they hang by, one cannot well ſee;
For they are long ſmall Threads of *Vain-glory*.
And when they ring, they make a fine ſweet Chime,
Eſpecially when *Poets* Tongues do Rhime.
The *Belfrey-man*'s a *PRINTER*, by his Skill;
VVho, if he pleaſes, may Ring when he will.
VVhen *Prieſts* to *Mattens*, or to *Veſpers*, go,
To the High *Altar* they bow very low.

This

This Altar, where they offer unto *Fame*,
Is made of Arms, Brains, Hearts, without a blame;
On which lies Wiſdom, Wit, Strength, Courage, Love,
As Sacrifices to Great *Fame* above.
Vertues, Arts, Sciences, as *Prieſts*, here ſtand;
But *Fortune*, *Prioreſs*, doth all command.
Incenſe of Noble Deeds, to *Fame* ſhe ſends;
Nothing is offer'd, but what ſhe commends.
For, *Fortune* brings more into *Fame*'s High Court,
Than all the Vertues with their great Reſort.

Fame's Library *within the* Temple.

IN *Fame*'s great *Library* are Records plac'd;
What Act's not there, into *Oblivion*'s caſt.
There ſtand the Shelves of *Time*, where Books do lye;
Which Books are ty'd by Chains of *Deſtiny*.
The Maſter of this place, they *Favour* call,
Where *Care*, the Door-keeper, doth lock up all;
Yet not ſo faſt, but *Brib'ry* in doth ſteal;
Cozenage, *Partiality*; and *Truth*, not reveal:
For *Brib'ry* doth through all the World take place;
And *Offrings*, as a *Bribe*, in Heaven find Grace.
Then let not Men diſdain, a *Bribe* to take,
Since Gods do Bleſſings give for a *Bribe*'s ſake.

The Fairy *Queen's Kingdom.*

THE *Fairy* Queen's large Kingdom got by birth,
Is in the Midſt and Center of the Earth:
Where there are many Springs, and running Streams,
*W*hoſe VVaves do gliſter by the *Queen's* bright beams;
VVhich makes them murmur as they paſs away,
Becauſe by running round, they cannot ſtay.
But they do ever move, and like the Sun,
Do conſtantly in Circulation run.
*A*nd as the Sun gives Heat, to make things ſpring,
So *W*ater doth give Moiſture t'every thing:
For, theſe two Elements give Life to all,
Creating every thing on th'Earth's round Ball.
*A*nd all along, this Liquid Source doth flow,
Stand *Mirtle* Trees, and Banks where Flowers grow.
'Tis true, there are no Birds to ſing ſweet Notes;
Yet *Winds* do whiſtl', as *Birds* do with their Throats
*W*hoſe Sounds and Notes, by variation, oft
Make better Muſick than the Spheres aloft.
Nor is ther any *B*eaſt of cruel Nature,
*B*ut a ſlow crawling *Worm*, a gentle Creature;
*W*ho fears no hungry *Bird* to pick him out,
*B*ut ſafely graſps the tender Twigs about.
There Mountains are of pure Refined Gold,
*A*nd Rocks of Diamonds perfect to behold;
*W*hoſe brightneſs is a Sun to all about,
*W*hich Glory makes *Apollo's* beams keep out.

Quarries

Quarrels of *Rubies*, *Saphyrs* there are ſtore,
Cryſtals, and *Amethiſts*, and many more:
There poliſh'd Pillars nat'rally appear,
Where twining *Vines* are Cluſter'd all the year.
The *Axel-Tree*, whereon the Earth turns round,
Is one great *Diamond*, by Opinion found:
And the two Ends, which we do call the *Poles*,
Are pointed *Diamonds*, turning in two Holes;
Which Holes are Rings of pure Refined Gold,
And all the Weight of that vaſt World up-hold:
Which makes the *Sun* ſo ſeldom there appear,
For fear thoſe Rings ſhould melt, if he came near.
And, like a *Wheel*, the Elements are found,
In even Lays, and many turnings round.
Firſt, Fire is in the Circle, as the *Spoak*:
And then comes Water; Air is but the Smoak
Begot of both: for Fire doth VVater boyl,
And cauſes Clouds and Smoak, which is the Oyl.
This Smoaky Child ſometimes is Good, then Bad,
According to the Nouriſhment it had.
The outward Circle, as the Earth, ſuppoſe;
VVhich is the Surface, where all Plenty grows:
Yet, Earth is not the cauſe of its ſelf-turning;
But Fire within: nor is there fear of burning
The *Axel-Tree*; for that grows hard with heat,
And by its quickneſs, turns the *Wheel*, though great;
Unleſs its outward weight do preſs it down,
Raiſing the Bott'm, and bowing down the Crown.

But why, this while am I ſo long of proving,
Only to ſhew how this Earth ſtill is moving:
For not the Earth, but Heav'ns, as Wheels, likewiſe,
Do turn, which we ſee daily with our Eyes:
Thus is made good the *Proverb*, which doth ſay,
That all the World on Wheels doth run its way.
And by this Turn, ſuch Blaſts of Wind do blow,
As we may think, they do like *Wind-mills* go.
But, Winds are made by *Vulcan*'s Bellows, ſure;
Which makes the Earth ſuch *Cholicks* to endure.
For he, a *Smith*, ſits at the Forge below,
And is ordain'd, the *Center-fire* to blow.
But *Venus* laughs, to think what Horns he wears,
Though on his Shoulders, half the Earth he bears.
Nature makes him to Hammer Metal out,
Which ſhe doth ſend, through Mines, the World about:
For He's th' Old Man, that doth i'th' Center dwell;
She *Proſerpine*, that's thought the Queen of Hell.
Thus *Venus* is a *Tinker*'s Wife, we ſee;
Not a *Goddeſs*, as ſhe was thought to be:
When all the World to her did Off'rings bring,
And her high Praiſe, in Proſe and Verſes ſing;
And Prieſts, in Orders, on her Altars tend,
And to her Image all Wiſe Heads did bend.
But, O Vain ways, that Mortal men did go,
To worſhip Gods which themſelves did not know!
'Tis true, her Son's a pretty Lad; and he
Doth wait, as Foot-boy, on Queen *Mab*; whom ſhe

Makes

Makes to enkindle Fires, and ſet up Lights,
And keep the Door for all the Carpet-Knights:
For, when the Queen is gone to bed, aſleep,
Then a great Revel-rout, the Court doth keep.
Yet, heretofore, Men did ſo ſtrive to prove,
That *Cupid* was the only *God* of *Love*:
But if Men could but to the Center go,
They ſoon would ſee, that it were nothing ſo.
Here *Nature* Nurſes, and doth ſend, in ſeaſon,
All things abroad, as ſhe her ſelf thinks reaſon:
When ſhe Commands, all things do her Obey;
And, by her Counter-mand, ſome things do ſtay.
For ſhe ſtays Life, by Druggs well us'd, beſide,
By Healing-Balms, to deadly Wounds apply'd.
There *Mab* is Queen of all, by *Nature's* will;
And, by her Favour, ſhe doth Govern ſtill.
O happy *Mab*, that is in *Nature's* Grace!
For, ſhe is always young, being in this place.
But, leaving her, let's go and ſee the Sport
That's acted in the Queen of *Fairy's* Court.

The Paſtime *and* Recreation *of the* Queen *of* Fairies *in* Fairy-Land, *the* Center *of the* Earth.

QUEEN *Mab*, and all her Company,
Dance on a pleaſant *Mole-hill* high,
To ſmall Straw-Pipes, wherein great Pleaſure
They take, and keep juſt Time and Meaſure.

All Hand in Hand; around, around,
They Dance upon this *Fairy-ground.*
And when ſhe leaves her Dancing-Ball,
She doth for her Attendants call,
To wait upon Her to a Bower,
Where ſhe doth ſit under a Flower,
To ſhade her from the Moon-ſhine bright,
Where *Gnats* do ſing for her Delight;
Some High, ſome Low, ſome Middle ſtrain,
Making a Conſort very plain:
The whilſt the *Batt* doth flye about,
To keep in order all the Rout;
And with her Wings doth ſoundly pay
Thoſe that make Noiſe, and not Obey.
A Dewy waving Leaf's made fit
For the *Queen's Bathe*, where ſhe doth ſit,
And her white Limbs in Beauty ſhew,
Like a new-fallen Flake of Snow.
Her Maids do put her Garments on,
Made of the pure Light from the Sun;
Which do ſo many Colours take,
As various Objects Shadows make.
Then to her Dinner ſhe goes ſtraight,
Where all *Fairies* in order wait.
A Cover, of a *Cob-web* made,
Is there upon a *Muſhroom* laid.
Her Stool is of a *Thiſtle*-down;
And for her Cup, an *Acorn*'s Crown:

Which

Which of ſtrong *Nectar*, full is fill'd,
That from ſweet Flowers is diſtill'd.
Flyes of all ſorts, both Fat and Good,
As Quails, *Snipes*, *Patridg*, are her Food.
Pheaſants, *Larks*, *Cocks*, and any Kind,
Both Wild and Tame, you there may find:
And *Amelets* made of *Ants* Eggs new;
Of theſe high Meats ſhe eats but few.
The *Dormouſe* yeelds her Milk good ſtore,
For Butter, Cheeſe, and many more.
This Milk makes many a fine Knack,
When they freſh *Ants* Eggs therein crack.
Pudding, and Cuſtard, and Seed-Cake,
Her well-skill'd Cook knows how to make.
To ſweeten them, the *Bee* doth bring
Pure Honey, gather'd by her Sting.
But for her Guard, ſerve groſſer Meat;
Of Stall-fed *Dormice* they do eat.
When Din'd, ſhe goes to take the Air
In Coach, which is a Nut-ſhell fair:
The Lining's Soft and Rich within,
Made of a gliſtering *Adder*'s Skin;
And there ſix *Crickets* draw her faſt,
When ſhe a Journey takes in haſt:
Or elſe two ſerve to pace a Round,
And trample on the *Fairy-Ground*.
In *Hawks*, ſometimes, ſhe takes delight;
Which *Hornets* are, moſt ſwift in flight:

Whoſe

Whoſe Horns, inſtead of Talons, will
A *Flye*, as *Hawks* a *Patridg*, kill.
But if ſhe will a Hunting go,
Then ſhe the *Lizzard*, makes the *Doe*;
Which is ſo ſwift and fleet in Chaſe,
As her ſlow Coach cannot keep pace.
Then on a *Graſhopper* ſhe'l ride,
And gallop in the Foreſt wide.
Her Bow is of a *Willow* Branch,
To ſhoot the *Lizzard* on the Haunch.
Her Arrow ſharp, much like a Blade,
Of a *Roſemary* Leaf is made.
Then home ſhe's called by the *Cock*,
Who gives her warning what's the Clock.
And when the Moon doth hide her Head,
Their Day is done, ſhe goes to bed.
Meteors do ſerve, when they are bright,
As *Torches* do, to give her light.
Glow-worms, for *Candles*, lighted up,
Stand on her Tabl', while ſhe doth Sup:
And in her Chamber they are plac'd,
Not fearing how the Tallow waſt.
But *Women*, that Inconſtant Kind,
Can ne're fix in one place their Mind:
For ſhe, impatient of long ſtay,
Drives to the Upper-Earth away.

The Paſtime of the Queen of Fairies, *when ſhe comes upon the Earth, out of the* Center.

THis Lovely, Sweet, and Beauteous *Fairy-Queen*,
Begins to riſe, when *Heſperus* is ſeen:
For ſhe is kin unto the God of Night,
Unto *Diana*, and the Starrs ſo bright:
And ſo to all the reſt, in ſome degrees,
Yet not ſo near relation, as to theſe.
As for *Apollo*, ſhe diſclaims him quite;
And ſwears, ſhe ne're will come within his Light:
For, they fell out about ſome Fooliſh Toy;
Where, ever ſince, in him ſhe takes no joy.
She ſays, He always doth more harm than good,
If but his Malice were well underſtood:
For, he brings Dearths, by parching up the Ground
And ſucks up Water, that none can be found.
He makes poor Men, in *Fev'riſh* Plagues to lye;
His Arrows hot, make Men and Beaſts to dye:
So that, to him, ſhe never will come near,
But hates to ſee, when as his Beams appear:
This makes the *Cock* give notice, as they ſay,
That when he riſes, ſhe may go her way:
And makes the *Owl* her Favourite to be,
Becauſe *Apollo*'s Face ſhe hates to ſee:
For *Owls* do ſleep all day; and, in the Night,
They ſhout and hollow, that th'are out of Sight.

And ſo the *Glow-worm* all day hides his head,
But lights his Taper-tail, when he's a-bed,
To wait upon the faireſt *Fairy-Queen*,
Whilſt ſhe is ſporting on the Meadow-Green.
Her Paſtime only is, when ſhe's on Earth,
To pinch the Sluts, which make *Hobgoblin* mirth:
Or changes Children, while the Nurſes ſleep,
Making the Father Rich, whoſe Child they keep:
This *Hobgoblin*'s the Queen of *Fairies* Fool,
Turning himſelf to Horſe, Cow, Tree, or Stool;
Or any thing to croſs by harmleſs play,
As to lead Travellers out of their way;
To kick down Milk-Pails, cauſe Curds not to turn
To cheeſe; or hinder Butter in the Churn:
Which makes the *Farmer*'s Wife to ſcold and fret,
That ſhe can neither Cheeſe nor Butter get.
And then he doth hold up, as they do ſay,
Hens Rumps, leſt they their Eggs too faſt ſhould lay.
The good Wife, ſad, ſquats down upon a Stool,
Not at all thinking it was *Hob* the Fool;
And frowning ſits: then *Hob* gives her a ſlip,
And down ſhe falls; whereby ſhe hurts her Hip.
Thus, many Pranks doth *Hob* play on our Stage,
With *Tom Thumb*, his Companion, the Queen's Page:
Who doth like piece of Fat in Pudding lye,
And almoſt choaks the Eater, going awry:
And when he's down the Guts, he Wind blows out,
Putting the Standers by into a Rout:

And

And ſhames the Eater, with a foul diſgrace,
That never after he dare ſhew his Face.
Beſides, in many places puts himſelf
In Bags and Budgets, as a little *Elf*:
To make his Bearers ſtart away with fear,
To think that any things alive be there.
In this, the Queen of *Fairies* takes delight,
In Summer's Even, and in *W*inters Night.
And when that ſhe is weary of theſe Plays,
She takes her Coach, and doth go on her ways,
Unto her *Paradiſe*, the Center deep,
Where ſhe the Store-houſe doth, of *Nature*, keep.

The Palace *of the* Fairy-Queen.

THE *Palace* of the *Queen*, wherein ſhe dwells,
Its *Fabrick* built all of *Hodmandod* Shells.
The Hangings, of a *Rain-bow* made, that's thin,
Shew wondrous fine, when one firſt enters in.
The Chambers made of *Amber* that is clear,
Do give a fine ſweet ſmell, if Fire be near.
Her Bed, a *Cherry-ſtone*, is carv'd throughout;
And with a *Butter-fly*'s *W*ing hung about.
Her Sheets are of the Skin of *Dove's* Eyes made;
*V*Vhere, on a *Violet Bud*, her Pillow's laid.
The Doors are cut all of *Tranſparent Glaſs*,
*V*Vhere the *Queen* may be ſeen, when ſhe doth paſs.
Theſe Doors are lock'd up faſt with *Silver Pins*;
And when ſhe goes to ſleep, our Day begins.

Her Time in Pleaſure ſhe doth paſs away,
And will do ſo, until the World's laſt day.

The Windy-Giants.

THE Four chief *Winds*, are *Giants* high in length,
And as broad ſet, and wondrous great in ſtrength.
Their Heads are more (as it doth clear appear)
Then all the Months or Seaſons of the Year.
Nay, ſome ſay, more than all the Days and Nights;
And ſome, th' are Numberleſs, and Infinite.
The firſt Four Heads are largeſt of them all:
The Twelve are next; the Thirty two, but ſmall.
The reſt ſo Little, and their Breath ſo weak;
Their Mouths ſo narrow, that they hardly ſpeak.
Theſe *Giants* are ſo Luſtful, and ſo Wild,
As they, by Force, do get the Earth with Child;
Whereof her Belly ſwells, and big doth grow,
Until her time to which ſhe hath to go:
Which being near, ſhe doth ſo groan and ſhake,
Till ſhe be brought to bed of an *Earth-quake*.
This Child of *Wind* doth ruine all it meets,
Rents Rocks and Mountains, like to Paper-ſheets.
It ſwallows Cities, and the Heav'ns doth tear;
It threatens *Jove*, and makes the Gods to fear.
The *North-wind*'s cold; his *Nerves* are dry and ſtrong;
He pulls up Oaks, and lays them all along.
In Icy-Fetters, he binds Rivers faſt;
And doth impriſon Fiſh in th' Ocean vaſt:

Ploughs

Ploughs up the Seas; and Hail, for Seed, in flings;
Whence Crops of Overflows, the Tide in brings.
He drives the Clouds in Troops, and makes them run;
And blows, as if he would put out the Sun.
The *Southern-wind*, who is as fierce as he,
And to the Sun, as great an Enemy;
Doth raiſe an Army of thick Clouds and Miſts,
With which he thinks to do juſt as he liſts;
Flinging up Waters to quench out his Light;
And, in his Face, black Clouds to hide his ſight.
But, the bright Sun cannot endure this Scorn,
But doth them all in Showrs of Rain return.
The *Weſtern-wind*, without ambitious ends,
Doth what he can, to joyn and make them Friends:
For, he is of a Nature Sweet and Mild,
And not ſo Head-ſtrong, Cruel, Rough, and Wild:
He's Soft to touch, and Pleaſant to the Ear;
His Voice ſounds ſweet, and ſmall, and very clear;
And makes hot Love to young freſh Buds that ſpring;
They give him *Sweets*, wch he through th'Air doth fling:
Not through Diſlike, but for to make them known,
As Pictures are for beauteous Faces ſhown.
But O! the *Eaſtern-wind*, he's full of Spight,
Diſeaſes brings, which cruelly do bite:
Kills *Buds*, and *Corn*, as in the Blade it ſtands;
To Sheep, the Rot; to Men, the Plague he ſends.
Nay, he's of ſuch Ill nature, that he would
Deſtroy the World with Poyſon, if he could.

Of the Witches *in* Lapland, *that make* Winds.

LApland! this is the place where Winds (as ſome
Believe) from *Witches*, not from *Caves* do come.
For, they do draw the Air into high Hills,
And beat it out again, by certain Mills:
Then Sack it up, and ſell it out for Gain
To *Mariners*, which Traffick on the Main.

Of the Sun *and the* Earth.

THE Sweat of th' *Earth*, through *porous Holes* doth (paſs,
And is the Dew that lies upon the Graſs:
Which (like a *Lover* kind) the *Sun* wipes clean,
That her fair Face may to the Light be ſeen.
This Water, for her ſake, he ſo eſteems,
That all the Drops upon his Silver-beams,
He threads, like Ropes of Pearls, which to his Sphere
He draws, and turns to Cryſtal, when they're there.
Yet what he gathers, he cannot keep all;
But, of thoſe drops, ſome down again do fall.
And then, when they upon her Head do run,
He clouds his Brows, as if he Ill had done.
For *Lovers* think, they always do amiſs;
Although this Water her Refreſhment is:
When ſhe, by Sweat, exhauſted grows, and dry,
Then doth the *Sun*, moiſt Clouds ſqueeze in the Sky:

Or

Or elſe he takes ſome of his ſharpeſt Beams, (ſtreams,
And breaks the Clouds, from whence pour Cryſtal
And then th' Earth drinks too much, yet never reels,
Nor dizzy grows, although ſhe Sickneſs feels.

Of a Garden.

THE *Garden*, which ſome *Paradiſe* do call,
Is plac'd juſt under th' *Equinoctial*:
Echoes there are moſt Artificial made,
And cooling *Grottoes*, from the Heat to ſhade.
The *Azure* Sky is always bright and clear;
No groſs thick Vapours, in the Clouds appear.
There many Starrs do comfort the ſad Night;
The fix'd do twinkl', and with the reſt give light.
No Noiſe is heard, but what the Ear delights:
No Fruits are there, but what the Taſt invites.
Bruis'd Flowers, through the Noſe, fume to the Brain;
And Honey-Dew doth fall like Showrs of Rain.
Various Colours, by *Nature* intermixt,
Divert the Eyes ſo, as none can be fixt.
Here *Atoms* ſmall, on Sun-beams dance all day,
Whilſt the ſweet *Zephyrus* on th' Air doth play:
Which Muſick, from *Apollo*, bears the praiſe;
And *Orpheus*, at its Sound, his Harp down lays.
Apollo yeelds, and not contends with Spight,
Preſenting *Zephyrus* with Twelve hours Light.
The *Night*, though ſad, in quiet Pleaſure takes,
Liſtning, with ſilence, when he Muſick makes.

And

And when the Day doth come, ſhe's grieved ſo,
That ſhe cannot hear *Zeph'rus* longer blow.
And with her Mantle black, her ſelf inſhrouds,
Which is embroider'd all of Starrs in Clouds.
Fine intermixing Walks there are, of Pleaſure;
Of Graſs, and Sand; broad, ſhort, and of all meaſure.
Some ſhaded for a Lover's Muſing-thought,
When his Mind is with *Love*'s Idea fraught.
The Walks all firm and hard, as Marble are;
Yet, ſoft as Down, by Graſs that groweth there:
Where *Daiſies* grow, as *Muſhrooms*, in a Night;
Mixt Yellow, White, and Green, to pleaſe the Sight:
When it begins to dawn, thoſe *Daiſie's* Heads,
The Dew, with little Drops, all over-ſpreads:
As thick as Starrs are placed in the Sky;
So *Daiſies*, on the Earth, as cloſe do lye.
Here *Emerauld* Banks are, whence fine Flowers ſpring,
Whoſe Scents and Colours, various Pleaſures bring.
Prim-roſes, *Cowſlips*, *Violets*, *Daffadillies*;
Roſes, and *Honey-ſuckles*, and white *Lillies*:
Wall-flowers, *Pinks*, and *Mary-golds* beſide,
Grow on the Banks, enrich'd with *Nature's* Pride.
On other Banks, grow *Simples*, which are good
For *Med'cines*, well apply'd, and underſtood.
There *Trees* do grow, which proper are, and tall;
Whoſe Barks are ſmooth, and Bodies ſound withall:
Whoſe ſpreading-tops are full, and ever green,
As *Nazarites* Heads, where Raſors have not been:

And

And Curled Leaves, which bowing branches bear,
By Warmth are fed; for *Winter* ne're comes there.
There Fruits ſo pleaſing to the Taſt do grow,
That with Delight, the Senſe they overflow:
And Arched Arbours, where ſweet *Birds* do ſing,
Whoſe Hollow Roofs do make each *Echo* ring.
Proſpects, which Trees and Clouds, by mixing, ſhow
Joyn'd, by the Eye; one perfect Piece do grow.
Here Fountains are, where drilling-drops down run,
Which twinkle as the Starrs, or as the Sun:
And through each ſeveral Spout, ſuch Noiſe they make,
As *Birds* i' th' *Spring*, when they their pleaſure take.
Some Chirping *Sparrow*, and the Singing *Lark*,
Or Quavering *Nightingale*, in Evening dark.
The Whiſtling *Black-Bird*, with the pleaſant *Thruſh*,
Linnet, *Bull-finch*, which ſing in every *Buſh*.
No Weeds are here, nor wither'd Leaves and dry,
But ever green and pleaſant to the Eye.
No Froſt to nip the tender *Buds* i' th' birth;
Nor Winter-Snow to fall on this ſweet Earth.
The beauty of the *Spring* here ne're doth waſt,
Becauſe 'tis juſt under the *Æquator* plac't.
The Day and Night, by turns, keep equal Watch,
That Thieviſh *Time* ſhould nothing from them catch.
And every *Muſe* a ſeveral Walk enjoys:
The *Sad* delights in Shades; the *Light* employs
Her time in Sports; *Satyrs* in Corners lurk;
And, as their *Gard'ners*, with great pains do work:

They Cut, Graft, Set, and Sow, all with much Skill;
And gather Fruits and Flow'rs when th' *Muſes* will.
And *Nymphs*, as Hand-maids, their attendance give:
For which, by *Fame*, the *Muſes* make them live.

Of an Oak *in a* Grove.

A Shady *Grove*, where Trees in equal ſpace
Did grow, ſeem'd like a Conſecrated place: (in,
Through ſpreading Boughs, the quivering Light broke
Much like to Glaſs, or Cryſtal, ſhiver'd thin;
Which, when it is on a green Carpet ſtrew'd,
So, in this Wood, the Light all broken ſhew'd.
Yet this diſturbed Light, the *Grove* did grace,
As Sadneſs doth a Fair and Beauteous Face:
And, in the midſt, an ancient *Oak* ſtood there,
Which, heretofore, did many [a] Offerings bear:
Whoſe Branches all were hung with Reliques round,
To ſhew, how many Men the Gods made ſound.
And for Reward, *Long Life* the Gods did give
Unto this *Oak*, that he ſhould aged live.
His younger years, when *Acorns* he did bear,
No *Dandriff*, *Moſs*; but all *green Leaves* grew there;
W^ch curl'd hung down his *ſhoulders*, broad they ſpread;
His *Crown* was thick, and Buſhy was his *Head.*
His Stature, Tall; Full-breaſted, Broad, and Big;
His Body Round, and Straight was every Twig:
But *Youth* and *Beauty*, which are Shadows thin,
Do fade away, as if they ne're had been.

[a] It was a Cuſtom in Ancient times, to hang their Offeringson Trees.

For

For all his Leaves, and ſmooth moiſt Rine was gone;
And he himſelf, with Time, all Bald was grown:
Whereas, before, his Arms fought with the Wind;
And his Bark did, like Skin, his Body bind:
Where he could firm in all the Seaſons ſtand;
*A*nd, 'gainſt all bluſt'ring Storms, his Face did bend.
He now, by *Age*, ſo feebl' and weak doth grow,
That every Blaſt is apt him down to throw.
His Branches all are ſear'd, his Bark grown gray;
Moſt of his Rine, with Time, is peel'd away.
The Liquid Sap, which from the Root did ſpring,
*A*nd to each thirſty Bough, its Food did bring,
Is all drunk up, there is no Moiſture left;
The Root is rotten, and the Body cleft.
Thus Time doth ruin, and brings all to decay;
Though, to the Gods, we ſtill devoutly pray:
For, this Old *Oak* was Sacred to great *Jove*,
Which was the King of all the Gods above.
But Gods, when they created things, They muſt,
(Said they) all dye at laſt, and turn to duſt.

Of a Wrought Carpet, preſented to the View of Working-Ladies.

THE *Spring* doth ſpin fine *Graſs-green Silk*; of (which
Was wov'n a Carpet, like the *Perſian*, Rich:
*A*nd all about the Borders there were ſpread
Cluſters of Grapes, mix'd green, blew, white, and red.

And in the midſt, the Gods, in ſundry Shapes,
Were curious wrought, divulging all their Rapes:
And all the Ground was ſtrew'd with Flowers, ſo
As if by *Nature* ſet, they there did grow.
Thoſe Figures all, like *Sculptures*, did bear out;
Whether they lay on Flat, many did doubt.
There Light and Dark, all intermixt, was laid
For ſhady Groves, where Prieſts devoutly pray'd.
The Fruits hung ſo, as did invite the Taſt:
Small Birds, with picking, ſeem'd to make a waſt.
The Ground was wrought, like Threads drawn from (the Sun;
Which ſhin'd ſo blazing, as a Fired Gun.
This Piece, the Pattern is, of Artful Skill:
Art, th' Imitator is, of *Nature* ſtill.

A Man *to his* Miſtreſs.

O Do not grieve, *Dear Heart*, nor ſhed a Tear;
Since, in your Eyes, my Life doth ſtill appear:
And in your Countenance, my Death I find;
I'm buried in your Melancholy Mind:
But, in your Smiles, I'm glorifi'd, to riſe;
And your pure Love, doth me Eternalize.
Thus, by your Favour, you a God me make:
But, by your Hate, a Devil's Shape I take.

THE

THE CLASP.

Of Fairies *in the* Brain.

WHO knows, but that in every *Brain* may dwell
Thoſe Creatures, we call *Fairies*? who can tell?
And, by their ſeveral Actions, they may frame
Thoſe Forms and Figures, which we *Fancies* name.
And when we Sleep, thoſe *Viſions*, *Dreams* we call,
May, by their Induſtry, be raiſed all.
And all [a] the Objects, which through Senſes get,
Within the *Brain* they may in order ſet.
And ſome pack up, as *Merchants* do, each thing;
Which they, ſometimes, may to the Mem'ry bring.
And thus, beſides our own Imaginations,
May *Fairies*, in our *Brain*, beget Inventions.
If ſo, then th' Eye's the Sea, where, by the Gale
Of Paſſions, on Salt Tears, their Ship doth ſail.
And when a Tear doth break, as it doth fall,
Or wip'd away, they may a Shipwrack call.

[a] All *Objects* which the *Senſes* bring in, are like *Merchandiſes* brought from *Forrein Parts*.

There from the Stomack, Vapours do ariſe,
And flye up to the Head, as to the Skies:
And, as great Storms, their Houſes down may blow;
Where, by their Fall, the Head may dizzy grow.
And when thoſe Houſes they build up again;
With knocking, they may put the Head to pain.
When they dig deep, perchance, a Tooth may ake;
And from a Tooth, a Quarry-bone may take,
Which they, like Stone, may build their Houſe withall;
If much took out, the Tooth may rotten fall.
Thoſe that dwell near the Ears, are very cool;
For they are both the *South* and *Northern* Pole.
The Eyes are *Sun* and *Moon*, which give them light;
When open, *Day*; when ſhut, it is dark *Night*.

The City *of theſe* Fairies, *is the* Brain.

THE *Fairy*'s City in the *Brain* is found,
With *Dur*, and *Pia-mater*, compaſs'd round:
With a thick Scull it's trenched all about;
And, with great *Art* and Labour, fac'd without.
The *Fore-head* is the *Fort*, which is built high:
Inſtead of *Centinels*, doth ſerve each *Eye*.
And that ſame place where *Memory* lyes in,
Is great King *Oberon* his *Magazine*.
The *Market-place*, the *Mouth*; when full, begun
Is *Market-day*; when empty, *Market*'s done.
The *City-Conduit*, where the Water flows,
Is with two Spouts, the *Noſtrils* of the Noſe.

And

And when theſe Watery-ſpouts are not ſtopt cloſe,
Then we do ſay, It is a *Cold*, or *Poſe*.
The *Gates* be the two *Ears*; when Deaf they are,
Then thoſe Two *City-Gates*, the *Fairies* barr.
This City's Govern'd, as moſt Cities be,
By *Aldermen*, and ſo by *Mayoralty*:
And *Ob'ron*, King, dwells never any where,
But in a *Royal Head*, whoſe Court is there:
Which is the Kernel of the *Brain*; if ſeen,
We there might view him, and his Beauteous Queen:
Sure that's their Court, and there they ſit in State;
And Noble Lords, and Ladies, on them wait.

The Fairies *in the* Brain, *may be the Cauſes of many Thoughts.*

WHen we have *pious Thoughts*, and think of (Heaven;
Yet go about, not ask to be forgiven;
Perchance they're Preaching, or a Chapter ſaying;
Or, on their Knees, they are devoutly Praying:
When we are ſad, and know no reaſon why,
Perchance it is, becauſe ſome there do dye.
And ſome place may, i'th' Head, be hung with Black;
Which makes us dull, yet know not what we lack.
Our *Fancies*, which in *Verſe* or *Proſe* we put,
May Pictures be, which they do Draw or Cut.
And when theſe *Fancies* fine and thin do ſhow,
They may be Graven in Seal, for ought we know.

When

When we have groſs Opinions in the Mind,
Then we may them, in Schools, diſputing find.
When we of Childiſh Toys do think, a *Faire*
May be i'th' *Brain*, where Crowds of *Fairies* are;
And in each Stall may all ſuch Knacks be ſold,
As *Rattles*, *Bells*, or *Bracelets* made of *Gold*:
Pins, *Whiſtles*, and the like, may be bought there:
And thus, within the Head, may be a *Faire*.
And when our *Brain* with *Amorous Thoughts* is ſtaid,
Perhaps there is a *Bride* and *Bridegroom* made.
And when our *Thoughts* all merry be, and gay,
There may be Dancing on their Wedding-Day.

Of the Animal Spirits.

THoſe Spirits which we *Animal* do call,
May Men and Women be, and Creatures ſmall.
And may the Body, into Kingdoms wide,
As *Muſcles*, *Nerves*, *Veins*, *Arteries*, divide.
The *Head* and *Heart*, *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies* be,
Which, through the *Veins*, may Traffick, as the *Sea*.
In *Fevers* may, by *Shipwrack* many dye:
For, when the Blood is hot, and Vapours high
Do riſe, as *Waves* they toſs; and when they hit
Againſt *Rocks* of Obſtructions, Life doth ſplit.
I' th' *Head*, th' *Eaſt-Indies*, *Spicy-Fancies* grow;
Orange- and *Lemon-Satyr* there doth flow.
I' the *Heart*, the *Weſt*, where Heat the Blood refines;
The Blood's like *Gold*, the *Heart* like *Silver Mines*.

Thus

Thus, from the Head, in *Ships* are *Spices* brought;
And, in the *Heart*, is *Gold* and *Silver* wrought.

The Warr *of the* Animal Spirits.

SOmetimes theſe *Animal Creatures*, when they jarr,
Then all their *Kingdoms* riſe up into Warr:
And when they fight, we do *Convulſions* feel;
Cramps, *Gouts*, in *Toes*; and *Chilblains* in the *Heel.*

Peace *betwixt* Animal Spirits.

WHen they keep *Peace*, and all do well agree,
Then is *Commerce*, in every *Kingdom*, free;
*A*nd through the *Nerves* they travel without fear;
There are no *Thieves* to rob them of their *Ware.*
Thoſe *Wares* are ſeveral *Touches*, which they bring
Unto the *Senſes*, which buy every thing.
But, to the *Muſcles*, they have great recourſe;
For, in thoſe *Kingdoms*, *Trading* hath great force:
Which *Kingdoms* always joyn by Two and Two,
That they, with eaſe, may paſs, and repaſs through.

The Body *is the* World *of the* Animal Spirits.

THE *Arteries* are the *Ocean* deep and wide:
The *Blood*, the *Sea*, which ebbs and flows in *Tide*.
The *Nervs*, the *Continent* they travel through:
The *Muſcles*, *Cities* are, they Traffick to.

The Body *ſimilized to many* Countreys.

THE *Nervs* are *France*, and *Italy*, and *Spain*:
The *Liver*, *Britain*; the *Narrow Sea*, each *Vein*.
The *Spleen* is *Æthiopia*; wherein
Is bred a Peopl' of Black and Tawny Skin.
The *Stomack* is like *Egypt*; and the *Chyle*,
Which through the *Body* flows, is as the *Nile*.
The *Head* and *Heart*, both *Indies* are: each Ear
Doth like the *South* and *Northern-Pole* appear.
The *Lungs* are *Rocks* and *Caverns*, whence riſe *Winds*;
Where *Life*, which paſſes through, great danger finds.

A Complement *ſent to the* Fairy-Queen.

SIR *Charls*[a] unto my *Chamber* coming in,
When I was writing of the *Fairy-Queen*:
I pray, ſaid he, when Queen *Mab* you do ſee,
Preſent my Service to her Majeſty;
And tell her, I have heard *Fame's* loud report,
Both of her *Beauty*, and her ſtately *Court*.

[a] Sir *Charls Cavendiſh* my Brother-in-law.

When

When I Queen *Mab* within my Fancy view'd,
My Thoughts bow'd low, fearing I ſhould be rude;
Kiſſing her Garment thin, which Fancy made:
Kneeling upon a Thought, like one that pray'd.
And then in whiſpers ſoft, I did preſent
His humble Service, which in Mirth was ſent.
Thus, by Imagination, I have been
In *Fairy*-Court, and ſeen the *Fairy*-Queen:
For why, Imagination runs about
In every place, but none can trace it out.

The Fifth Part.

To all Valiant

SOLDIERS.

Great Heroes!

YOU may juſtly laugh at me, if I went about to Cenſure, Inſtruct, or Adviſe, in the Valiant Art and Diſcipline of WARR: But, I do but only take the Name; having no Knowledg in the Art, nor Practice in the Uſe: for, I never ſaw an Army together, nor any Encounters, in my life; but only, by chance, a Troop, or Regiment, march on the High-way. Neither have I the Courage to look on the Cruel Aſſaults that Men (as I have heard) will make at each other; but, according to the Conſtitution of my Sex, I am as fearful as a Hare; for, I

ſhall ſtart at the Noiſe of a Pot-Gun; *and ſhut my Eyes at the ſight of a* Bloody Sword; *and run away at the leaſt* Alarm. *Only my Courage is, I can hear a ſad Relation, though not without grief and chilneſs of Spirits. But, theſe* Armies *I mention in this* Part, *were rais'd in my* Brain, *Fought in my* Fancy, *and Regiſtred in my* Cloſet.

THE

THE Fort or Caſtle OF HOPE.

HOPE hearing *Doubt* did a great *Army* raiſe
Upon the *Caſtle*, where ſhe was, to ſeiſe:
For her *defence*, ſhe made that *Caſtle* ſtrong;
Plac'd Pieces of *Ordnance*, the Wall along,
And *Bulwarks* built at every Corner's end;
A *Curtain* long, the Middle did defend:
Two *Faces* made a *Point*, whence *Cannons* play:
Two *Points*, a Third, to ſtop the En'mies way.
No *Wing* too ſhort; no *Curtain* was too long;
No *Point* too ſharp, but blunt, to make them ſtrong.
And round the *Caſtle*, Enemies out to keep,
A *Ditch* was digg'd, which was both wide and deep.

Bullets ſhot from two *Bulwarks* upon the *Enemy*, make a *Point*.

Bridges

Bridges were made to draw, or let at length;
The *Gates* had Iron Barrs of wondrous ſtrength.
Soldiers upon the Curtains-Line did ſtand,
And each did hold a *Muſquet* in his hand.
When *Hope* had order'd all about her *Fort*,
Then ſhe did call a *Council* to her *Court*.
I hear, ſaid ſhe, that *Doubt* a Warr will make,
And bring great *Force*, this *Caſtle* for to take.
Wherefore, my *Friends*, Proviſion muſt be ſought;
And, firſt of all, good ſtore of *Victuals* bought.
Hunger doth loſe more *Forts*, than *Force* doth win;
Then muſt we with the *Stomack* firſt begin.
The next is, *Arms*, the Body for to guard;
Thoſe that unarmed are, are ſoon'ſt afeard:
For, to ſmall uſe, we make a *Ditch*, or *Wall*,
Without *Arm'd men*, to keep that *Wall* withall.
Shall we neglect *Men's Lives*, and all their *Strength*,
More than a *Wall*, that may be broke at length?
For *Ammunitions*, that Mighty Power,
And *Death's Engines*, *Armies* and *Towns* devour.
Yet are they of no uſe, unleſs Mankind
Have *Strength*, *Skill*, *Will*, to uſe them as deſign'd.
'Tis Wiſdom to adviſe, what ways are beſt
Us to defend, that we be not oppreſt.
Then *Expectation*, being gray with Age,
Adviſeth *Hope*, by no means to engage
Too near her *Caſtle*, but let that be free:
Draw out a Line about the Town, ſaid ſhe:

There

There make ſome Works, Soldiers entrench therein;
Let not the Warrs cloſe at your Gates begin.
With that *Deſire*, though young, yet wiſely ſpake:
Alas! ſaid ſhe, *Doubt* that ſmall Line will take.
So great a Compaſs will your Strength divide,
A Body weak, may break through any ſide.
Beſides, the Soldiers will more careleſs be,
When they a Reſcue ſtrong, behind them ſee.
But in the Caſtle, where lyes all their Good,
There they will fight to the laſt drop of blood.

Doubt's *Aſſault*, *and* Hope's *Defence*.

Doubts round the *Fort* of *Hope*, intrenched lay,
Stopt all Proviſions that ſhould paſs that way:
Digging forth Earth, to raiſe up Rampiers high;
Againſt *Hopes* Curtains, did their Cannons lye.
The Line being long, it ſeem'd the weakeſt place,
Or elſe to batter down the Frontier's Face.
There *Pioniers* did dig, a Mine to ſpring;
Balls and *Granadoes* into th' Fort did fling.
Rams they did place, to beat their Walls down flat;
With many Engines more, as good as that.
But when *Doubt* breaches made in any part,
Hope's Induſtry ſoon clos'd it up with Art.
Yet *Doubt* reſolved, fierce Aſſaults to make,
And did ſet Ladders up, the Fort to take. (flung,
When *Hope* ſaw this, great Stones and Weights down
Which many kill'd, as they on Ladders hung.

Many did fall, and in the Ditch did lye;
But then freſh men did ſtraight their place ſupply.
Upon the Walls of *Hope*, many lay dead;
And thoſe that fought, did on their Bodies tread.
Thus various *Fortune* on each ſide did fall;
And *Death* was th' only Conqueror of all.

A Battel *between* Courage *and* Prudence.

Courage againſt *Prudence* a Warr did make;
For *Raſhneſs* her Foe's, but his *Favourit*'s ſake.
For *Raſhneſs* 'gainſt Queen *Prudence* had a ſpight,
And did perſwade great *Courage* for to fight.
Then *Courage* rais'd an Army, Vaſt and Great,
Which, for their Numbers, *Tamberlain* might beat;
a *Vanity.* Cloath'd all in [a] *Gliſt'ring Coats*, which made a ſhow;
b *Pride.* And [b] *Toſſing Feathers*, which their *Pride* did blow.
c *Ambition.* Such [c] *Fiery Horſes*, Men could hardly wield:
And, in this Equipage, they took the Field.
d *Fame.* *Loud* [d] *Noiſe* ſpoke of this Army every where,
Until, at laſt, it came to *Prudence* Ear.
Prudence, a Council call'd of all the Wiſe;
And Ag'd *Experience*, her to adviſe.
Then *Induſtry* was call'd, which cloſe did wait,
And Orders had to raiſe an Army ſtraight.
But out, alas! her Kingdom was ſo ſmall,
That ſcarce an Army could be rais'd of all.
At laſt they did about Ten thouſand get,
And *Care* employed was, their Arms to fit.

Diſci-

Diſcipline train'd each Man, taught and command,
How they ſhould move, and in what poſture ſtand.
Great ſtore of Victuals, *Prudence* did provide,
And Ammunition of all ſorts beſide.
The Foot were cloth'd in coarſe, yet warm Array;
Their Wages ſmall, yet had they conſtant Pay;
Well-armed they were all, Breaſt, Back, and Pot;
Not for to tire them, but to keep out Shot.
Each had their Muskets, Pikes, and Banners right,
That nothing might be wanting for to fight.
The *Cavalry* was armed, as in Frocks;
Gauntlets they had, and Piſtols with Fire-locks:
Swords by their ſides, and at their Saddle-Bow
Hung Pole-axes, to ſtrike and give a Blow.
Horſes they had, not pamper'd in a Stable,
But from the Plow, which were both ſtrong and able
For a long March, or to endure a Shock;
For they ſtood firm and quiet as a Rock:
Not ſtarting, though the Guns ſhot in their Face;
But, as they're guided, went from place to place.
Prudence, for Men and Horſes, did provide
Phyſicians, Surgeons; Farriers, Smiths beſide;
Waggons and Carts, all Luggages to bear,
That none might want, when in the Field they were.
Strict Order ſhe did give to every one,
Leſt, through miſtake, ſome wrong there might be done.
And, as they March'd, *Scouts* every way did go,
To bring Intelligence, where lay the Foe.

And when the *Army* ſtaid, ſome reſt to take,
Prudence had care, what *Centinels* to make.
Men that were watchful, full of Induſtry;
Not ſuch as are debauch'd, and lazy lye:
For, *Armies* oft by negligence are loſt;
Which, had they fought, might of their *Valour* boaſt.
But *Prudence*, ſhe, with care, ſtill had an eye,
That every one had *Match* and *Powder* by.
Beſides, through a wiſe Care, and not afraid,
She always lay entrenched, where ſhe ſtaid.
At laſt, the *Armies* both drew near in ſight;
Then both began to order for their Fight.
Courage, his *Army* was ſo vaſt and great,
As they did ſcorn the Enemy, when they met.
Courage did many a ſcornful Meſſage ſend:
But *Prudence* ſtill made *Patience* by her ſtand.
Prudence did call to *Doubt*, for his Advice;
But, in his *Anſwers*, he was very nice.
Hope, of that *Army* great, did make but leight;
Perſwaded *Prudence*, by all means, to fight:
For why, ſaid *Hope*, they do us ſo deſpiſe,
That they grow careleſs, *Error* blinds their Eyes:
Whereby we may ſuch great advantage make,
As we may win, and many Priſoners take.
Then *Prudence* ſet her *Army* in array,
Chuſing the *Roman* Cuſtom, and their way:
In *Bodies* ſmall, her *Army* ſhe did part,
In *Mollops*, which was done with Care and Art.

Ten

Ten in a Rank, and ſev'n Files deep they were;
Between each part, a Lane of Ground lay bare,
For ſingle and looſe men, about to run,
To Skirmiſh firſt, before the Fight begun.
The Battel order'd, in Three Parts was ſet;
The next ſupply'd, when the firſt Part was beat:
And *Prudence* rode about from Rank to Rank,
Taking great care to ſtrengthen well the Flank.
Prudence the *Van* did lead; *Hope*, the *Right Wing*;
Patience the *Left*; and *Doubt*, the *Rear* did bring.
The *Enemy*'s Army, fiercely up did ride,
As thinking preſently them to divide.
But they were much deceiv'd; for when they met,
They ſaw an *Army* ſmall, whoſe *Force* was great.
Then did they fight; but *Courage* bore up high:
For, though the worſt he had, he ſcorn'd to flye.

A Deſcription of the Fight.

SOME with ſharp *Swords*, (to tell, O moſt accurſt!)
Were above half into their Bodies thruſt:
From whence, freſh Streams of Blood along did run
Unto the Hilts, and there lay clodded on.
Some, their Legs dangling by the Nervous ſtrings;
And Shoulders cut, hung looſe, like flying-wings.
Heads here were cleft in pieces, Brains lay maſht;
And all their Faces into Slices haſht.
Brains only, in the *Pia-mater* thin,
Did quivering lye, within that little Skin.

Their Sculls all broke, and into pieces burſt;
By Horſes Hoofs, and Chariot-Wheels, were cruſht.
Others, their Heads did lye on their own Laps;
And ſome again, half cut, lay on their Paps. (length;
Some thruſt their Tongues out of their Mouths at
For why, the Strings were cut that gave them ſtrength.
Their Eyes did ſtare, their Lids were open wide;
For the ſmall Nerves were ſhrunk on every ſide.
In ſome again, thoſe Glaſſie Balls hung by
Small ſlender Strings, as Chains to tye the Eye.
Wch Strings, when broke, the Eyes fell trundling round,
And then the Film was broke upon the Ground.
In Death, their Teeth ſtrong ſet, their Lips were bare;
Which, grinning, ſeem'd as if they angry were.
Their Hair upon their Eyes, in clodded Gore,
So wildly ſpread, as ne're it did before.
With Frowns, their Fore-heads did in Furrows lye,
As Graves, their Foes to bury, when they dye.
Their Spongy Lungs heav'd up, through pangs of *death*,
With Pain and Difficulty fetch'd ſhort breath.
Some graſping hard their hands, through pain provok'd,
Becauſe the ratling Flegm, their Throats had choak'd.
Their Bodies now bow'd up, then down did fall
For want of Strength to make them ſtand withall.
Some ſtaggering on their Leggs, did feebly ſtand;
Or, leaning on their Sword with either hand;
Where, on the Pummel, did their Breaſt rely;
More griev'd they could not fight, than for to dye.

Their

Their hollow Eyes ſunk deep into their Brain, (ſtrain.
And hard-fetch'd Groans did from each Heart-ſtring
Their Knees pull'd up, leſt th' Bowels out ſhould come;
But all too little, through their Blood they ſwom.
Guts did, like *Sauſages*, their Bodies twine;
Or, like the ſpreading-Plant, or wreathing-Vine.
Their reſtleſs Heads, not knowing how to lye,
Through grievous Pains, did quickly wiſh to dye.
Rowling from off their Back, upon their Belly,
Did tumble in their Blood as thick as Gelly:
And gaſping lay, with ſhort breaths, and conſtraint,
With cold Sweat-drops upon their Faces faint.
Heaving their dull pale Eye-balls up did look,
As if through Pain, not Hate, the World forſook.
Some chilly-cold, as in ſhiv'ring *Agues*, are:
Some burning hot, as in high *Fevers* were.
Some ſpewing Blood, from Stomacks that are ſick;
Through *parching heat*, their *Tongue* to th' *Roof* did ſtick.
Their Bodies, with loud groans, their Souls call'd back;
While ſmarting-wounds did ſet them on the Wrack.
And on their Arms, their Faces lay a-croſs,
As if, in Death, they were aſham'd of Loſs.
Some dying lay, like Flame, whoſe Oyl is ſpent;
Or Fire that's ſmuther'd out, and wanteth vent.
And ſome did fall, like ſtrong and hardy Oaks,
Which are hewn down with fierce and cruel ſtroaks.
Their Limbs chopt ſmall as Wood, for Fire to burn;
Or carved, or chipt out for *Joyner*'s turn.

Some

Some underneath their Horſes bellies flung;
Some, by the Heels, in their own Stirrups hung.
Others, their Heads and Necks being all awry,
Did on their Horſes Mains, as Pillows, lye.
Some in a careleſs Garb, lay on the Ground;
Deſpis'd *Life*, ſince in *Death* is *Honour* found.
Some call'd for *Death*, and ſome did *Life* deſire:
Some car'd not; ſome did *Burials* require.
Some beat their breaſts, as if they'd done ſome Ill:
Some burn'd with hot Revenge, their Foes to kill:
Some lay, as if to hear the Trumpet ſound:
And others did lye ſprawling on the Ground.
Some wiſh'd their Death's Revenge upon their Foe:
Some did, with dying-Eyes, their Friends not know.
Some would their Parents, ſome their Children ſee:
Others wiſh'd Life, ſome Difference to agree.
*B*ut Lovers, with a ſoft and panting-heart,
Did wiſh their Miſtreſs, at their ſad depart,
To ſhut their Eyes, their gaping-wounds to cloſe;
Whoſe dying-ſpirit, to their Miſtreſs goes.
Foes hands, into each other's Wounds thruſt, wide,
As if their Hearts they'ld pull out from each ſide.
Some Friends, in dear embracements, cloſely twin'd;
*B*y their affections ſtrong, in Death were joyn'd.
Some wiſh'd to live, yet long'd for Death, through pain;
Others dy'd grieving, that their Foe's not ſlain.
Some did repent, what they ſo raſh had done,
*A*nd wiſh'd the *Battel* were to be begun.

Some

Some wiſh'd to live, yet long'd for death, through pain;
Others dy'd grieving, that their Foe's not ſlain.
Some did repent, what they ſo raſh had done,
And wiſh'd the Battel were to be begun.
Some, gently ſinking by a fainting fall,
Yeild quietly to Death, when he did call.
Some drunk with Death, not able were to ſtand,
But, reeling, fell; ſtruck down by Death's cold hand.
Some lingred long, as *Lovers*, when they muſt
Part; ſome did willing yeeld to Fate, their Duſt;
And ſweetly lay as if aſleep at Night.
Some ſtern, as if new Battels they would fight;
Some ſoftly murm'ring, like a bubbling ſtream,
Did ſweetly ſmile in Death, as in a Dream.
Their Souls, with ſoft-breath'd Sighs, to Heaven did fly,
To live with th' Gods above the Starry Sky:
Thus ſeveral Noiſes through the Air did ring,
And ſeveral Poſtures, Death to Men did bring:
Where ſome did dye outragious, in deſpair;
Others, ſo gentle, as without all fear.
High Hills, with heaps of Bodies, there were grown;
And Hair, as Graſs; and Teeth, as Seed, were ſown.
Their Heads and Heels, Horſe-men together lay,
Smuther'd to death, which could not get away.
Their Arms lay hack'd, and all were thrown about;
And Targets full of Holes, that kept Death out.
Their Flags, which firſt like moving-Woods did ſhow;
On whoſe Tops, various Colours ſeem'd to grow;

As if Flow'rs, from high Trees, had ſprouted out,
Or in the open air, were ſtrew'd about;
Were now all faln, and into pieces torn,
Their Motto's raz'd, which did their ſides adorn.
Some did, like Winding-ſheets, their Bearers ſhroud,
Which was an Honour fit to make Death proud.
Some were like Virgins, which their Eyes caſt low,
Through *ſhamefac'dneſs*, though they no fault did know,
Nor guilty were; but overcome with Strength;
Not by their own conſent, but forc'd at length.
For *Courage*, like to *Chaſtity*, we find,
Is forc'd to lay down Arms, though 'gainſt its Mind.
Gauntlets and Corſlets, Saddles, lay here and there;
Flags, Pikes, Drums, Guns, were ſcatter'd every where;
And Plumes of Feathers, which wav'd with the Wind,
And proudly toſs'd, like to ſome haughty Mind:
Juſt like Proſperity, when over-born,
Now humbly lay, and were in pieces torn.
Horſes, which proudly pranc'd, when back'd they were
By Men of Courage, never knowing Fear;
Now over-power'd lay, by ſtrong Aſſault,
And loſt by Force; 'twas not their Courage fault:
For they on *Death*'s dull Face could boldly ſtare,
Since Life they hate, leſt they Victorious were.
Dead Horſes lay on th' *Backs*, their *Heels* up flung; (hung:
Their *Eyes* were ſunk, *Heads* turn'd, their *Jaws* down
Their thick curl'd *Manes*, wch grew down to the ground,
Or, by their Maſters, in fine Ribbons bound;

Were

Were torn half off, or ſindg'd by Fire from Guns;
Or ſnarled in a Knot, which backward runs.
Their *Noſtrils* wide, from whence thick ſmoak out-went;
Which Vapour from their hot ſtout hearts was ſent.
Their ſleek bright *Hair* o'th' Skin, like Coats of Mail;
*A*nd their fierce *Courage*, which could nothing quail;
*A*ll lay in Death: by *Fortune* they were caſt,
*A*nd *Nature*, to new Forms, went on in haſt:
For, neither *Beauty*, *Strength*, nor *nimble Feet*,
Can ſerve in Death, all Beaſts alike there meet.
Thus Horſe and Man, in ſeveral Poſtures lyes;
With ſeveral Pains, in ſeveral Places, dyes.
When Horſes dye, they know no reaſon why:
But Men do venture Life for Vain-glory.
Smoak from their Blood, into red Clouds did riſe,
Which flaſht, like Lightning, in all living-eyes.
Their Groans into the Middle-Region went;
*A*nd Echoes did the *Air*, like Thunder, rent.
From Sighs, VVinds rarifi'd, ſuch Guſts did blow,
*A*s if they 'ſcended from the Shades below.
Men ſtrive to Dye, to make their Names to Live;
When Gods, to Fame, *no Certainty will give.*

A Battel *between* Honour, *and* Diſhonour.

Honour, with Grief and Sorrow, did complain,
How all her Sons, her Servants all, were ſlain;
And none was left, but thoſe that did her ſlight,
And in Rebellion did againſt her fight.
And, how this *Age* did dirt upon her throw,
Leſt ſhe the baſeneſs of the next ſhould ſhow.
Thus mourned *Honour*, veil'd in *Clouds* of *Night*;
When, heretofore, her Garments were of *Light*.
Her Crown was *Laurel*, wreath'd with *Fancy's* Tire:
Her Scepter, *Mars* his Sword, made Foes retire.
Pallas's Head-piece, did as her Foot-ſtool ſtand;
By whoſe ſupport ſhe roſe, and did command.
And thus did *Honour* live with great applauſe;
All did obey her, none did break her Laws.
But now *Diſhonour*, arm'd, 'gainſt her doth riſe,
And all her Laws ſhe utterly denies.
Then *Honour*, fearing ſhe ſhould be ſurpris'd,
(And, by her Council, being well adviſ'd)
Did raiſe an *Army*, to maintain her Right;
Reſolv'd ſhe was, *Diſhonour* for to fight.
Courage, the Van; *Wiſdom* and *Wit*, each Wing
Did lead: the Rear, *Fidelity* did bring.
Invention doth th' Artillery command:
Patience and *Conſtancy*, as Cent'nels ſtand.
Sciences, Pioniers are, of great Skill,
Which undermine Towns, Caſtles, when they will;

And

And Trenches make, where Soldiers ſafely ſleep:
And, for a Guard, a watchful Eye do keep.
Arts, like Dragoons, do ſerve on Foot and Horſe,
To skirmiſh, or an En'my to enforce.
The Colours high, doth *Reſolution* bear:
And with the Bag and Baggage, ſtandeth *Care*.
Prudence, as Quarter-Maſter, fits each place:
Who diſobeys, is puniſh'd with diſgrace.
Induſtry, as Purvey'r, provides the Meat:
And *Temp'rance* gives Proportions out, to eat.
Scout-Maſter, *Truth*, Intelligence doth give,
By which the *Army* doth in ſafety live.
The Drum is *Faith*, braced with *Reaſons* clear:
The Sticks that beat thereon, are *Hope* and *Fear*.
Trumpetters, *Orators*, ſound loud and high,
And call to Horſe, when th' Enemy draws nigh.
The Treas'rer, *Gratitude*, doth th' *Army* pay:
Gen'roſity, as General, leads the way.
When this *Army* was in *Battalia* ſet,
Diſhonour, with her *Army*, near did get.
Partiality did lead the Van awry;
And *Treachery*, the Rear, which came not nigh.
The left Wing order'd *Perjury*, that Day:
Unthankfulneſs, on th' Right, did bear the ſway.
Suſpition was the Scout, to ſearch the way:
And *Envy*, cloſe in *Ambuſcado* lay.
Revenge, as Canoneer, did take the *Aim*,
But miſs'd the *Mark*; which made him high exclaim.

Envy and *Malice* were two Engineers,
Which Subtilty had practis'd many years.
Their Drum was *Ignorance*, *Stupidity*
Was one Stick, th' other was *Obſtinacy*:
And brac'd it was with *Rudeneſs*, which ſounds harſh
On Strings of *Wilfulneſs*, that's ever raſh.

A Battel *between King* Oberon, *and the* Pigmies.

KING *Oberon*, and the *Pigmies*, tall and ſtout,
Did go to Warr; the Cauſe was juſt, no doubt:
For, *Pigmy* King, out of his Kingdom brought
His People, and another Kingdom ſought.
Like *Goths* and *Vandals*, they did range about,
With force, to find another Kingdom out.
At laſt, into the *Fairy-Land* they went;
For to that Fertil place, their Hearts were bent.
This is the place, ſaid they, where Pleaſures flow;
And where Delight, like Flow'rs on Banks, doth grow.
Here let us pitch, and try if *Fortune* will
Joyn with our Courage, all our Foes to kill.
Then on they went, and Plunder'd every where:
The *Fairies* all ran crying in great fear;
And Fire on all their Beacons, placed high,
Which warning is to give when Danger's nigh.
Whereat King *Oberon* a great Warr prepar'd,
Which made his Queen, and all his Court, afear'd.
His Council, Grave and Wiſe, he ſtraight did call,
Which came with formal buſie faces all.

And

And every one did ſpeak their Mind full free,
Diſputing much, at laſt all did agree:
In Warr, ſaid they, 'tis better that we dye,
Than to be Slaves unto our Enemy.
Then, ſaid the King, an *Army* we muſt raiſe,
In which I'le dye, ſaid he, or win the Bays.
Straight, Officers of all Degrees were made,
To *Lead*, and *Rule*; *Encourage*, and *Perſwade*.
And thus they Muſter'd all their *Army* ſtout,
To meet their En'my, and to beat them out.
Well-arm'd they were, and put in good array,
Which made them fight with Courage all that day.
Their Trumpets were made of ſmall Silver-Wire,
Calling the Horſe to Charge, or to Retire.
Theſe Horſes for Warr, were *Graſhoppers* large,
On which they rid, and bravely did diſcharge.
Their Saddles were of a *Velvet Peach-skin*;
Their Bridles were ſmall Strings which *Spiders* ſpin.
Beſides, their Stirrups, which their Feet in ſtaid,
Of a green *Ruſh*, round like a Ring, were made.
Targets of little *Cockle-ſhells* they had;
And for their Sword, ſerv'd a *Roſemary* blade.
Their Flags of Colour'd Flow'rs, ſhew'd glorioufly,
And gave ſweet ſeveral Smells as they did flye.
When they were armed, as each *Curaſſier*,
In a *Bean's* Hull, it bravely did appear.
Their Guns were Pipes of *Glaſs*, ſlender and ſmall;
Their Bullets were round *Seeds*, to ſhoot withall.

Of

Of *Filbeard-Skins*, their Drums, which they did beat,
Were made; and their *Drum-ſticks*, of Straws of *Wheat*.
Their *Van*, their *Rear*, their *Left Wing*, and their *Right*,
Were placed ſo, as they ſaw good, to fight.
Their Colours flying, and their Drums, when beat;
Their Trumpets ſounding; none ſought a Retreat.
The Forms and Files, the *Pigmies* plac'd themſelves,
Were like, in Figure, unto *Muſcle-ſhells*,
To pierce through En'mies, and give way to Friends.
Broad was the Middl', and ſharp were the two Ends.
But Fairies, like a Half-Moon fought, that ſo,
When both Ends meet, they might incircle th' Foe;
VVhere, in the midſt, King *Oberon* rid full brave;
For he the Honour of this Day ſhall have.
This *Warrier*, in an *Armour* bright and ſtrong,
As fore-moſt Man, his Soldiers led along.
Then ſpake he to them in a Temper meek,
Theſe Enemies, ſaid he, our Ruine ſeek:
Go on, all you brave-born and valiant-bred,
And fight your Enemies, till they be dead.
Let not your Foes, with ſcorn, upbraid your Flight;
But let them ſee, you can with Courage fight:
And teach them what their Folly raſh, hath brought
Upon themſelves, when they this Kingdom ſought.
But O vain Princes, which for Glory ſtrive,
And let poor Subjects not in quiet live!
Fooliſh *Ambition* ſets the VVorld on Fire,
VVhich ruines all, to compaſs its Deſire.

I only

I only fight to keep what is my own,
And not to rob another Kingly Throne:
But, if this Quarrel can't decided be,
I, Hand to Hand, will fight my Enemy.
With that he ſent an *Herauld* ſtout and bold,
And to King-*Pigmee* he this Meſſage told;
Which was, King *Ob'ron* him a Challenge ſent,
To ſave their Men, and much blood to prevent;
That they two might a Duel fight alone,
And let both Armies all the while look on.
Then laught King-*Pigmee*, What's your King, ſaid he,
That he, in Duel, hopes to conquer me?
I came not here, a ſingle Strength to try,
A Kingdom for to win, or elſe to dye.
I prouder am, my Subjects Strength to ſhow,
That, by direction they my Skill may know.
Herauld, go back, and tell your King, from me,
He'l know my Strength, when Pris'ner he ſhall be.
Then ſpake he to his Men with a Voice high,
Here's none, ſaid he, I hope, this day will flye.
You know, my Soldiers, we came here to fight,
Not through *Ambition*, or through *Envy*'s ſpight:
But we, by *Famine*, with a Meagre Face,
Were ſent about to ſeek a Fertil place.
Then here's a Land which needs not be Manur'd;
And we are People, not to Work inur'd.
For we, by *Nature*, no great Pains can take;
Nor, by our Sweat, a Livelihood out make.

For who would live in Pain, or Grief, or Care,
And always of his Goods would ſtand in Fear?
Who lives in trouble, is not very wiſe,
Since, in the Grave, there do no Troubles riſe;
Then let us fight ev'n for ſweet Pleaſure's ſake;
Or let us dye, that we no Care may take.
Thus did the King his Soldiers Courage raiſe,
And, in a Speech, their Valour highly praiſe.
Then did they both in Order, Rank, and File,
Prepare themſelves, each other for to ſpoil.
Their Horſes ſtout, whereon they rid i'th' Field,
Would dye under their Burden, but not yeeld.
In *Capriols*, theſe *Graſhoppers* did move,
By which, their Riders Skill they ſoon would prove:
Some, as an *Air*, unfit for Warr, it ſlight;
Whoſe Motion ſwift, lets not the Rider fight,
Or take his Turns, advantages to have,
Unleſs by leaping high, himſelf to ſave.
But they do err: for, in ſome caſe, 'tis good,
Though not in all, if truly underſtood.
What's in the World, that's to all uſe employ'd,
But at ſome Times and Seaſons, is deny'd?
Water and *Fire*, which are the Life of all,
Can only ſerve in their due Time, and Call.
So, ſome may ſay, this *Air* of *Horſemanſhip*,
Is good, Heaps of Dead men to over-leap.
For, if they low do go upon the ground,
Where both Dead men, Horſes, and Arms, lye round:

Or

Or elſe do lye in heaps, like as a Wall;
The Horſe will ſtumble with the Man, and fall.
But ſome, of Manag'd Horſes, taught in Meaſure,
Do think they are but only fit for Pleaſure,
And not for Warr, where no uſe for them is;
As if their Rules did make them go amiſs.
But they're miſtaken: for, like Men, they're taught
For to obey their Rider, as they ought:
To *Stop*, to *Go*, to *Leap*, to *Run*; and yet
Obey the *Heel*, the *Hand*, the *Wand*, the *Bit*.
Beſide, they're taught, their Paſſions to abate;
Not to be Reſty with *Fear*, *Anger*, *Hate*;
And, by applauſe, great Courage they have got,
That they dare go upon a Cannon-ſhot:
Not that they, ſenſleſs, into Dangers run;
For Horſes cowardly, do Dangers ſhun:
And are ſo full of Fears, as they will ſhake,
And will not go; which proves, their Hearts do quake.
Beſides, all *Airs* in Warr, are very fit;
As, *Curvets*, *Demivoltoes*, and *Perwicet*;
And *going back*, and *forward*, *turning round*,
Side-ways, both *high* and *low*, upon the ground.
Oft they, in a *large Circle*, compaſs take;
And then, with Art, a *leſſer Circle* make.
But Horſes, that unlearned are this way,
May march ſtraight forth, or in one place may ſtay.
So Men, when they do fight, having no Skill,
May venture Life, but few may chance to kill:

For 'tis not *Blows* and *Thruſts*, which do the Feat,
Or *going forward*, or by a *Retreat*:
Man muſt the *Center* be, his *Sword* the *Line*;
His *Feet* his *Compaſs*, with his Strength to joyn.
Theſe are the *Arts* for *Horſe* and *Men* of *Warr*,
Unleſs with *Stratagems* they think to ſcare;
Which ſhews more *Wit*, than *Courage* in the Field;
So 'tis, to Run away, or elſe to Yeeld.
But here the Bodies of each *Army's* knit
So cloſe, as Skin unto the Fleſh doth ſit.
No *Stratagems* were us'd to have Men ſlain,
But they did fight upon an open Plain:
For, thoſe that uſe ſleight *Stratagems* in Warrs,
No *Fighters* are, but cruel *Murtherers*.
Nor is it bravely done, as ſome think 'tis:
For every petty *Thief* has skill in this.
Nay, *Thieves* more Courage in their Actions ſhow;
Who, if their Plots do fail, muſt dye, they know.
Warriers Deſigns found out, they do not care,
Becauſe no Hanging, for that Act, they fear.
They'l ſay, 'Tis different, thus *Foes* to uſe;
For *Thieves*, by their Deceit, no *Friends* abuſe.
But 'tis all one: for *Cozenage* is the *Thief*;
And of that Order, *Generals* are the Chief.
Fighting's the *Soldier's* Trade, not to entrap;
Nor, like the *Fox*, with Craft, the Prey t' entrap;
But kill, or purſue, with Swords in their Hands;
Without ſome Fraud, or any Treach'rous Bands.

Juſt

Juſt ſo fought theſe brave valiant *Cavaliers*,
As it by their unhappy End appears:
For, they did joyn, and fierce together fight;
Which was, to all, a lamentable ſight.
Some lay upon the Ground without a Head;
Others did gaſping lye, but not quite dead.
Their Groans were heard, and Cryes of ſeveral Notes;
Some rutling lay, with thick Blood in their Throats.
Here was a *Head-piece*, there a *Corſlet* thrown;
Bodies ſo mangled, that none could be known.
Rivers of *Blood*, like to a full high Tide;
Or, like a *Sea*, where Shipwrack'd Bodies dy'd.
And their Laborious Breaths, ſuch Miſts did raiſe,
It made a Cloud, which darkned the Sun's Rays.
With ſeveral Noiſes, that rebounded far,
Armies of *Echoes* were heard in the Air.
Here Bodies hid with ſmoak, ſmuther'd, lay dead;
While formleſs Sounds were in the Air out-ſpread.
Thus were they earneſt, and active in Fight,
As if to Kill, or Dye, were a Delight.
Here *Beaſts* and *Men*, both in their Blood lay maſht,
As if a *French* Cook, them had minc'd and haſht;
Or did their Blood unto a Gelly boil,
That he might make a *Boullion* of the Spoil:
For *Nature's* Table, ſeveral Diſhes brings,
By her directions, in transforming things.
At laſt, the *Pigmies* found themſelves quite ſpent;
And, of their Warr, begun now to repent:

Which made their King, though little, yet at length
To call to *Oberon*, King, to try his Strength.
Let's here, ſaid he, our Skill and Fortunes try,
To conquer one, or both in Graves to lye.
Content, ſaid *Oberon*, King; though moſt unjuſt
You have your ſelf into my Kingdom thruſt;
Yet will I not refuſe this Offer bold;
And, if I live, this Day will Sacred hold.
Then, like two Lyons fallen out for Prey,
Encounter'd they, not yeelding any way.
Their bright ſharp Swords, with Motion, quick did flye,
Like ſubtil Lightning, in each other's Eye.
King *Pigmee*, he was Strong, two Handfuls Tall;
But *Oberon*, King, was low, and very ſmall.
Yet was he Dext'rous in his Skilful Art;
And, by that means, ſtruck *Pigmee* near the Heart:
Whoſe blood ran warm and trickling down his ſide;
That, where he ſtood, the Graſs was *Purple* dy'd.
Then leaning on his *Sword*, as out of breath,
Said to King *Ob'ron*, I have got my death:
Grew faint; then, ſinking, on the Ground did lye,
Finding his Soul would from his Body flye;
Saying, King *Ob'ron*, pray do mercy ſhow,
And let my *Army* freely from you go:
And thoſe that here lye ſlain, pray let them have
Juſt Rites in *Burial*, and their *Bones* i'th' Grave;
That their free Souls, in quiet Peace may ſleep:
And, for this act, the Gods your Fame will keep.

I care

I care nor grieve not for my own ſad fall,
But for my Subjects, that are ruin'd all:
And in a deep fetch'd Sigh, and hollow Groan,
His Soul went forth, unto a place unknown.
When as his Soldiers heard their King was dead,
Their Hearts did fail, yet none of them there fled,
But to him ran, like *Shuttles* in a *Loom*,
And, with their Bodies, did his Corps entomb:
For, through their Loyal Breaſt, they dig'd their Grave,
Becauſe their King a Monument ſhould have.
So all did dye; no Story yet hath ſhown,
That ever any *Pigmies* more were known.
Then did their Wives, with Sighs, lament their falls;
And, with their Tears, did ſtrew their Funerals:
Which Tears did mix with Blood upon the Ground,
Where *Rubies* ſince have in the Earth been found.
Their Bodies moiſt, to *Vapour* rariſi'd;
And now, in Clouds, do near the Sun reſide.
When they their Grief unto remembrance call,
Thoſe ſullen Clouds in ſhowring Tears do fall.
Their Sighs are Winds that do blow here and there;
And all their Bodies now transformed are.
Unhappy Battel, to deſtroy a Race,
That on the Earth deſerv'd the chiefeſt place.
For they were valiant, and did love their King;
Without diſpute, obey'd in every thing.
Nature did pity much their Fortune ſad;
They, by her Favour, a Remembrance had:

For

For ſhe, their *Bones* did turn to *Marble* white,
Of which are Statues carv'd for Man's delight;
And, in ſome places are, as Gods, ador'd,
Where Superſtition, Idols doth afford.
But *Oberon* King, there built a Temple high,
In which, he *Fortune*'s Name did magnifie.

The Temple *of* Fortune.

THIS *Temple* was built of *Cornelian* red,
To ſignifie, that there much blood was ſhed.
The *Altars* all were carv'd of *Aggat-ſtone*,
And *Musk-Flyes* there were Sacrific'd upon.
A *Prieſt* there was, who ſung her Praiſes loud,
Whereat the People kneel'd all in a Crowd:
For, though ſhe's blind, and cannot clearly See,
Yet ſhe her Hearing hath moſt perfectly.
The *Steeple* black was, built of Mourning-*Jet*,
And finely carved, with many a Fret.
The *Bells* were *Nightingals* Tongues, which did ring
As ſweetly, as they in the *Spring* do ſing.
Their *Holy Fire* was made of ſweeteſt *Spice*,
And kept by *Virgins* young, that know no Vice.
Their Gods, ſometimes, did they place in a *Bower*,
Which curiouſly was made of *Geſamin Flower*:
And all her Sacred *Groves*, in which ſhe walks,
Are ſet with *Roſes*, which do grow on Stalks.
Thus, in Proceſſion, her about they bear;
And none, but in Devotion, cometh there.

The

The *King* and *Queen* did wait where ſhe did go;
And all about, ſweet Incenſe they did ſtrow.
Nature did frown, to ſee her ſo reſpected;
Thought, by theſe Honours, ſhe was much rejected.
VVherefore, ſays *Nature*, let me take the place;
And let not *Fortune* proud, me thus out-face;
VVhen all that's Good, you do receive from me:
She is my Vaſſal low, you ſoon ſhall ſee:
For I, with Vertues, do the Mind inſpire,
And clothe the Soul in beautiful Attire.
The Body equal I do make, and ſtrong;
The Heart with Courage, to revenge a wrong.
I'th' Brain, Invention, VVit, and Judgment lies,
Creating like a God, Ordering as wiſe.
The Senſes all as perfectly are made,
To Hear, to See, Taſte, Touch, Smell, and Perſwade.
I' th' Soul do Paſſions and Affections live;
Nothing is there, but what my Pow'r doth give:
All which, to *Mutability* I throw,
And ſhe doth in perpetual Motion go.
Thus all *Invention* from my Power comes;
For Arts in Men, are but by Scraps and Crumbs.
So *Fate* and *Fortune*, are my Handmaids ſure;
For what they do, ſhall never long endure.
And I, throughout the VVorld, do make things range;
And conſtant am in nothing, but in change.
Then let your worſhip of blind *Fortune*, fall;
Or elſe, ſhall my Diſpleaſure bury all.

But falſe Devotion, unto Men is ſweet;
While *Truth*'s kick'd out, and trodden under feet:
Their Minds do ebb and flow juſt like the Tide;
And what is to be done, is caſt aſide.
This makes, that Men are never in the way,
But wander up and down, like Sheep aſtray.
O wretched Man, that can in Peace not be!
For, with himſelf, he cannot well agree.
Sometimes he hates, what he before did prove;
And, in a conſtant courſe, doth never move:
Nor to himſelf, nor God, who's Good, can ſtay;
But always ſeeking is, ſome unknown way.
No ſad Example he, by Warning, takes;
If none will do him hurt, he miſchief makes:
As if afraid in Happineſs to live,
He, to himſelf, a deadly Wound will give.
But, Why do I complain, that Man is bad,
Since what he has, or is, from me he had?
Not only Man, the World, but Gods alſo;
And nothing Greater than my ſelf, I know.
All this did make them take high *Fortune* down;
And, in her room, they did Great *Nature* Crown.

A Battel between Life *and* Death.

THere is a Cruel Battel 'twixt two Foes;
When *Nature* will decide it, none yet knows:
Theſe two are *Life* and *Death*, which th' World divide;
*A*nd, while it laſts, the Cauſe will none decide.
Firſt, *Life* is active, ſeeking to enjoy;
*A*nd *Death* is envious, ſtriving to deſtroy.
When *Life* a curious Piece of *W*ork doth make,
*A*nd thinks ſhe will therein ſome pleaſure take;
Then in comes *Death*, with Rancour and with Spleen,
Deſtroys it ſo, that nothing can be ſeen;
For fear, the *Ruins*, Beauty might preſent,
Leaves not ſo much, to make *Life's* Monument.
This makes *Life* mourn, to ſee her Pains and Coſt
Deſtroy'd; for what ſhe doth, in *Death* is loſt:
*W*eeping, complains at *Nature's* Cruelty,
Which did her make only *Death's* Slave to be.
I am his Food, his ſharp Teeth do me tear:
When I cry, he no Pity hath, nor Care.
The Pain he puts me in, doth make me roar;
*A*nd his pale Face, that's grim, affrights me ſore.
When I do think, away from him to run,
I fall into his Jaws; no ways can ſhun.
But why do I thus ſigh, mourn, and lament,
*A*nd uſe no means his Inj'ry to prevent?
I will call all my Friends, their Strength to try;
I'le either periſh quite, or *Death* ſhall dye.

Then brings ſhe *Motion*, nimble at each turn;
And *Courage*, which like unto Fire doth burn;
Preventing, and *Inventing-Wits*, to make
Sconces and *Forts*, too ſtrong for *Death* to take:
A *Regiment* of *Arts*, which with their Skill,
Aſſault her Foes, and them ſometimes do kill.
A *Brigade* of clear *Strengths* ſtands firm and ſure,
And can all fierce Aſſaults of *Death* endure.
A *Party* of good *Healths*, armed ſo well,
As *Death*, how to deſtroy them, cannot tell.
A *Troop* of *Growths*, at firſt ſmall, weak, and low,
Encreaſing every Minute, Numbers grow:
And many more ſuch Companies were there,
As all the *Paſſions*; chiefly, *Hope* and *Fear*.
Love lead this *Army*, his *Motto* a *Heart*;
Their *Arms* were their *Free-wills*, each bore a part.
Death's *Armies* were all to Deſtruction bent;
As, *Warrs*, and *Famine*; both theſe Peſtilent:
Fury, *Deſpair*, and *Rage*, did run about,
Seeking which way that they might *Life* put out.
Troops, *Regiments*, *Brigades*, in Numbers were,
As *Sickneſs*, *Dulneſs*, *Grief*, and *Penſive Care*.
Of *Feeble Age* were few, they ſcarce could ſtand,
Yet, in *Death*'s Battel, would fight hand to hand.
Hate lead the *Army* in a dull ſlow pace;
And, for his *Motto*, had a *lean pale Face*.
With ſeveral Weapons, *Death* poor *Life* did take,
And did a Priſoner, and his Slave, her make;

And

And on her *Aſhes* did in triumph ride,
And by his Conqueſt, he ſwell'd big with Pride.

Life's Force was ſtrong enough to keep her State,
If *Death* had not befriended been with *Fate*:
For ſhe, 'gainſt *Death*, could make her Party good,
Had not the *Fates* her Happineſs withſtood;
Which ſpin the Thread of *Life*, ſo ſmall and weak,
That, of neceſſity, it needs muſt break:
If not, they cut it into pieces ſmall,
And give it *Death*, to make him Nets withall,
To catch *Life* in, when cloſely ſhe would hide
Her ſelf from *Death*, ſhe in this Net is ty'd;
Or in the Chains of *Deſtiny* is hung;
The World, from ſide to ſide, about is flung:
Having no Reſt nor Settlement, ſhe flyes
About from *Death*, and yet ſhe never dyes:
Runs into ſeveral Forms, *Death* to avoid,
And yet thoſe Forms are all by *Death* deſtroy'd.
Death, like a Snake, in *Nature's* Boſom lies,
Like one that flatters, but i'th' Heart envies.
And *Nature* ſeems, to *Life*, an Enemy,
Becauſe ſhe ſtill lets *Death* a Conqu'ror be.

Of a Travelling-Thought.

A *Thought*, for Breeding, would a *Traveller* be,
The ſeveral Countreys in the *Brain* to ſee.
Spurr'd with *Deſires* he was, Booted with *Hope*;
His Cap, *Curioſ'ty*, *Patience* was his Cloak.
Thus Suited, ſtraight a Horſe he did provide;
And Strong Imagination got to ride:
Which, Sadled with *Ambition*, Girt with *Pride*,
Bridled with *Doubt*, and ſtirrups on each ſide
Of *Reſolution*, he did mount, and went
In a full Gallop of a *Good Intent*.
Some ways i'th' *Brain* were Ill, and Foul withall,
Which made him oft into deep Errors fall.
Oft was he hid by Mountains high, of *Fear*;
Then ſlid down Precipices of *Deſpair*.
Woods of *Forgetfulneſs*, he oft paſs through;
To find the Right way out, had much ado.
In *Troubles* he had travell'd a long way;
At laſt he came where Thieves of *Spight* cloſe lay,
Who coming forth, drew out *Reproachful Words*,
Which wounded *Reputation*, as ſharp Swords.
When he did feel the Wound ſmart, he drew out
Truth from *Time's* Scabbard, and fought well and ſtout:
With an *Innocent Thruſt*, he left *Spight* dead;
Wip'd off the Blood of *Slander*, Purple-red.
Then coming to a River of *Temptation*,
Which deep and dang'rous was, of *Tribulation*:

He

He ſwum with *Temp'rance*, and got out at laſt;
And, with *Security*, all Dangers paſt.
At laſt, he to the *City* came, of *Power*,
Where *Tyranny* did ſtand, a great high Tower;
With *Diſcords* populous, where *Riot* rules;
Great Colledges there were, to breed up Fools.
Large Houſes of *Extortion*, high were built,
And all with *Prodigality* were gilt.
Their Streets were pitch't with *Dull* and *Lazie* Stone,
Which never hurt the Feet, when trod upon.
Markets of *Plent'ful Circuits* were there,
Where all ſorts came, and did buy without care.
Herbs of *Repentance*, there were in great ſtore;
But Roots of *Ignorance*, were many more.
The Carts of *Knowledg*, much Proviſion brought;
And *Underſtanding*, which *Truth* ſold, ſome bought.
All what was bought, prov'd good, or bad, by chance:
For, ſome were cozened by falſe *Ignorance*.
Then forthwith into *Shamble-Row*, he went,
Where ſtore of Meat hung up; for 'twas no *Lent*.
There lay an *Head*, with *Wit* and *Fancies* fill'd;
And many *Hearts*, by *Grief* and *Sorrow* kill'd.
Bladders of *Windy-Opinions* were there;
And *Tongues* of *Eloquence* hung on an Ear.
Weak *Livers* of great *Fear*, lay there to ſell;
And *Spleens* of *Malice*, very big did ſwell:
Tough *Lungs* of *Wilfulneſs*, were hard and dry,
Whoſe *Guts* of *Self-conceit* did hang thereby.

Then

Then to a *Poult'rers* Shop, he went to ſee
What *Fowl* there was, if any good there be.
There lay *Wild-Geeſe*, though black and heavy Meat;
Yet ſome groſs Appetite, lik'd them to eat.
The *Cholerick Turkie*, and the *Peacock's Pride*;
The *Fooliſh Dott'rels* lay there cloſe beſide.
Capons of *Expectation* cramm'd with *Hope*;
And *Swans* of *Large Deſires*, lay in the Shop.
Reproachful Words were ſold, by dozens, there;
And *Ignorant Gulls* did lye every where.
Poetical Birds many, were to ſell:
More *Fowl*, which he remembred not to tell.
But, being a *Traveller*, he'ld ſee all there;
And ſtraight did go to *Churches* of great *Fear*,
Where each one kneel'd upon the Knee of Pain,
And Prayers ſaid with Tongues that were prophane;
Petitioning Tears dropt from *Coveting Eyes*;
Deceitful Hearts, on *Altars* of *Diſguiſe*.
Earneſt they were to th' Gods, that they would give
Worldly Requeſt, not Grace, for Souls to live.
But Travels of Experience, he would ſee,
Which made him go to th' Court of *Vanity*.
The *Porter*, *Flattery*, ſate at the Gate,
VVho civil was, and carri'd him in ſtraight.
To *Beauty's Preſence-Chamber*, firſt he went;
There ſtaid ſome time, with great and ſweet content.
Next, to the *Privy-Chamber* of *Diſcourſe*,
VVhere *Ignorance* and *Non-ſenſe* had great Force.

Then

Then to the *Bed-Chamber* of *Love's Delights*;
The *Grooms* which ſerved there, were *Carpet-Knights*.
Thence he to th' *Council* of *Direction* went,
Where *Great Diſorder* ſate as *Preſident*.
No ſooner this poor Stranger he did view,
Reproachful Words out of his Mouth he threw;
Commanding *Poverty*, a *Sergeant* poor,
To take and caſt this Stranger out of Door.
Straight *Flattery* for him entreated much;
But he *Diſorder's* Ear doth ſeldom touch:
For, caſt he was into *Neceſſity*,
Which is a Priſon of great Miſery.
But, *Patience* got him an Expedient Paſs;
So home he went, but rid upon an Aſs.

A REGISTER OF Mournful Verſes.

On a Melting-Beauty.

GOing into a Church, my Pray'rs to ſay;
Cloſe by a *Tomb*, a *Mourning-Beauty* lay:
Her Knees, on Marble cold, were bow'd down low,
And fix'd ſo firm, as if ſhe there did grow.
Her *Elbow*, on the *Tomb*, did ſteddy ſtand;
Her *Head* hung back, the hind-part in her hand.
Turning her *Eyes* up to the Heavens high,
Left nothing but the White of each her *Eye*.
Upon the lower [a]*Shut*, did hang a *Tear*,
Like to a *Diamond-Pendant* in an *Ear*.
Her *Breaſt* was panting-ſore, as if Life meant
To ſeek after her *Heart*, which way it went.

[a] *Under-lid.*

I,

I, ſtanding there, obſerved what ſhe did;
At laſt, ſhe from her *Hand* did raiſe her *Head*;
And caſting down her *Eyes*, ne're look'd about,
Tears pull'd her *Eye-lids* down, as they guſh'd out.
Then with a gentle Groan, at laſt did ſpeak;
Her Words were ſoft, Voice ſounded low and weak:
O Heavens! (ſaid ſhe) O! What do you mean?
I dare not think, you Gods can have a Spleen:
And yet I find, great Torments you do give,
And Creatures make in Miſery to live.
You ſhew us Joys, but we poſſeſs not one;
You give us *Life* for *Death* to feed upon.
O Cruel *Death*! thy Dart hath made me poor;
Thou ſtruck'ſt that *Heart* my *Life* did moſt adore.
You Gods, delight not thus me to torment,
But ſtrike me dead by this dear Monument;
And let our *Aſhes* mix both in this *Urn*,
That both into one *Phœnix* we may turn.
Hearing her mourn, I went to give relief;
But oh! alas! her *Ears* were ſtopt with Grief.
When I came near, her *Blood* congeal'd to *Ice*,
And all her *Body* changed in a trice:
That *Ice* ſtraight melted, into *Tears* did turn,
And through the *Earths* Pores got into the *Urn*.

On a Furious Sorrow.

OUtragious Sorrow, on a Grave was ſet,
Digging the Earth, as if ſhe through would get.
Her *Hair* unti'd, looſe on her *Shoulders* hung;
And every *Hair*, with *Tears*, like *Beads*, was ſtrung:
Which *Tears*, when they did fall with their own weight,
Then new-born *Tears* ſuppli'd their places ſtraight.
She held a *Dagger*, ſeem'd with Courage bold;
Grief bid her ſtrike; but *Fear* did bid her hold.
Impatience rais'd her Voice, ſhe ſhriek'd out ſhrill,
Which ſounded like a Trumpet on a Hill.
Her Face was flickt, like Marble, ſtreak'd with red,
Caus'd by *Grief's* Vapours flying to her Head:
Her Boſom bare, her Garments looſe and wide,
And, in this Poſture, lay by *Death's* cold ſide.
By chance, a Man, who had a fluent Tongue,
Came walking by, ſeeing her lye along;
Pitied her ſad Condition, and her Grief;
And ſtrain'd, by *Rhet'rick's* help, to give Relief?
Why do you mourn, ſaid he, and thus complain,
Since *Grief* will neither *Death*, nor th' *Gods*, reſtrain?
When they, at firſt, all Creatures did create,
They did them all to *Death* predeſtinate.
Your Sorrow cannot alter their Decree,
Nor call back Life, by your Impatiency.
Nor can the Dead, from Love, receive a Heat;
Nor hear the Sound of Lamentations great:

For

For Death is ſtupid, being numb and cold;
No Ears to hear, nor Eyes hath to behold.
Then mourn no more, ſince you no help can give;
Take pleaſure in your *Beauty*, whilſt you live:
For in the Faireſt, *Nature* pleaſure takes;
But if you dye, then *Death* his Triumph makes.
At laſt his Words, like Keys, unlock'd her Ears,
And then ſhe ſtraight conſiders what ſhe hears.
Pardon you Gods, (ſaid ſhe) my murm'ring Crime;
My Grief ſhall ne're diſpute your Will Divine;
But in ſweet *Life* will I take moſt delight:
And ſo went home with that fond *Carpet-Knight.*

On a Mourning-Beauty.

UPON the Hill of ſad Melancholy,
I did a ſilent *Mourning-Beauty* ſpy;
Still as the Night, not one articulate Noiſe
Did once riſe up, ſhut cloſe from th' Light of Joys;
Only a Wind of Sighs, which did ariſe
From the deep Cave, the *Heart*, wherein it lies:
A Veil of Sadneſs o're her Face was flung;
Sorrow, a Mantle black, about her hung.
Her Leaning-Head upon her Hand did reſt;
The other Hand was laid upon the Breaſt.
Her Eyes did humbly bow towards the Ground;
Their Object, th' Earth, was in her Eyes, quite drown'd.
From her ſoft Heart, a Spring of Tears did riſe,
Which run from the two Fountains of her Eyes;

And where thoſe *ſhow'rs* did fall, the *Flow'rs* wch ſprung,
No Comfort gave; their Heads, for grief, down hung:
Yet did the Starrs ſhine bright, as Tapers, by;
Shadows of Light did ſit, as Mourners, nigh.
At laſt, the Gods did pity her ſad Fate,
And to a Shining-Comet, her tranſlate.

Of Sorrow's Tears.

INTO the Cup of Love, pour *Sorrow's Tears*,
Where every drop a perfect Image bears;
And, trickling down the Hill of *Beauty's Cheek*,
Fall on the *Breaſt*, dive through, the *Heart* to ſeek.
Which *Heart* would be burnt up with *Fire* of *Grief*,
Did not thoſe *Tears*, with Moiſture, give relief.

An Elegy *on a* Widow.

WIdows, which Honour for your *Husbands* have,
Vertuous in Life, and Faithful to their Grave;
Set *Altars* on this Hearſe, for memory;
And let her *Fame* live here Eternally.
Here celebrate her *Name*; come, and do bring
Your Offerings, and aloud her Praiſes ſing:
For, ſhe was One whom *Nature* ſtrove to make
A Pattern fit, Enſample from to take.

On

On a Mother, *that dyed for Grief of the Death of her only* Daughter.

UNTO this Grave, let unkind Parents turn,
And touch theſe Loving Aſhes in this Urn:
All the Diſlike, Parents in Children find,
Will vaniſh quite, and be of Nature kind:
For in this Tomb, ſuch pure Love buried lies;
None perfect is, but what from hence doth riſe.

On a Beautiful young Maid *that dyed*, Daughter *to the* grieved Mother.

YOU *Lovers* all, come mourn here, and lament,
Over this Grave, and build a Monument
For *Beauty's* everlaſting Memory;
The World ſhall never ſuch another ſee.
Her *Face* did ſeem like as a Glory bright;
Nay, ev'n the Riſing-Sun from her took Light.
The Sun and Moon could ne're Eclips'd have been,
If e're theſe Planets had her Beauty ſeen.
Nor had this Iſle been ſubject to dark Nights,
Had not ſleep ſhut her Eyes, and ſtop'd thoſe Lights.
No Bodies could Infection take; her Breath
Did cleanſe the Air, reſtoring *Life* from *Death*:
But *Nature* finding ſhe had been too free,
In making ſuch a mighty Power as ſhe;

Us'd

Us'd all Induſtry's Powerful Art and Skill,
And gave Death Pow'r this Body for to kill:
For had but *Nature* let this Body live,
She'd had no Work for *Death*, nor *Fates* to give.

The Funeral of Calamity.

Calamity was laid on *Sorrow's Hearſe*,
And Coverings had of *Melancholy Verſe*:
Compaſſion, a kind Friend, did mourning go;
And *Tears* about the Corps, as Flowers, ſtrow.
A Garland of deep *Sighs*, by *Pity* made,
Upon *Calamity*'s ſad Corps was laid.
Bells of *Complaints*, did ring it to the Grave:
Poets, a Monument of *Fame* it gave.

Upon the Funeral *of my* Dear Brother, *Kill'd in theſe* Unhappy Warrs.

Alas! Who ſhall my *Funeral-Mourner* be,
Since none is near, that is alli'd to me?
Or, Who ſhall drop a *Sacrificing-Tear*,
If none but *Enemies* my *Hearſe* ſhall bear?

For, here's no *Mourner* to lament my Fall;
But in my *Fate*, though ſad, rejoyced all,
And think my heavy Ruine far too leight:
So Cruel is their Malice, Spleen, and Spight!

For

For Men no Pity nor Compaſſion know,
But, like fierce Beaſts, in Savage Wildneſs go
To waſh and bathe themſelves in my poor blood,
As if they Health receiv'd from that Red Flood.

Yet will the Winds my Doleful Knell ring out;
And Showring Rain, fall on my *Hearſe* about.
The Birds, as *Mourners*, on my *Tomb* ſhall ſit,
And Graſs, like as a Covering, grow on it.

Then let no *Spade* nor *Pick-axe* come near me;
But let my Bones, in Peace, reſt quietly.
He, who the Dead diſlodges from their Grave,
Shall neither Bleſſedneſs nor Honour have.

An Elegy *upon the Death of my* Brother.

Dear Brother,

THY *Idea* in my Mind doth lye,
And is Intomb'd in my ſad Memory;
Where every Day I to thy *Shrine* do go,
And offer *Tears*, which from mine Eyes do flow.
My Heart, the *Fire*, whoſe Flames are ever pure,
Shall on *Love's Altar* laſt, till Life endure.
My *Sorrows*, *Incenſe* ſtrew, of *Sighs* fetch'd deep;
My *Thoughts* do watch, while thy dear *Aſhes* ſleep.
Dear bleſſed Soul, though thou art gone, yet lives
Thy *Fame* on Earth, and Man thee Praiſes gives:

But all's too ſmall: for thy Heroick Mind
Was above all the Praiſes of Mankind.

Of the Death *and* Burial *of* Truth.

TRUTH, in the *Golden Age*, had health & ſtrength;
But, in the *Silver Age*, grew Lean at length.
I'th' *Brazen Age*, ſore ſick a-bed did lye;
And, in the Laſt hard *Iron Age*, did dye.
Reck'ning and *Meaſuring*, both being juſt,
Were her *Executors*, to whom ſhe truſt;
Which did diſtribute all her Goods about
To her dear Friends, and Legacies gave out:
Firſt, *Uſeful Arts*, the Life of Man to eaſe;
Then thoſe of *Pleaſure*, which the Mind do pleaſe;
Diſtinguiſhments from this, to that; to ſhow
What's beſt to take, or leave; which way to go
Experiments to ſhun, or to apply,
Either for Health, or Peace; or what to flye:
And *Sympathies*, which do the World unite;
Which elſe, *Antipathies* would ruine quite.
This *Will* and *Teſtament* ſhe left behind,
And as her Deed of Gift unto Mankind.
Mourning ſhe gave to all her Friends to wear;
And did appoint, that Four her *Hearſe* ſhould bear:
Love, at the Head, did hold the Winding-Sheet;
On each ſide, *Care* and *Fear*; *Sorrow*, the Feet.
This Sheet, at every Corner, faſt was ty'd;
Made of *Oblivion*, ſtrong, and very wide:

Na-

Nat'ral Affections, all in Mourning clad,
Went next the *Hearſe*, with Grief, diſtracted, mad.
Their *hair*, their *face*, their *hands*, tore, ſcratch'd, & wrung,
And from their Eyes, Fountains of Tears out-ſprung:
For *Truth*, ſaid they, did always with us live;
But now ſhe's dead, there is no *Truth* to give.
After came *Kings*, which all Good Laws did make,
And Power us'd for *Truth* and *Vertue's* ſake.
Next, *Honour* came in Garments black and long,
With blubber'd Face, and down her Head ſhe hung,
Who wiſh'd to dye, for Life was now a Pain,
Since *Truth* was dead, *Honour* no more could gain.
Then *Lovers* came with Faces pale as Death,
With ſhamefac't Eyes, quick Pulſe, & ſhortned breath:
And in each Hand a bleeding-heart did bring,
Which they into the *Grave* of *Truth* did fling.
And ever ſince, *Lovers* Inconſtant prove,
They more Profeſſion give, than Real Love.
Next them, came *Counſellors* of all Degrees,
From Courts, and Countreys, and from Chief Cities:
Their Wiſe Heads were a Guard, and a ſtrong Wall,
So long as *Truth* did live amongſt them all.
All ſorts of *Tradeſmen*, uſing not to ſwear,
So long as *Truth*, not *Oaths*, ſold off their Ware.
Phyſicians came, not thoſe that try, for skill,
New ways; and, for Experience, many kill;
But, which uſe Simples good, by *Nature* ſent
To ſtrengthen Man, and Sickneſs to prevent.

Judges and *Lawyers* came, not wrangling, baſe,
But which for *Truth* did plead, decide each Caſe:
Widows, which to their *Husbands* kind had ſwore,
That, when they dy'd, they'ld never marry more.
At laſt, the *Clergie* came, which taught *Truth*'s way,
And how Men, in Devotion, ought to pray:
Who did Men's Lives, by Moral Laws, direct;
Perſwade to Peace, and Governours Reſpect:
They wept for grief, as Prophets did fore-tell,
That all the World, with Falſhood, would rebel.
Faction will come, ſaid they, and bear great ſway;
And *Bribes* ſhall all the Innocent betray.
Within the Church, ſhall *Controverſies* riſe;
And *Hereſies* ſhall bear away the Prize.
Inſtead of *Peace*, the *Prieſts* ſhall *Diſcords* preach;
And high *Rebellion*, in their Doctrines, teach.
Then ſhall Men learn, the Laws for to explain;
Which Learning only ſerves for *Lawyers* gain:
For they do make, and ſpread them like a Net,
To catch in *Clients*, and their Money get.
The Laws, which Wiſe men made for to keep Peace,
Serve only now, for Quarrels to encreaſe.
All thoſe that ſit in *Honour's* ſtately Throne,
Are Counterfeits, not any Perfect known.
They put on Vizzards of an Honeſt Face;
But all their Acts unworthy are, and baſe.
Friendſhip in Words, and Complements, ſhall live;
But, in the Heart, not one Nights Lodging give.

Lovers

Lovers ſhall dye for *Luſt*, yet love not One;
And *Vertue*, unregarded, ſit alone.
Now *Truth* is dead, no Goodneſs here ſhall dwell;
But, with Diſorder, make each place a Hell.
With that, they all did ſhriek, lament, and cry,
To *Nature*, for to end their Miſery.
And now this *Iron Age*'s ſo Ruſty grown,
That all the *Hearts* are turn'd to hard *Flint-ſtone*.

THE
Animal Parliament.

THE *Soul* called a *Parliament* in his *Animal Kingdom*: which *Parliament*, conſiſteth of Three Parts; the *Soul*, the *Body*, and the *Thoughts*; which are *Will*, *Imaginations*, and *Paſſions*. The *Soul* is the *King*, the *Nobility* are the *Spirits*, the *Commonalty* are the *Humours* and *Appetites*. The *Head* is the *Upper Houſe* of *Parliament*, where, at the upper end of the ſaid *Houſe*, ſits the *Soul* as *King*, in a *Kernel* of the *Brain*, like to a Chair of State, by himſelf alone, and his *Nobility* round about him. The two *Arch-Biſhops* are, *Admiration*, and *Adoration*: the reſt are, *Apprehenſion*, *Reſentment*, and *Aſtoniſhment*. The *Judges* are the *Five Senſes*; and the *Wool-Sacks* they ſit on, are, *Sight*, *Sound*, *Scent*, *Taſte*, *Touch*. The *Maſter* of the *Black Rod*, is *Ignorance*:

Under-

Underſtanding, the *Lord Keeper*, is always *Speaker*. The *Clerk* that writes down all, is *Memory*.

The *Lower Houſe* of *Parliament*, is the *Heart*; the *Knights* and *Burgeſſes*, are *Paſſions* and *Affections*. The *Speaker*, is *Love*. The *Clerk* that writes down all, is *Fear*. The *Serjeant*, is *Diſlike*. The ſeveral *Writs* that are ſent out by this *Parliament*, are ſent out by the *Nerves*, into every part of this *Animal Kingdom*; and the *Muſcles* execute the Power and Authority of thoſe *Writs*, upon the *Members* of the *Commonwealth*. The *Lower Houſe* preſents their *Grievances*, or their *Deſires*, to the *Upper Houſe*, the *Brain*, by the *Arteries*.

When they were all ſet in Order, and a dead Silence through all the Houſe; the *King* made a Speech to the Aſſembly, after this manner following.

The KING's Speech.

THE reaſon why I called this *Parliament*, is, Not only to rectifie the Riotous Diſorders made by *Vanity*, and to repeal the Laws of *Erroneous Opinions* made in the Mind, and to cut off the Entails of *Evil Conſciences*; but to raiſe *Four Subſidies*, of *Juſtice*, *Prudence*, *Fortitude*, and *Temperance*, whereby I may be able to defend you from the Allurements of the World, as *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Beauty*; and to beat out

out Encroaching Falſhoods, which make Inrodes, and do carry away the Innocency of Truth; and to quench the Rebellion of Superfluous Words: as alſo, to make and enact ſtrict Laws to a Good Life; in which, I make no queſtion but every one in my *Parliament*, will be willing to conſent, and be Induſtrious thereunto. The reſt I leave to my *Keeper*, *Underſtanding*, to inform you further of.

After the *King* had thus ſpoken, the *Keeper* made another Speech, as followeth.

The Lord Keeper's *Speech.*

My Noble Lords,

YOU may know, by the calling of this *Parliament*, not only the Wiſdom of our *Gracious King*, in deſiring your Aid and Aſſiſtance in the beginning of Danger, before the Fire grows too violent for your help to quench it out; but his Love, and tender regard of your ſafety. Beſides, he hath ſhewed the unwillingneſs he hath to oppreſs and burthen his *Good Subjects*, with *Heavy Taxes*, before palpable Neceſſity requires them: for, he hath not called you upon *Suppoſitions* and *Fears*, but upon *Viſible Truths*. Neither was it *Imprudence*, in ſtaying ſo long; for it is as *Imprudent* to diſturb a Peaceable *Commonwealth* with *Doubts* of what may come, as to be ſo negligent to let a *Threatning Ruine* run without Oppoſition.

Thus is our Gracious Soveraign *Wiſe*, in chuſing his Time; *Valiant*, in not fearing his Enemies; *Careful*, in calling the Help and Advice of his *Parliament*; and moſt *Bountiful*, in that he requires not theſe *Subſidies* to ſpend in his particular Delights; but for the Good and Benefit of the *Commonwealth*, and Safety of his *Subjects*. Wherefore, if any be obſtinate in Oppoſing, or ſeems to murmur thereat, he is not worthy to be a *Citizen* thereof; and ought to be caſt out as a *Corrupt Member*.

After he had ended his *Speech*, he ſits down in his place; and then roſe up the Lord of *Objection*, and thus ſpake.

The Lord of Objection's *Speech.*

My Lords,

ALL that your *Lordſhip* ſpoke, is true; and therein you have ſhewed your ſelf a *Loyal Subject*, and a *Faithful Servant*: and I make no queſtion, but every *Member* in the *Houſe*, will not only give their *Eſtates*, but ſpend their *Lives* for their *King* and *Countrey*. Yet, let me tell your *Lordſhip*, That I do believe, the *Parliament* will never be able to raiſe a *Subſidy* of *Juſtice* from the *Commonalty*: it is too ſtrict a *Demand*; as it is impoſſible for us to ſatisfie the *King*'s Deſire, unleſs the *Commons* were Richer in *Equity*. But if our *Gracious Soveraign* will take a *Subſidy* of *Faith* in lieu

lieu of it, I dare ſay it may be eaſily got, raiſing it upon the *Clergie*, who are Rich therein.

After he had ſpoke, roſe up the *Biſhop* of *Reſentment*, and ſaid:

The Biſhop *of* Reſentment's Speech.

My Lords,

IT may be eaſily perceived, that this *Lord*'s Deſire is, That the *King* ſhould lay the heavieſt *Subſidy* upon the *Church*; not but that I dare ſay for the *Eccleſiaſtical Body*, That they would be as willing to aſſiſt the *King* in his Warrs, as any of his *Lay-Subjects*: yet, what the *Clergie* have, belongs to the *Gods*; and what is taken from us, is taken from them.

After him, ſpoke the *Biſhop* of *Adoration*.

The Biſhop *of* Adoration's Speech.

My Lords,

OUR Brother hath told you the truth, That *Faith* is not to be given from the *Gods*: but, my *Lord*, to ſhew our Willingneſs and Readineſs to the *King*'s Service, we will give his *Majeſty* a *Subſidy* of *Prayers*, which are the *Effects* of *Faith*.

The *King*, and the reſt of the *Lords*, approved of it, and ſent a *Writ* through the *Arteries*, to the *Lower Houſe*, the *Heart*, for their *Approbation*; which one of

the *Judges* delivered to Maſter *Speaker*: then the *Speaker*, taking the Report, ſaid:

Gentlemen,

This Meſſage is to let you know, That the *Epiſcopal Body* hath offered the *King* a *Subſidy* of *Prayer*, to help him in his Warrs, if you agree to it.

With that roſe up a *Gentleman*, and ſaid:

The Gentleman's *Speech.*

Maſter Speaker,

THE *Clergie* are able to give the *King* more than one *Subſidy*, if they will; being ſo rich, that they have engroſſed all the *Conſciences* in the *Kingdom*, building great *Colledges* of *Factions* therewith: and theſe *Colledges* do not only diſturb the *Commonwealth*, but impoveriſh it very much: for all that are bred therein, employ all their time ſo in *Speculations*, that there is no time left for *Honeſt* and *Induſtrious Practice*. Beſides, their *Tythes* are ſo great, which they have out of all, that their poor *Pariſhioners* have almoſt naught left (after their Proportions are taken out) to ſerve their own Uſe and Maintenance.

Upon this *Speech* a *Gentleman*, one Maſter *Zeal* roſe up, and thus ſpake:

Ma-

Maſter Speaker,

ALthough the *Clergie* are Maſters and Rulers of *Conſciences*, or ſhould be ſo; yet they are to employ them to no other uſe, but to the Service of the *Gods*: But I fear, we of the *Laity* ſtrive to uſurp that *Authority* to our own Worldly Ends, or elſe we ſhould never have thoſe *Large Conſciences*, to lay the *Burthen* from our own *Shoulders*, on theirs: but, ſhould do as we would be done unto. Wherefore, let us take their *Charitable Aſſiſtance*, with Thanks.

Moſt of the Houſe were of this *Gentleman*'s Opinion, and voted an Acceptance; and ſending up to the *Upper Houſe*, that *Subſidy* was paſſed. After that was agreed, there was a *Rational Lord* that thus ſpake.

My Lords,

THere were ſome *Opinions* which were paſſed in former times, when the *Parliament* of *Errors* ſate, in the year of *Ignorance*, One thouſand eight hundred and two; *viz.* That none muſt be thought *States-men*, but thoſe which were Formal. That all that are Bold, muſt be thought Wiſe. That thoſe which have new and ſtrange Fantaſms, muſt be thought the only Men of Knowledg. That none muſt be thought Wits, but *Buffoons*. That none muſt be thought Learned, but Sophiſterian Diſputants. That

all that are not Debauch'd, muſt be thought Unſociable. That all that do not flatter, muſt be thought Uncivil. That all which tell ſevere Truths, muſt be thought Rude, and Ill-natur'd. That all that are not Fantaſtical, muſt be thought Clowniſh, and Ill-bred. That all muſt be thought Cowards, that are not Quarrelſome. That none muſt be thought Valiant, but thoſe that kill, or be killed. That none muſt be thought Bountiful, but thoſe that are Prodigal. That none muſt be thought good Maſters, but thoſe that let their Servants cozen them. That none muſt be eſteemed, but thoſe that are Rich. That none muſt be beloved, but thoſe that are Powerful. That none muſt be reſpected, but thoſe that have outward Honour. That none muſt be thought Religious, but thoſe that are Superſtitious. That none muſt be thought Conſtant, but thoſe that are Stubborn. That none are Patient, but thoſe that ſuffer Affronts of Scorn. That none are Thrifty, but thoſe that are Sluttiſh. That none are Chaſt, but thoſe that are not Beautiful. That no Man muſt be ſeen abroad with his own Wife, leſt he be thought Jealous. That Bluſhing muſt be thought a Crime, proceeding from Guiltineſs. That none muſt be thought Merry, but thoſe that Laugh. That none muſt be thought Sad, but thoſe that Cry. That all Poor Men muſt be thought Fools. That all Citizens muſt be thought Cuckolds. That none muſt be thought good Lawyers and Doctors, but thoſe which

will

will take great Fees. That all Duty and Submiſſion, belongs to Power, not to Vertue. That all muſt have Ill Luck, after much Mirth. That all thoſe that Marry on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, ſhall be Happy. That a Man's Fortune can be told by the Palm of his Hand. That the falling of Salt, portends Misfortune. That thoſe that begin Journeys upon a *Wedneſday*, ſhall run through much Danger. That all Women that are Poor, Old, and Ill-favoured, muſt be thought Witches, and be burnt for the ſame. That the Howling of a *Dog*, or the Croaking of *Ravens*, fore-tells a Friend's death.

Theſe ought to be Repealed, and new ones enacted in their room, *viz.* That all thoſe that have got the Power, though unjuſtly, ought to be obeyed without reluctancy. That all Light is in the Eye, not in the Sun. That all Colours are a perturb'd Light, and ſo are Reflections, rather than an Inherent Quality or a Subſtance. That all Sound, Scent, Sight, is created in the Brain. That no Beaſt hath Remembrance, Numeration, or Curioſity. That all Paſſions are made in the Head, not in the Heart. That the Soul is in a Kernel of the Brain. That all the Old Philoſophers were Fools, and knew little. That the Modern Philoſophers, have committed no Errors. That there are Six Primitive Paſſions. That the Blood goeth in a Circulation. That all the fix'd Starrs,

are

are Suns. That all the Planets, are other Worlds. That Motion is the Creator of all things; at leaſt, of all Forms. That Death is only a Privation of Motion, as Darkneſs is a Privation of Light. That the Soul is *a* thing, and *no* thing.

This Motion which this *Noble Lord* made, was Enacted by the whole *Parliament* with much Applauſe.

When he was ſet down, my Lord *Reaſon* roſe, and thus ſpake.

My Lords,

I Should think, in my Judgment, that it would be Beneficial to the *Commonwealth*, that there ſhould be a *Statute* made againſt all *Falſe Coyn*; as, *Diſſembling Tears*, and *Hollow Sighs*, *Flattering Words*, and *Feigning Smiles.*

But upon this Speech, roſe up one of the Lords, and thus ſpake.

My Lords,

THE *Propoſitions* of this *Lord*, are very dangerous: for, if this *Great Council* of *Parliament* ſhould go about to call in all *Falſe Coyn* which is Minted, they muſt call in all which is in the *Kingdom*, to make a trial of the Currentneſs; which would diſcontent moſt of the People: for why, the Stamp is ſo lively,

and

and Artificially imprinted therein, as it is impoſſible for the *Right* to be known from the *Falſe*. Further, my Lord, theſe Coyns are ſo cunningly mixt with *Alchimy*, that the Difference would hardly be known, if they were new melted.

With that, roſe up one of the *Judges*, and ſaid thus:

My Lords,

IT is an Ancient Law belonging to this Kingdom, To make it Death for any to clip Current Coyn, with *Hypocriſie*; or, to mix *Falſhood* with *Slander*: and if this Abuſe ſhould be wink'd at, there would be no Commerce betwixt this *Kingdom*, and *Truth*.

The Lord *Reaſon* roſe up again, and ſaid thus:

My Lords,

THere is another *Abuſe* in this *Kingdom*; which is, That there are ſo many *Luxurious Palats*, that they do deſtroy the Strength of the Stomack, and quench out the Natural Heat; making it weak, by reaſon of ill Digeſtion; never giving ſo much time, as to make a good Concoction, to breed new Blood; and it is likely (if ſpeedy Order be not taken to prevent it) there may come a *Dearth* of *Fleſh* over all the *Kingdom* of the *Body*.

Upon this, *Judg Taſte* roſe up, and thus ſpake.

My Lords,

THere was never any *Laws* made in all the former King's Reign, That there ſhould be a perpetual *Abſtinency*, but only in time of *Lent*, when the *Penance* of *Phyſick* was taken. For, if the *Stomack* ſhould eat ſparingly, and not ſuch things as the *Appetite* doth deſire, the *Body* of the *Kingdom* would grow weak and faint, and all *Induſtry* would ceaſe: for, the *Legs* would never be able to *go*, nor the *Hands* to *work*, nor the *Arms* to *lift*: the *Complexion* would grow *pale*, the *Skin* rough, the *Liver* dry, and all the *Parts* of the *Kingdom* would grow unfit for uſe: that if a *Warr* of *Sickneſs* ſhould come, they would never be able to defend themſelves.

The ſame Lord *Reaſon* roſe up, and ſaid thus.

My Lords,

THere is another great Abuſe, which is in *Articulate*, and *Vocal Sounds*, or *Tone* of the Voices: for moſt, when they read, do ſo whine, raiſing their *Notes* upon the *Peg* of the *Tongue*, ſo high, that they crack the Strings of *Senſe*; or elſe the *Fingers* of *Words* play ſo faſt, that they keep no Stops; or elſe ſo ſlow, that they make more Stops than they ſhould; which make it prepoſterous. Truly, *my Lord*, if theſe things

things be not rectified, all the *Nobles* of *Underſtanding* will be ruinated and affronted with a ſeeming *Nonſenſe*. This was diſputed hard on, before it could paſs: but at laſt it did.

After this Diſpute, a *Lord* roſe up, and ſaid thus:

My Lords,

WE ſpend here our time to rectifie the Errors that are committed in the *Kingdom* amongſt our ſelves; and do not conſider the Danger we live in, from *Forrein Enemies*, which are *Rhiming Pirats*, who make continual Inrodes, ſtealing all our *Cattel* of *Fancies*, and plundering our beſt and richeſt *Conceits*: ſo that, if we do not provide *Arms* of *Rhetorick* to exclaim againſt them, they may chance to uſurp the *Crown* of *Wit*, and make themſelves *Heirs* to that they were never born to. Wherefore, my *Lords*, let us joyn, to ſet up *Forts* of *Satyrs*, and there plant *Cannons* of *Scorn*, from thence to ſhoot *Bullets* of *Scoffs*, to ſtrike them dead with *Shame*. To this, all the *Houſe* aſſented.

In the mean time, the *Lower Houſe* were buſily employed with Affairs too, about *Naturalizing* a *Gentleman*. For, one of the *Members* ſaid:

Maſter Speaker,

THere is a *Gentleman*, one Mr. *Friendſhip*, deſires to be *Naturaliz'd* by the *Parliament*.

Another *Member* roſe, and ſaid thus:

Maſter Speaker,

IN my ſenſe, it is very prejudicial to *Naturalize Strangers*: for, Why ſhould *Strangers* receive the ſame Priviledges with the *Natives*, and to be made capable to inherit our *Lands*? Unleſs we could cut off the *Entails* of *Affection*, which are tyed to their *Native Countrey*, the *Kingdom* of *Parents*, or the *Iſlands* of *Children*, or the *Provinces* of *Brethren* and *Kindred*: otherwiſe, it is likely, they will turn *Rebels*, if a *Warr* chance to be with *this Kingdom*, and *that* where they were born.

With that, the *former Gentleman* roſe up, and ſaid:

Maſter Speaker,

I Would not prefer this *Gentleman*'s Suit, had he been born in the *Land* of *Obligation*, *Civilities*, or *Courteſies*: but, he was born in the *Land* of *Sympathy*, whereunto this *Kingdom* hath a relation, by reaſon our *King* hath a *Right* therein, and ought to have the Power thereof, by the *Laws* of *Juſtice*: for his *Mother*, *Queen Reſemblance*, was Daughter to the *Sympathian*

King

King: ſo that this *Gentleman*, Maſter *Friendſhip*, in *Juſtice*, is a *Natural Subject* to our *King*, although not a *Citizen* in the *Commonwealth*.

Hereupon the *Houſe* was divided; ſome gave their Voices for him; *others*, againſt him: but, when they came to be numbred, he had moſt Voices on his ſide: for, he had been ſo induſtrious in Petitioning every particular *Member* before-hand, that he made himſelf many Friends; ſome, out of favour to himſelf; others, for the good-will to thoſe that favoured him: ſo that, it was ſent up to the *Upper Houſe*; where my *Lord Reaſon* ſpoke ſo well in his behalf, that the *Act* paſſed for him.

After this, there was a *Member* roſe, and ſaid:

Maſter Speaker,

THere are in the Kingdom ſome *Grievances*, which ought to be reform'd; making an *Act*, That all the *High-ways*, and *Common Roads*, ſhould be mended, and kept in repair: for, in ſome *Mouths*, the *Teeth* are ſo foul and rotten, and ſuch deep Holes, that great pieces of Meat tumble down into the *Saw-pits* of the *Maw*, without chewing.

The *next* is, That many *Noſe-bridges* are ready to fall down, by reaſon the great *French Pox* doth travel ſo often over them, that they crack the very Foundation thereof.

The *third* is, That the *Stomack* is ſo often over-

flowed with drink, by reaſon the *Throat-ſluces* are ſo wide, that the *Kingdom* is not only much impaired thereby, making Obſtructions, by reaſon there paſſes, oft-times, much *Mud* of *Meat*, with *Liquid Drink*; but it endangers the *Kingdom* of *Drowning*; the more, for that *Slug*, which makes the *Liquor* riſe higher. Beſides, it breeds many *thick Vapours*, which cauſe much *Rain*, and *ſtrong Winds*, and *unwholſome Airs*, which breed *Dizzie Diſeaſes*, and bring *Apoplexies* and *Lethargies*.

The *Fourth Grievance* is, That the *Puritans* and *Roman Prieſts*, cut down all the *ſtately* and *thick Woods* of *Hair*, that there is almoſt none left to build *Ships* of *Ornament* with: This, in time, will decay the *Navigation* of *Becoming*, and leave the *Iſlands* of the *Ears* bare, to the ruine of *Cold*: beſides, the *Prodigal effeminate Sex* burns it up with *Iron Works*, or breaks it off at the *Roots*, in making *Traps* for *Lovers*.

This *Grievance* was reſented much in the *Houſe*, and a *Committee* ordained to make a ſtrict Inquiry, and to Report back to the *Houſe*; which was done with all ſpeed.

The

The Chair-man's *Report back.*

Maſter Speaker,

THE *Committee* hath found, that many of the *High-ways*, and *Common Roads*, are much impair-ed by *Negligence*: for, *ſome* are ſo bad, that nothing will mend them: *others*, the *Committee* hath examin'd, and hath found out ſome helps: for, the deep *Holes* might be fill'd up with *white Wax*; and thoſe that are broken and ragged, may be Fil'd ſmooth and even: and thoſe that are black and ſcal'd, may be ſcrap'd with a Steel Inſtrument: and thoſe that are dirty and foul, may be rub'd with *China*, or *Brick*, or the like: thoſe that are looſe, may be waſhed with *Alom-water*, or *Myrrh-water*, which will faſten them again. As for the *Bridges*, there are not many fallen down, but only ſagg'd, and looſe; which, if the *Commonwealth* will be at the Charges, may be kept from falling, with *Silver Pins*, which will prop them up. But truly, Mr. *Speaker*, there are great Spoils of the *Woods* of *Hair*; and, in *Youth*, Time will repair them again; but, in *Age*, they will never grow again: for, the Ground is always dry and barren, and will always be bare and bald. As for the great *Overflows*, there is no way to hinder or ſtop that Torrent, but by ſhutting the *Wa-ter-Gates*, the *Lips*.

After

After this Relation, the *Lower Houſe* ſent the Reports to the *Upper Houſe*; after which, they made an *Act* of *Prevention*; their Statutes running thus:

BE it known to all, and every one in this *Kingdom*, That henceforth, from this preſent of *January*, *One thouſand eight hundred and two*, no *Sweetmeats* ſhall travel through the *Mouth*; nor no *Nuts* be crackt, nor no *Pins* lye in the High-ways of the *Mouth*, to Canker-fret the *Teeth*. As alſo, be it enacted, That all *Hand-Labourers* ſhall be employed with *Pick-tooths*, after Meat hath paſſed thoſe ways; and let every particular Shire be at the Charge thereof.

Be it alſo enacted, (to keep the *Bridges* ſtrong, leſt they fall to ruine) That the *Flud-ſluſh* be given to all the *Amorous ſort*, with *Baths*, and *dry Diets*, every *Spring* and *Fall*, for fear the *Fouudation* of the *Noſe* ſhould be rotted, by reaſon of much Corruption which paſſes through. Alſo, let there be cut a Paſſage upon each *Shoulder*, making *Gutters* of *Iſſues*, that the Humour may be diverted by running thoſe ways, that the *Kingdom* may be drain'd from ſuperfluous Moiſture.

Alſo, be it Enacted, That for the Conſerving of the *Woods* of *Hair*, no *Hairs* be pull'd up by the Roots, but only prun'd by the *Husband-men-Barbers*. Alſo, we fore-warn the uſe of *Curling-Irons*, *Criſpings*

Criſping-Irons, or the like: but, let the *looſe Woods* of *Hair* be bound up with *Strings*.

Be it alſo Enacted, That no great *Draughts* be drunk, unleſs great *Drought* require it. Alſo, no *Healths* to be drunk, but upon *Feſtival days*.

But, upon going out of this *Act*, all the *Young Women* and *Men* in the *Kingdom*, made ſuch a *Mutiny*, that the *Parliament* had much a-do to pacifie them; nor could not, until they had alter'd that Clauſe of *Sweet-meats*, and *Healths*.

After this, there was a *Member* roſe up, and ſaid:

Maſter Speaker,

THere are in this *Kingdom* ſome *fooliſh* and *unneceſſary Cuſtoms*, which have been brought from *Forrein Parts*, which ought to be aboliſhed. One is, to dig *Holes* in the *Ears*, to ſet *Pendants* in; which puts the *Kingdom* to a Charge of *Pain*; and alſo, is a heavy Burthen. The *ſecond* is, To pull up the *Hedges* of the *Eye-brows* by the Roots, leaving none but a narrow and thin Row, that the *Eyes* can receive no Shade there-from. The *third* is, To peel the *firſt Skin* off the *Face* with *Oyl* of *Vitriol*, that a *new Skin* may come in the place; which is apt to ſhrivel the Skin underneath.

But, for the Aboliſhing of theſe Cuſtoms, few agreed to, fearing ſuch another *Mutiny* as the former, among the *Female Sex*.

Whilſt they were demurring upon this, there came *Petitioners*, with a *Petition*, to offer to the *Houſe*; which when it was heard, they ſent for their *Petition* in, and made the Clerk read it.

The Petition *of the* Veins.

WE, your *Honours* humble and poor *Petitioners*, deſire a Redreſs from all *Ill Livers*, or elſe we cannot furniſh your *Honours* with ſuch *Blood*, as your *Honours* require from us: for, by reaſon of *Dry*, *Hot*, *Corrupted*, or *Obſtructed Livers*, we, your *Honours Pipe-Veins*, want filling; or elſe, we are fill'd with ſuch *Wateriſh*, or ſuch *Black* and *Melancholy Blood*, that the *Kingdom* is either parch'd for want of Moiſture, or over-flowed with too much; being always in Extreams: ſo that we are all undone, and our Trading utterly decayed thereby. Wherefore, we beſeech your *Honours* to take it into your Conſiderations, and give us a Reparation from the *Liver*: for which, we ſhall be bound to pray for your *Honours*.

Upon this *Petition*, the Houſe ordained a *Writ*, to warn the *Liver* to appear before a *Committee* to be examined; where ſtraight the *Liver* appeared, who excus'd himſelf, ſaying, The *Appetite* flung into the *Stomack* a great quantity of *Rubbiſh*; and the *Stomack*, being an ill Neighbour, to disburthen himſelf from that Filth, flung it upon him, ſtopping up

up all croſs paſſages, in ſo much that he had not room to diſcharge himſelf freely: but, as for his own part, he was much poorer and weaker than they, and had more reaſon to complain.

Whereupon the Houſe made an *Act*, That the *Stomack* ſhould be cleanſed every *Spring* and *Fall*, with *Purges*.

Then roſe up a *Member*, and ſaid:

Maſter Speaker,

THere is a People in this *Kingdom*, that ought to be baniſhed; which are, *Juglers*, *Mountebanks*, and *Gypſies*. Firſt, *Jugling Lovers*, which deceive all the *Effeminate Sex*, with *Falſe* and *Deluding Praiſes*. The next are, *Mountebank-Buffoons*, who have gotten *Priviledges* of *Freedom*, to put off their *Bald Jeſts* at an eaſie rate; ſelling upon the *Stage* of *Mirth*, and taking *Laughter*, for *Pay*, from the poor ignorant *Vulgar*: Theſe Fellows take upon themſelves the Name of *Doctors* of *Wit*, profeſſing their Skill, whereby they do much harm, by reaſon their *Drugs* are naught, and their *Skill* little; by which, many times, they *kill*, inſtead of *Curing*: for, they do apply their *poyſonous Jeſts* on *unprepared Bodies*, and give their *Medicines* in *unſeaſonable Time*: beſides, their *Medicines*, being moſt commonly *bitter*, give a *diſlike* to the *Taſte*; and being not taken in fit time, bring the Diſeaſe of *Suſpitions*; and being wrong applied, cauſe *Death* to a *good Fame*.

The laſt are *Gypſies*, which delude many with *Sympathy-Powder*, *Viper-Wine*, *Love-Powder*, *Cramp-Rings*, *Croſs Knots*, raking up the *Aſhes* on Saint *Agnes* Eve, laying *Bride-Cake* under their Heads; and many the like.

Another *Member* ſaid:

Mr. Speaker,

THere are *Leight Weuches* of *Vanity*, and *Craſty Bawds*, who ought to be whipt; *Black Patches*, *Sweet Powders*, *Periwigs*, *Bracelets* made of their *Lovers Hair*, *Fancy-coloured Ribbons*, to reſemble the ſeveral *Paſſions*; *Looking-Glaſſes* to hang by their Sides, *Love-Poſies* in *Rings*, *Love-letters* wrought in *Handkerchiefs*, *Valentines* worn on *Sleeves*, and to diſcourſe by *Signs*; as alſo, *Romances*, *Balls*, *Collations*, *Queſtions* and *Commands*, *Riddles*, *Purpoſes*, *&c.*

There was another *Member* roſe up, and ſaid thus:

Mr. Speaker,

THere are worſe Creatures in the *Kingdom*, & more dangerous, viz. *Witches*, which ought to be burnt; they are, *Lovely Feature*, *Exact Proportion*, *Clear Complexion*: when theſe Spirits are raiſed in the Circle of the Face, who comes near that Face, although it be the Soul it ſelf, is bewitched with a Look; and ſuch Power

is

is in that *Magick*, that nothing can undo it but *Sickneſs* and *Old Age*.

Another *Witch* is, *Elegant Eloquence*: this *Witch* hath much Power, raiſing up *Senſe*, *Fancy*, *Phraſe*, *Number*, in the *Circle* of the *Ear*; and whoſoever comes near them, although the *Soul* it ſelf, that *Spirit*, the *Tongue* bewitches them: and this is ſo ſtrong a *Magick*, that nothing can undo it, but *Forgetfulneſs*. 'Tis true, there is a *Law* againſt them, which belongs to the *Judges Care*, *Hearing*, and *Sight*: but, when they come before them to be Examin'd, and to be Condemn'd, if they be found guilty, they are ſo far from puniſhing them, that they ſet them at liberty; and thoſe Bonds that ſhould bind them, they bind themſelves with, and ſo become *Voluntary Slaves* to thoſe *Witches*.

Then did the *King* call both *Houſes* together into a great *Hall*, and thus ſpake:

MY good and loving Subjects, I give you Thanks for your Care and Induſtry, in Rectifying the Errors of this Kingdom, and for your Love to Me, in giving Me thoſe Subſidies I requir'd, although I call'd for them as well for your Safety, as my Own: ſuch is my tender regard to my People, that their Safety, is my Care; and their Proſperity, my Happineſs: for, I deſire to be King of Affection, ruling them with Clemency; rather than to be

only King of Power, ruling them with Tyranny, and binding my Subjects to Slavery. The Power I deſire, is, To beat my Enemies abroad, not to fright my Subjects at home; to Defend them, not to Ruine them. I covet not the Riches of my Subjects; I hold not the Sword, to cut their Purſe-ſtrings, but to decide Truth from Falſhood; to give Equity, and to do Juſtice. Yet let me tell you, My Sword is as ready to puniſh Offendors, as my Clemency is to reward the Vertuous. But I have found, and make no queſtion I ſhall find my Subjects always as ready to Obey, as I to Command: and becauſe every one may return to his own private Affairs, ſince in Publick Buſineſs there is little left now to do, but what I can order my Self; I diſſolve my Parliament for this time, until there be an Occaſion to call them together again.

Whereupon the Parliament-Men cryed,

God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

THE CONCLUSION.

The Common Fate of Books.

(read,

BOOKS have the worſt Fate; when they once are
They're laid aſide, forgotten like the Dead.
Under a Heap of Duſt, they buried lye,
Within a Vault of ſome ſmall *Library.*

But

But *Spiders*, which *Nature* has taught to ſpin,
For th' Love and Honour of this Art, ſince Men
Spin likewiſe all their *Writings* from their Brain,
A laſting *Web* of *Fame* thereby to gain;
They do high *Altars* of thin *Cobwebs* raiſe;
Their Off'rings, *Flyes*, a Sacrifice of *Praiſe*.

Another of the ſame.

WHen as a Book doth from the *Preſs* come new,
All Buy or Borrow it, that Book to view;
Not out of love of Learning, or of Wit,
But to find Fault, that they may cenſure it:
For, did no *Faults* at all therein appear,
(Though few there are, but do in ſomething err)
Yet *Malice*, with her Rankled Spleen and Spight,
Will at the *Time*, or *Print*, or *Binding*, bite.
Like *Devils*, when good *Souls* they cannot get,
Then on their *Bodies* they their *Witches* ſet.

Of the Style *of this* Book.

I *Language* want, to dreſs my *Fancies* in;
The Hair's uncurl'd, the Garment's looſe and thin:
Had they but *Silver Lace* to make them gay,
They'ld be more Courted than in poor Array.
Or, had they Art, would make a better ſhow;
But they are plain, yet cleanly do they go.
The World in Bravery doth take delight;
And gliſtring Shews do more attract the Sight:

For,

For every one doth honour a Rich *Hood*,
As if the outside made the inside good:
And every one doth bow, and give the place,
Not to the Person, but the *Silver Lace.*
Let me entreat ye', in my poor *Book*'s behalf,
That all may not adore the *Golden Calf*:
Consider, pray, that *Gold* no *Life* doth bring;
And *Life*, in *Nature*, is the Richest thing.
So *Fancy* is the *Soul* in *Poetry*;
And if not good, the *Poem* ill must be.
Be just, let *Fancy* have the upper place,
And then my *Verses* may perchance find Grace.
If *flatt'ring Language* all the Passions rule,
Then *Sense*, I fear, will be a meer dull Fool.

A *POET* I am neither born nor bred;
But to a *Witty* Poet married,
Whose *Brain* is Fresh and Pleasant, as the Spring,
Where *Fancies* grow, and where the *Muses* sing:
There oft I lean my Head; and, listning, hark,
T' observe his *Words*, and all his *Fancies* mark:
And from that *Garden*, *Flow'rs* of *Fancies* take,
Whereof a *Posie* up in *Verse* I make.
Thus I, that have no *Garden* of my own,
There gather *Flowers* that are newly blown.

FINIS.